

42



Scrap Book

72-77a-P.F.M.

#42

Siasconset II -
Golf Clubs, Old Pump,
Casino, Chapel,
Poetry, Sankaty





**The Saga of Sankaty Lighthouse
—An Island Landmark.**

By Edouard A. Stackpole.

On Tuesday of this week (Dec. 21), Eugene N. Larsen, Keeper of Sankaty Head Lighthouse, went on a four-month leave of absence, preliminary to his retirement in April. Keeper Larsen now resides in Nantucket, where, with Mrs. Larsen, he will make his permanent home. Lacking but a single year of completing 30 years at Sankaty, Keeper Larsen has spent more than forty years in the government service. Prior to 1908, when he went into the lighthouse service, he had been in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and on revenue cutters, both in West India waters and around Newfoundland. Before coming to the island, he had seen service at lighthouses at Thatcher's Island, Boston Light, Graves and Minot's lights.

With the departure of Keeper Larsen, the island "Saga of Sankaty" comes to an end, as the station is now completely occupied by a Coast Guard detail. Notwithstanding any efficiency on the part of the present agency, the lighthouse has lost its identity as an institution peculiar to Nantucket for 93 years, being established in 1850.

Sankaty the Third Island Lighthouse.

As an island landmark, the lighthouse on Sankaty Head, with its familiar red band on a white tower, has been also a symbol of the Lighthouse Service which, inaugurated in 1789, soon grew into a chain of coastal guardians, stretching the length of both coasts. Forgotten records of the men who manned these lighthouses—maintaining a vigil that rarely failed—mark a quiet heroism and much sacrifice.

Nantucket has had a part in the early history of this great service. The second lighthouse established on the coast of the Thirteen Colonies was at Brant Point, at the entrance to Nantucket harbor, in 1746, and is still maintained, although some yards from its original position—the present tower the several times successor to the first beacon maintained by island merchants. Great Point Lighthouse (first known as Nantucket Light) was erected in the summer and fall of 1784 by Edward Allen and Stephen Hussey, of Nantucket. This tower was burned in 1816 (a fate suffered by several of Brant Point's towers) but another was erected soon after.

*Value of Sankaty's Location
Recognized by Mariners.*

The bluff at Sankaty rises 100 feet above the sea. Some historians believe that Gosnold was the first discoverer of Nantucket, having sighted Sankaty as he steered some distance from the land in 1602, but the Brereton and Archer narratives of this voyage seem to indicate that Gosnold "trended the coast southerly" and probably sailed the Cape's shore all the way from Eastham to Woods Hole without ever sighting Nantucket.

Captain George Waymouth, in 1608, has the best claim for discovering Nantucket. Finding himself in latitude 41° 20', and in shoal water, he "sent one man to the top who thence described a whitish, sandy cliffe." As Walter Folger, the great Nantucket scholar and mathematician, writes of a similar experience while charting the Old South Shoal in 1821-22, the "whitish, sandy cliffe" was undoubtedly Sankaty.

Tradition says that a whale look-out was kept on the Head by the early island proprietors, who went off from shore to harpoon the right whales. A settlement between the Head and Sesachacha Pond was called Peedee, and originally was an Indian camp during the fishing seasons.

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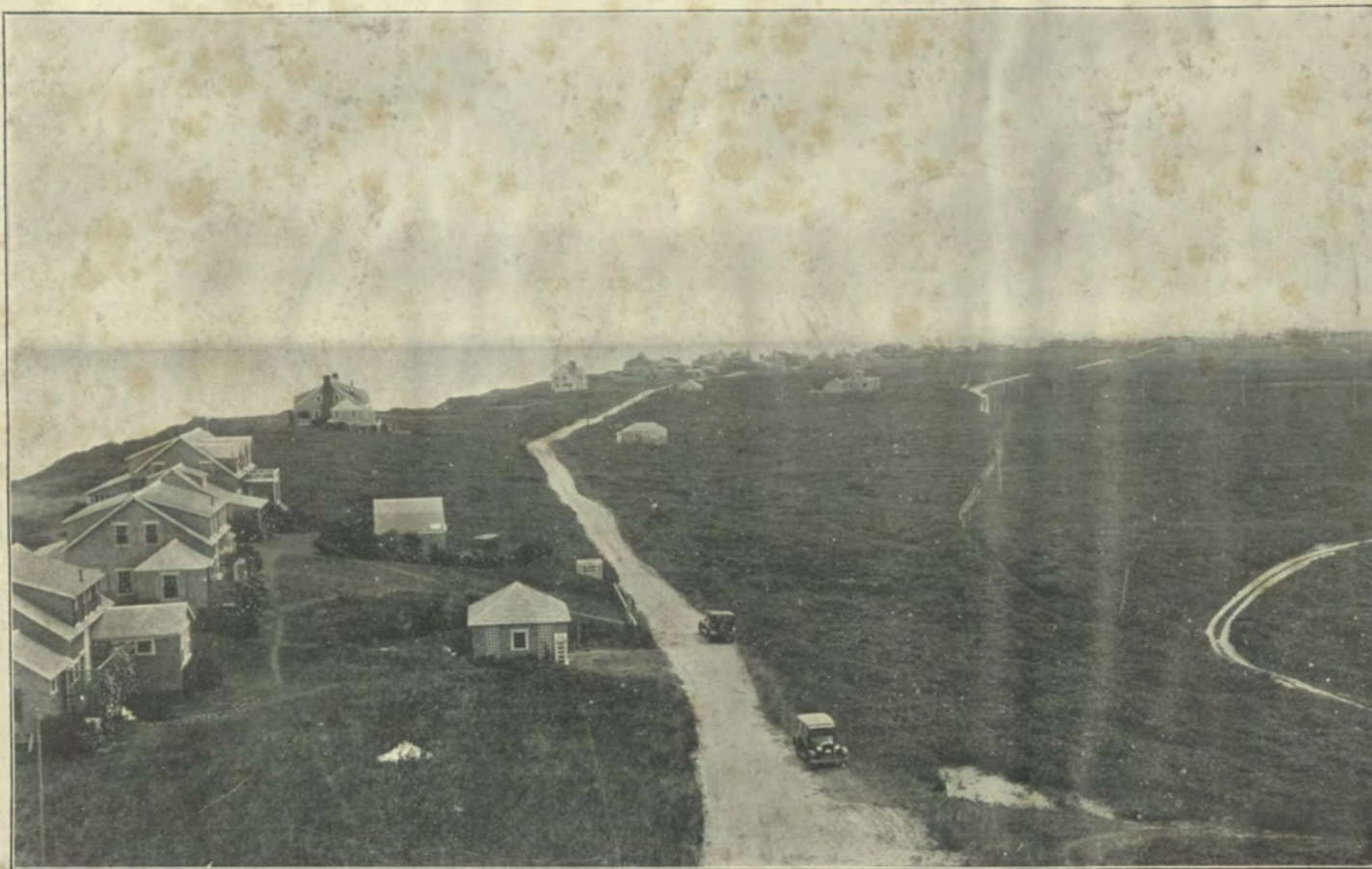


Photo by McCormick

SOUTH FROM SANKATY LIGHTHOUSE WITH THE VILLAGE OF 'SCONSET IN THE DISTANCE.

"How High is Sankaty Head?"

"How high is Sankaty bluff from the sea?" we were asked last Sunday. "Is it higher than 'altar rock' on Sauls Hills? And how much higher is it than Tom Nevers Head?"

We understand that the last government survey gives the height of Sankaty bluff, from sea level, 111.6 feet. The height of the bluff from the beach sand at its foot is 100.6 feet.

Tom Nevers Head is 67.6 feet above sea level.

'Sconset Bank is 32.97 feet above sea level.

The highest point of Sauls Hills has an elevation of 102 feet.

The highest point of Trotts Hills has an elevation of 96.3 feet.

The hill on which stands the water tower at the pumping station is 63 feet high.

Flash Seen 45 Miles Out to Sea.

Just how far Sankaty's flash may be seen is a matter for conjecture, but it has been sighted by the fruit steamers bound from the West Indies to Boston, Captain Grant, of the *San Blas*, noting the same in 1933.

A few years ago, Captain Eaton, then Supt. of Lighthouses for this District, had a radio message from Charles Mosher, of the South Shoals Lightship, in which the latter described a light, constantly flashing on the surface of the sea, which he believed to be a runaway gas buoy. A search of the area revealed nothing.

Again came the same radio message from Mate Mosher. Telephone wires buzzed between the various offices of the Lighthouse Bureau. Then Captain Eaton recalled that the characteristics of the mysterious light were the same as those of the newly-strengthened light at Sankaty. That night the Lightship's radio checked again the flash, direction, etc. Capt. Eaton's solution was found to be correct.

Today, Sankaty has a candle-power of 720,000, as compared with the first whale-oil light of 7,000 candle-power and the kerosene vapor-light of 99,000 candle-power. It shows a flashing white light every 15 seconds, with a visibility of 19 miles.

June 25, 1931

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Eldredge Married Fifty Years.

From the New Bedford Standard.

Captain and Mrs. Wallace A. Eldredge have returned to their home at Point Independence, Mass., from Providence, where they were guests of their daughter, Mrs. Annie Thompson, on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. They were married in Nantucket, the native home of both, a half century ago.

Five years ago Captain Eldredge retired after a service of 33 years as keeper of lighthouses. His last post was the light at Wings Neck, which he kept aglow for 14 years, prior to his retirement. Mrs. Eldredge also retired from active service with her husband, for since the opening of the Cape Cod canal she has been day dispatcher there. The first toll-paying vessel to enter the canal was listed by Mrs. Eldredge.

Both Captain and Mrs. Eldredge are vigorous and active. The former light keeper is daily seen in Onset and Mrs. Eldredge takes an active part in community affairs. Among the gifts received by the couple on their golden wedding anniversary was a purse of \$50 in gold. Their two daughters and grandchildren were present on the occasion.

Mrs. Eldredge before her marriage was Miss Louise J. Joy, Nantucket. Through all the 50 years she has kept a spic and span house. Captain Eldredge was 14 years keeper of the lighthouse at Sankaty Head, then for six years and a half keeper of Cape Poge light and 14 years more at Wings Neck.

Sankaty Heights.

On October seventh, William S. Swift, the surveyor of Vineyard Haven, with his companion, Mr. Vinto, arrived on the island and began the arduous task of surveying the "Flagg Lands" in order to get this property ready for the real estate market.

They were ably assisted in the operation by Monsieur Marcel Gouin, of Siasconset, who not only labored in the field, but acted also as their host.

After eight days unremitting toil from sunrise till dark, during which time they were marvelously favored by the weather, the work was brought to a close on Wednesday evening last, and, according to their calculation, it had required a tramp of about one hundred and sixty miles.

An avenue one hundred feet wide was measured from the Sankaty lighthouse to Siasconset. It runs along the bluff and it is proposed to call it "Flagg Avenue," in honor of the late William J. Flagg.

WEDDING AT SANKATY.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at Sankaty lighthouse on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 5th, when Miss Elizabeth Abbott Remsen, the younger daughter of Keeper and Mrs. Joseph G. Remsen, was united in marriage to Carl Delano Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Hill, of Portland, Me., who has been serving for some time as assistant keeper at the lighthouse.

The keeper's dwelling was prettily decorated with white native flowers and the bride carried a bouquet of white. The ring service was used, the Rev. F. A. Sanborn, pastor of the First Congregational church of Nantucket, officiating.

Beside the parents of the bride and the mother of the groom, there were present the sister of the bride, Mrs. Ditlow Schroll, of West Orange, N. J., with her two sons, and Miss Martha Richardson. Also Mrs. S. F. Dyer, of Portland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill will continue to make their home at Sankaty lighthouse.

Aug. 9, 1913

Eldridge to Retire.

On the first of October, Capt. Wallace A. Eldridge will retire from active service after having been a keeper of Uncle Sam's lighthouses for 33 years, during which long period Mrs. Eldridge has been his cheering and helpful companion.

Son of a Nantucket whaler Capt. Edridge was born on that island in 1856 and there he married Louise J. Joy, a belle of the town. For nearly 14 years he was assistant keeper of Sankaty Head light at Nantucket, after that for six years was in charge of Cape Pogue light on Martha's Vineyard, and since 1908 has been keeper of the light at Wing's Neck, on Buzzards Bay, that has of late years come into prominence as being near the southern entrance to the Cape Cod canal.

When President Harding recently passed through the canal on his way to Plymouth, and again on his return, the yacht Mayflower was given the presidential salute of 21 "guns" on the big emergency bell that hangs on the lighthouse tower.

Capt. and Mrs. Eldridge, the former now on the pension list, are to occupy a bungalow they have bought at Point Independence, Onset, while they expect to spend the winters with their daughters and grandchildren in Providence and New Jersey.

Mrs. Eldridge's brother, Capt. B. Whitford Joy, also a Nantucketer and in his time a rattling good skipper of square-riggers and yachts, is assistant keeper at Wing's Neck.—Brockton Enterprise.

Sept. 29, 1921

Death of Wallace A. Eldridge.

Wallace A. Eldridge, a former resident of Nantucket and for many years in the government light-house service, died at his home at Point Independence (Onset) on Sunday morning last, after a lingering illness. He was a native of Nantucket and was in his eightieth year.

The deceased will be pleasantly recalled by many of our readers, who can remember the days when "Wally" Eldridge was one of the island's most popular teamsters and used to take his place daily among the others who did "teaming" and were to be found daily "parked" with horse and truck wagon on the lower square, which was always the headquarters for those who engaged in that vocation.

In early manhood, Mr. Eldridge followed farming, then became a "teamster", and finally entered the lighthouse service, in which he served faithfully and efficiently until he retired about fourteen years ago.

He was assistant keeper at Sankaty for some time, was afterwards stationed at Cape Pogue light, and finally received the appointment of keeper of Wing's Neck lighthouse in Buzzard's Bay, which position he held until his retirement.

Since then Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge have made their home at Point Independence near the village of Onset, where they made a large circle of friends and acquaintances. As "Cap" Eldridge the deceased became very popular with all, his genial disposition winning and holding friends.

Besides his widow (who before her marriage was Miss Louisa Joy, also of Nantucket) he is survived by two daughters—Mrs. John Farnham of Rutherford, N. J., and Mrs. Herbert Thomson of Cranston, R. I. He also leaves four grand-children.

Funeral services were held at the Bourne Chapel, Tuesday afternoon, with a large attendance of residents of Onset and vicinity. The remains were brought to Nantucket on Wednesday for interment, a delegation of Odd Fellows conducting the committal service at the grave, the deceased having been a member of Nantucket Lodge, I.O.O.F., for thirty-five years.

Dec. 21, 1935

Sankaty Lighthouse Observes 100th Birthday This Week.

An island landmark—Sankaty Head Lighthouse—with its familiar red band on its white tower—on Wednesday of this week observed the 100th anniversary of its being placed in service.

For many years prior to its construction, mariners had petitioned the government to build a lighthouse on the east end of this island. Not only did coastwise craft use the channels between the shoals off the east end, laying a course into Nantucket sound or on the "outside passage," but the craft bound to and from Europe or to and from South America were in need of the beacon. Even local mariners, with their own charts, wished that such a lighthouse could be built, and following the government surveys of the 1840, when the maze of shoals, including Nantucket South Shoal, were charted, the danger which beset ships caught in this "graveyard of the Atlantic" was forcibly presented.

Sankaty was the third lighthouse built on Nantucket, being preceded by Brant Point (1746) and Great Point (1798). These lights were augmented by Cross Rip Lightship in 1828 and Pollock Rip in 1849. The first South Shoals did not come into position until 1854.

Early in the summer of 1849, workmen began laying the foundation for the great tower and for the keeper's lodge. Schooners brought to the island harbor the granite blocks and bricks and other materials, and big, horse-drawn and oxen-drawn drays carried the heavy material and other necessary articles out to the site. The 100-ft. bluff at Sankaty became a busy place. Before cold weather had set in half of the tower's then 60-ft. height (first measurement) was completed.

A brick dwelling was erected for the keeper, one story and a half high, afterwards divided for the assistant keeper's quarters. An ell was added some time later. A passageway connected the dwelling with the tower. The present wooden dwelling was not built until 1881.

Sankaty bears, south by west, nine miles from Great Point light and 23 miles from the Pollock Rip lightship.

Construction of the big tower was completed in December, 1849, and then the delicate task of installing the new lens was immediately commenced. A large clock-work was placed below the lens, being operated by means of heavy weights which descended into the tower. This brass clock-works, in its glass case, was in constant use at Sankaty for over eighty-five years, being replaced by an electric motor in 1938, when the electric light was placed in operation.

The lens was made in Paris and cost \$10,000. It was installed by a young U. S. engineer named Isherwood, who had gone to Paris to secure the prismatic glass, ground with the world's finest precision instruments at that time.

The original windows of the lantern were large sheets of glass half an inch in thickness, to protect the lens from storms and the added hazard of ducks and other birds which often dash out their lives in full flight against the lantern.

In the center of the lantern was placed a single whale-oil lamp of several tubes which presented a white light, projected by a "revolving lenticular apparatus of the 2nd order."

It was planned at first to have the new light show alternate red flashes at a distance of 6 miles, and of white flashes at a distance of more than 6 miles.

Tests were not satisfactory, however, and the plan was changed. In his first description of the light, in his "Notice to Mariners," William R. Easton, Collector of the Port of Nantucket, announced the following:

"This new light will be a fixed white light, with brilliant white flashes; two successive flashes being given at intervals of 1 1-2 minutes, then the third flash at an interval of three minutes; followed by two successive flashes at intervals of 1 1-2 minutes, then a third flash at an interval of 3 minutes as before, and so on for the time that the light is visible. The fixed light will not be visible farther than 12 to 15 miles, beyond which the flashes only will be seen."

In the issue of *The Inquirer* for Feb. 4, 1850, it was reported:

"The new lighthouse at Sankaty Head was lighted for the first time on Friday evening (Feb. 1.) The flashes of light are very brilliant and must be visible at a distance of twenty-five miles."

The first keeper of the new light was Captain Samuel D. Bunker, one of the most successful of the island's whaling masters. He had suffered a number of financial reverses since retiring from the sea, and the position was welcomed by him. He remained at the station for 4 years. In 1854, when the government established the first lightship on South Shoals, (at that time placed 12 miles southeast of Sankaty) Capt. Bunker accepted the post as the vessel's first master, with increased salary.

Capt. Bunker was succeeded by his first assistant keeper, Samuel Swain, who held the position until July, 1861, when Capt. Henry Winslow was appointed Keeper.

One humorous touch, although not so intended at the time, appeared in a news item of Oct. 25, 1856, in *The Mirror*:

"The narrow aperture in the platform under the lantern at Sankaty Lighthouse has been widened to allow ladies with hoop skirts to pass up through to see the reflectors."

Sankaty Light, from the very first, has been a favorite stopping place for sightseers, from the days of "rantum-scooting" to the present.

Following the Civil War period, Sankaty had many keepers and their assistants. Among these were Uriah C. Clark, who was the first keeper to die while at Sankaty (1783); Geo. F. Folger succeeded him. Assistant keepers were Charles Swain, Franklin

Murphey, John M. Lamb, Freeman Atkins, Benjamin Sayer, Charles Pollard, Simeon Lewis, Sr., William H. Gibbs, John S. Cathcart, Benjamin F. Wyer and Benjamin F. Brown.

Other assistant keepers have been Wallace A. Eldridge, Marcus Howes, Thomas Kelley, George Purdy, Carl D. Hill, C. A. Ellis, Francis Macy and James Dolby.

Calvin Swain became keeper in 1882, followed by Ethan Allen and in 1892 by Joseph Remsen, who remained as keeper for the next 27 years. In 1919, Charles Vanderhoop became the keeper, but went to Gay Head the next year.

On June 1, 1920, Eugene N. Larsen, who had been in the lighthouse service since 1908, became keeper at Sankaty, retaining the post for 24 years, retiring in Dec. 1943, when the government established a Coast Guard base at the light.

In May, 1933, an electric light was placed in Sankaty's tower, replacing the kerosene vapor light, which, in turn, had superseded the whale-oil lamp. The candlepower was thereby increased from 99,000 to 720,000. It now shows a flash every 15 seconds, and has a range of 20 miles—although steamers have often reported sighting it as far off as 45 miles.

Feb. 4, 1950

See Nantucket Historical Assn.

Sankaty Will Have One Million Candlepower Light.

Sankaty Head Light, on the eastern coast of Nantucket Island, will shortly have one of the most powerful lights on the Atlantic shore. Mariners have been advised by the Coast Guard that the intensity of the light has been temporarily reduced to 40,000 candle-power, and the characteristic changed to show flashing white every 15 seconds, flash one second, eclipse 14 seconds. The light is visible only to seaward.

These changes have been made to facilitate the installation of new improved equipment, to provide a light of 1,000,000 candlepower for the benefit of shipping and planes in that important, heavily-traveled area.

This new sea-air beacon is now being installed in the tower, replacing the 100-year-old French lens which had 720,000 candlepower.

June 3, 1950

New Light at Sankaty Head Now in Operation.

The new 1,100,000 candlepower beacon which was recently installed in Sankaty Lighthouse was put into service last (Friday) night. During the time that the old lenses were being removed from the tower and the new beacon commissioned, Sankaty gave a very feeble flash from a temporary light mounted outside the tower on the railing.

The flash emitted by the new beacon-light is slightly longer than that of the old light. Where the original flash was .80 second, with a 14.2 second eclipse, the new light has been regulated to give a 1 second flash with a 14 second eclipse.

Sankaty is also once more resplendent with its famous white paint and broad red band around the middle. The old cement plaster, which had peeled and cracked during the war has been sand-blasted from the bricks, and replaced with a more modern cement-type paint. The tower no longer appears to have a smooth surface, however, as the bricks may be seen through the light cement coating.

Radar equipment has been installed at the Sankaty Coast Guard station, and a 50-foot pole supporting the antennae erected on the edge of the bluff. This equipment will be commissioned in the near future.

The Nantucket Historical Association was fortunate in obtaining the famous lenses from Sankaty Lighthouse which had been condemned by the government, and the 16-ft. tall assembly, complete with the heavy base, motor, and gears is now on display at the Whaling Museum.

Sept. 2, 1950

"I Am Sankaty Light."

"I am Sankaty Light"
The walls of an old Candle House
Cherish and shelter
The beauty of me.
I am old, if age be -
Flashed - a century -
Hope to the storm tossed
Prayer to the lost
And home to the whaler
In prisms of light!
The ghosts of proud mariners
Come every night
Through darkening gloom
To this shadowy room
Close - close - to me,
And lest I be lonely
They talk of the sea
'Til I wake and remember
And drench them with light.
"I am Sankaty Light!"

—Eleanor Dixon Glidden

1951

Sankaty Lighthouse's Famous Lens Now in Island Museum.

In last week's issue of *The Inquirer and Mirror* the fact that the famous lens at Sankaty Head Lighthouse was to be condemned by the government was printed, together with the latest information that the lens was to be taken by the Boston Museum of Arts and Sciences, for display at Boston.

As soon as this information was uncovered by *The Inquirer and Mirror*, a representative of the Nantucket Historical Association got in touch with Rep. Cyrus Barnes, of Nantucket, with an appeal for aid in contacting the heads of both the Coast Guard and the Boston Museum. Rep. Barnes promptly got in touch with these authorities, and the Historical Association's emissary made a strong argument for transferring the lens to the Whaling Museum, rather than allowing it to go off island.

After a week-end of negotiation, the Boston Museum reluctantly relinquished its rights to the lens, and Admiral Oslen, of the 1st Coast Guard District, gave his final approval of the transfer at 8:45 Monday morning.

Within five minutes after this final "O. K." came over the wires to Chief Ray, at Sankaty, the local Historical Association went into action. Having secured the services of Harry Gordon only a few hours before, and with the ever-present aid of Everett U. Crosby, who placed his construction foreman, Clarence Swift, and a car at the disposal of the Association, the group began work at approximately 9:15 o'clock Monday morning.

The work of dismantling began with the removal of the main lens. This consisted of eight frames of prism glass, each frame being in 2 sections, which, fitted together, form the "bullseyes". These were carefully removed by Gordon, to be taken down the winding iron staircase by the Historical Association's representative. Wrapped in blankets, they were stowed carefully in the Crosby beach-wagon.

In the meantime, Clarence Swift had rigged out a boom, and the Coast Guardsmen fitted out a block and tackle, with a box-hoist.

Next removed were the large prism "bonnets" which form the top of the lighting apparatus, and which weigh some 160 pounds each. These are six in number. At the bottom of the main frame were five more large prism-sections, which were also removed. These were lowered carefully to the ground by the men.

Then came the work of dismantling the bronze framework of the lens, the revolving mechanism, and the permanent frame. This accomplished, Harry Gordon and his helpers could "call it a day." The entire process had been accomplished with no damage to the lens.

The next day, work of removing the heavy supports of the lens began. A steel deck, which supports the main frame and serves as a platform for the light-standard, was hoisted out and lowered to the tower-deck. This weighed close to 500 pounds. Following the removal of the "deck," came the taking up of the main sup-

port of the entire apparatus—a solid iron pedestal or column, weighing about 600 pounds. This was edged out the door onto the outer platform of the light and carefully made fast to the hoist, to be lowered gingerly to the ground.

Last came the gear-box, with its brass gears and drum with wire cable, which operated the turning of the lens before the installation of the motorized equipment in 1938.

The variety of parts was stowed in one of Glowacki's trucks and taken to town, and the entire lot safely transported to the main floor of the Whaling Museum.

The work of dismantling Sankaty's lens, frame and standard had taken two days. Working in close quarters, with brittle glass and fragile frames, Harry Gordon and his men accomplished one of the most unusual tasks any of the island's mechanics have yet been called upon to perform. And on the outside, carefully getting this material safely to the ground and to the Whaling Museum, Clarence Swift did yeoman service.

In order to set up and display this newest of its exhibits properly, the Nantucket Historical Association is planning to build a separate foundation for the light. It will be situated in the Sanderson hall, facing the William F. Macy Memorial quarter-board, where it will be appreciated by the thousands of visitors who annually pass through Nantucket's well-known Whaling Museum.

When the light is successful re-assembled, the Nantucket Historical Association can claim to be the only museum in the country to have a complete lighthouse unit of this type on display.

The famous lens in Sankaty's light-tower was made in Paris in 1849 by the firm of Henry Lapaitre, in the Rue St. Honoré. It was purchased by this government and placed in the new tower at Sankaty in January, 1850, throwing its wide beams out over the Atlantic on the one hand and over the land on the other on Feb. 1st of that year.

The placing of the Paris lens in the light-tower was under the supervision of a young U. S. engineer named Isherwood, who had gone to France to watch its construction in the Paris work-shop of the makers. The cost of the lens in 1849 was \$10,000. To fully appreciate the fine workmanship of the lens, one had to see them being taken carefully apart and observe the fine hand-tooling and craftsmanship in the big unit.

At first a two-wick whale (sperm) oil light was used, which gave way to a 5-wick kerosene lamp, with a float-pressure system. This was succeeded in 1885 by a kerosene vapor light, which operated in various models until 1938, when electricity was installed in the tower.

William R. Easton, the Collector of the Port of Nantucket at this time, in his "Notice to Mariners" just one hundred years ago, announced:

"This new light will be a fixed white light, with brilliant white flashes; two successive flashes being given at intervals of 1 1-2 minutes, then the third flash at an interval of three minutes; followed by two successive flashes at intervals of 1 1-2 minutes, then a third flash at an interval of 3 minutes as before, and so on for the time the light is visible. The fixed light will be visible not farther than 12 to 15 miles, beyond which the flash only will be seen."

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The first keeper of the new light was Capt. Samuel D. Bunker, one of the most successful of the island's shipmasters, but who had suffered a number of financial reverses upon his retirement from whaling. He was afterwards the first skipper of the South Shoals lightship, established four years later, in 1854.

The present keepers' dwelling, replacing the original brick house, was erected in 1887. Calvin C. Hamblin was the keeper at this time.

In May, 1888, a new "deck" and lantern section was installed in the tower by two machinists and four laborers from Boston. The sextette brought with them their own cook. Engineer S. V. Poor was in charge of the work. This new section increased the height of the tower to 70 feet above ground level which, in addition to the bluff, places it 170 feet above sea level. The new frames and doors in the tower were installed by "Mr. Ceely, of Nantucket."

The keepers and assistant keepers were for the most part Nantucketers: Capt. Joseph Swain, Capt. Samuel Winslow, Uriah C. Clark, George F. Folger, Charles Swain, Franklin B. Murphy, John M. Lamb, Freeman Atkins, Benjamin Sayer, Charles Pollard, Simeon Lewis, Sr., William H. Gibbs, John S. Cathcart, Benjamin F. Brown, James H. Norcross, Joseph Remsen, Wallace A. Eldridge, Marcus E. Howes, Thomas J. Kelley, George W. Purdy, Charles M. Vanderhoop, Carl D. Hill, Eugene N. Larsen, and Theodore Haskins. Besides these men there were several other islanders who served as assistant keepers.

At the time of its electrification in 1938, Sankaty's light was the second most powerful on the coast—720,000 candlepower—and has been observed as far off-shore as 45 miles.

Observed Silver Wedding at Sankaty Lighthouse.

Captain and Mrs. Eugene N. Larsen, of Sankaty Head Lighthouse, observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Sunday evening last. A reception was held at the lightkeeper's lodge, where the guests presented the two with appropriate gifts of silver.

It was Sankaty's first silver wedding. Keeper Larsen tended his light as usual, getting the beacon ready for its night vigil, and coming down from the tower a little before seven he found the guests assembled and the table ready for the repast.

Those gathered about the tables were Mr. and Mrs. John Conway, Mrs. Olaf Andersen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Thurston, Mrs. Alice Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell Thurston, and Mr. and Mrs. Edouard A. Stackpole.

Captain and Mrs. Larsen were married in Korshavn, Norway, just a year after Mr. Larsen had entered the United States Coast Survey service.

While on the Coast Guard cutter Gresham, Mr. Larsen took part in the famous sea-rescue of the liner Republic which sunk on Nantucket South Shoals twenty-two years ago. After two years at sea, he entered the Lighthouse Service, and has been in this department twenty years—eighteen of which has been spent at the lighthouse on Sankaty bluff.

Perhaps the best part of the enjoyable evening to the "young" couple was the fact that six of their seven children were present.

May 27, 1950

Flying Santa at Nantucket



—Associated Press Wirephoto

Coast Guards stationed at Sankaty Head Lighthouse on Nantucket wave a greeting to the plane bearing Edward Rowe Snow, New England's Flying Santa, as he visits the famous beacon. Snow, saltwater historian, annually drops Christmas packages to lighthouse keepers and their families.

Dec. 22, 1951



Sankaty Lighthouse presents a new silhouette, with the former two-story house now completely razed, and the new duplex houses huddled beside the light.

July 7, 1961

Charles Vanderhoop, a Gay Head Indian, came to Sankaty as assistant in June, 1912, and was transferred a year later, being replaced by Karl D. Hill, who remained at Sankaty until September, 1914, when Assistant Keeper Eugene N. Larsen arrived.

Keeper Remsen resigned April 1, 1919, and was replaced by Keeper Vanderhoop. In May, 1920, Mr. Vanderhoop went to Gay Head where he was placed in charge of the lighthouse at his birth place, and on June 1, 1920, Captain Larsen became keeper. He had as his assistant C. A. Ellis, until March 16, 1921, when Francis Macy, of Nantucket, became his Assistant. James Dolby was assistant from 1925 until 1933.

An electric light was installed in Sankaty's tower May 15, 1933, and the candlepower of the light was increased thereby from 99,000 to 720,000 candlepower. A kerosene vapor light had previously proven satisfactory for many years, with various improvements during its use. The keepers, however, had considerable trouble in cold weather, and the electricity was a great boon, especially in the matter of "smoke-ups"—caused by failure of the kerosene vapor to ignite properly, which often-times blackened the lens and lantern. An electric motor for turning the lens soon after replaced the clock-work apparatus operated by huge weights descending in the tower.

Assistant Keeper Dolby left soon after to become Keeper at Gay Head Light, leaving Keeper Larsen as the sole operator of Sankaty.

Shipwrecks Off Sankaty.

It would be difficult to ascertain the number of craft which have "laid their bones" in the shoals off Sankaty, but there have been many. In 1673, the Dutch ship *Exportation*, laden with whale oil, tobacco, logwood and cows' hides, came into the shore between Sankaty and 'Sconset. The cargo was saved but the ship was lost. In 1774 the sloop *Rochester* and the schooner *Lowden*, bound for the Coast of Africa on a whaling voyage, were wrecked on Great Rip, to the east of Sankaty, and but for the fine weather the crews would have perished.

On the morning of Dec. 21, 1812, the English ship *Sir Sidney Smith*, prize of the American privateer *General Armstrong*, was sighted on Bass Rip with the seas breaking over her. The crew took refuge in the shrouds and watchers ashore were forced to stand by, powerless to aid, while the crew perished. A packet under Capt. Childs put out from the harbor but was forced back when the ice forming on her bows nearly sank her.

Many craft which became entangled in the shoals eventually went up the shore to go on Great Point, or to the south, to strike on Pochick or the "Old Man." In 1846, the ship *Earl of Eglington*, from Liverpool to Boston, struck on South Shoal and then the "Old Man," finally being beached at Nobadeer, and four of her crew were lost trying to gain the shore. The French ship *Louis Phillippe*, with 167 passengers and a \$500,000 cargo, became caught on Great Round shoal, drifting (rudder-less) to the south and driving ashore at Tom Nevers, but was Providentially saved from going to pieces by the skilled work of the two island steamers.

A vessel loaded with lime was seen afire 5 miles off Sankaty in the September following the station's establishment and a brig was seen to rescue the crew. The ship *Jacob A. Westervelt*, with 800 passengers on board, bound from Liverpool to New York, grounded on Old South Shoal, within sight of Sankaty, and only the heady work of Pilot David G. Patterson, of Nantucket, saved her.

In April, 1887, a 3-masted schooner was sighted from Sankaty, wrecked on Bass Rip. She proved to be the *Cora Etta*, of Rockland, Me. All on board had perished.

The English iron steamer *Canonbury* was seen from Sankaty on the "Old Man" shoal, off 'Sconset. Her crew was saved but the vessel became a total loss. This was in March, 1888, and a month later the bark *Katahdin* anchored off Sankaty, leaking badly, and a boat's crew came ashore for supplies. On Oct. 27, 1889, a 3-masted schooner was sighted from the tower showing signals of distress. She was the *Kate Foster*, of Machias, Me., bound to New York. A northeast gale swept her away, even though her masts had been cut away and her anchors were down. Her captain was lost, but the crew was taken off the wreck near Noman's by a steamer.

The Italian bark *Nostri Genitore* was abandoned off Sankaty in Dec., 1889, and the crew went ashore. Is—"Rose & Crown," 15 miles to the east. Quidnet, but tugs from Boston came down to tow the bark to safety.

The most famous incident, however, occurred on January 20, 1892, when at daybreak from the tower Keeper Remsen sighted the 3-masted schooner *H. P. Kirkham*, a wreck on landers went off to the craft from He immediately telephoned to the Coskata life-saving station, and Captain Walter Chase and a boat's crew rowed out in a freezing gale to take the crew from the rigging and bring them safely ashore, after a battle which had lasted 26 hours, during which the gallant crew had been given up for lost by their families and friends on shore.

On January 21, 1857, during a long "freeze-up," the steamship *New York*, from Glasgow to New York, anchored just above Sankaty. She was short of coal, and the islanders made two hundred and twenty trips, with 115 tons, from town to 'Sconset over snow-blocked roads, to coal the big steamer. By strange fact, the steamer, which had left Scotland on January 5th, brought the first news to reach the island from the mainland of America—Nantucket having been "frozen in" since that date—and the steamer having received U. S. newspaper just before sailing from Glasgow.

Keeper Larsen and His Family Spent Twenty-Nine Years At Sankaty.

When Eugene N. Larsen came to Sankaty from Minot's Light in September, 1914, he brought his family from their residence at Hull. Mr. and Mrs. Larsen then were the parents of a boy, Eugene, born in Norway, and a girl, Alice, born at Thacher's Island, off Gloucester. During the next two decades at Sankaty five more children were born to them—Marie, now Mrs. Hartwell Thurston, of Nantucket; Thelma, now Mrs. Hubert Salmonson, of Auburndale, Mass.; Ethel, now Mrs. Vernon Hamilton, of Fort Worth, in Texas; Helen, now Mrs. Ernest Walters, of Springfield, Mass.; and Evelyn, who became the bride of William Munroe, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, on Tuesday of this week.

During their twenty-nine years at Sankaty, Keeper and Mrs. Larsen, have made the station one of the most outstanding on the coast. On numerous occasions Sankaty received the Commissioner's Stars—2nd highest award which stations receive for excellence. In the summer of 1939, Sankaty received the Commissioner's Pennant, the highest honor which a station may receive. In raising the coveted pennant, Keeper Larsen established a precedent which reflects greatly to his credit, and he maintained his noteworthy record to the day of his retirement this week.

Congratulations were also extended to Mrs. Larsen, who has had an important role in Sankaty's outstanding record.

Lieut. Robert Stark, who made the inspection on the day of Keeper Larsen's departure, declared the light in remarkable and splendid condition. The young Coast Guardsmen who now "take over" are fully aware of the light's reputation.

In March, 1932, the Norwegian steamer *Balto*, steamed down along the east shore of Nantucket within 20 yards of the beach at Sankaty. Undoubtedly, she is the largest craft ever to use the channel, and in a letter to Keeper Larsen, afterwards, her master stated he had chosen the route because the weather was clear and he wanted to make a quick run down the coast to get a charter before a rival craft, sailing from Boston at the same time, could make the same port.

(For the Inquirer and Mirror.)

Sankaty Head.

Here, where Nantucket*, like an emerald,
Gleams 'mid the azure sheen of Ocean's breast,
Where lotus-laden air in balmy rest
Exhales the breath of moorland flowers—surf-
called,

I sit on Sankaty's fair head; appalled
By Ocean's might I mark the prismatic crest
Of giant waves hasting to be caressed
By the embracing shore, and gaze enthralled.
Majestic Ocean, tumultuous, vast,
What power of Nature can compare with thee,
Who careth not for Present nor for Past—
Smiling at Time while imaging Eternity?
Yet Man hath conquered thee, for here is cast
A beacon light to guide the ships at sea.

R. A. Douglas-Lithgow.

* The original Indian name of Nantucket, which, being interpreted, means "the place of the far away land."

Aug. 1910



THE SANKATY HEAD GOLF COURSE.

Nantucket Man Keeper of Wing's Neck Lighthouse.

From the New Bedford Standard, 28th.

When the commerce of the Atlantic seaboard sails up and down the long shores of Buzzards Bay, on its way to and from the new Cape Cod canal, there will be no lighthouse of more value to them at night, or in foggy weather or a blizzard of snow, than the fixed white light on the densely wooded peninsula known as "Wing's Neck." This light serves as the eastern boundary mark after dark, to the broad portion of the bay that is marked on the western side by Bird Island light—a flash light, that glows just outside of Marion harbor.

Wallace A. Eldredge, a veteran of the service, who will this year complete his 25th year as a keeper of lighthouses, is the man who keeps Wing's Neck lighthouse bright by night. He is a native of Nantucket, and served for fourteen years and nine months as assistant keeper of Sankaty Head lighthouse; and then for six years and a half as keeper of Cape Poge light. He has been stationed at Wing's Neck for five years.

Captain Eldredge's lighthouse is a favorite visiting place for the summer residents of the cape and of the northern shores of Buzzards Bay. Indeed, at some seasons of the year, he and his wife are well-nigh overwhelmed with callers. One Sunday afternoon, after 4 p. m., over 90 persons came driving down the winding reservation road that leads to the end of the Neck. And this is by no means exceptional.

The reason is easy to find. Whoever has talked with the keeper knows it well. It is half his own fault, and half the fault of his wife. The captain himself, genial and obliging, is a natural humorist. His dry wit and great store of good yarns keep his visitors in high spirits. And his wife, a genius at housekeeping, has a certain faculty for welcoming strangers, that completes the spell the keeper himself has begun.

These facts are familiar enough to those born within the rays of lighthouses; but to many people, who have not climbed the steep stairs into the lighthouse towers, they may be both interesting and new. Captain and Mrs. Eldredge, moreover, make Wing's Neck lighthouse quite different from other lights. To the reporter who saw the gold star on his uniform, and asked what it meant, the captain explained that the government gives one each year to the keeper whose lighthouse has passed the best inspection. The reporter learned later that Captain Eldredge is one of the six men out of the 80 in the service to have received this distinction.

But if Captain Eldredge has received an efficiency badge, Mrs. Eldredge should receive one, too—for a cleaner, prettier, better kept house it has never been the writer's pleasure to see anywhere. Here, too, are to be found the best and latest books—for lighthouse folks are great readers; and among them, you may be sure, Joseph C. Lincoln has an honored place.

Partial

Oct. 18, 1913

"Sconset Cottage Life."

We made a brief notice of Mr. Northrup's book in our last, and having since stolen time for its perusal, our verdict is that it should be read by everybody who is considering upon the question of the hour, where shall we go to pass the summer vacation? To the multitude who by force of circumstances can have no vacation at all, we could scarcely commend it, for to such its graphic descriptions of summer enjoyments would be but a cup of Tantalus. The author is already well known to the reading public by his sketches of life in the Adirondacks, where he had been in the habit of spending his summer vacation before his better half beguiled him into coming down to this isle of the sea. His sojourn here seems to have afforded him unalloyed pleasure, and in instituting comparisons between the sports of seaside life and those of inland forest and stream, he hardly knows which to choose, but compromises the matter by resolving to alternate, if possible, going one season to the Adirondacks and the next to Nantucket. He evidently has a keen zest for aquatic sports, as well as a keen perception of the grand and beautiful in nature, whether by land or sea, while the quaintness of 'Sconset village, its miniature houses, its peculiar inhabitants, the pleasant social gatherings at evening in the little parlors, and the free-and-easy, unconventional air that pervaded everything and everybody are important items in filling out the story of his enjoyment, and furnish a pleasing variety of material for his ready pen. He seems to have taken kindly to all our institutions excepting the town-crier, which he looks upon as a kind of relic of barbarism, and votes the incumbent a bore and a nuisance. We understand all this, however, to express his sentiments regarding the crier, as an institution rather than any personal antipathy to our worthy friend and factotum, William D. Clark. Whatever may be the visitor's impressions, we natives of the soil are by no means prepared to dispense with William's services, or to abolish the office which he fills with such untiring fidelity. It might be difficult to find a successor who would bring to his work the same zeal and infectious enthusiasm. We feel confident that so readable a book as "Sconset Cottage Life" cannot fail to be popular, and to draw increased attention to our island and its many attractions which have proved so delightful to the author.

A new book on our table, full of local interest, is "Sconset Cottage Life" or "A Summer on Nantucket Island" by A. Judd Northrup, author of "Camps and Tramps in the Adirondacks." It describes the pleasant experiences of the author while on a visit here with his family last summer, when they occupied the cottage of Mr. Franklin Folger on 'Sconset Bank. It gives sketches of character among the 'Sconset people, with accounts of squatters, fishing cruises, surf-bathing and other summer enjoyments, all told in the author's easy and sprightly style, which cannot fail to please the reader, if willing to be pleased at all. We have not had leisure to read the whole of it as yet, but may find time and space for more extended notice in our next. E. K. Godfrey is agent for the sale of the work in this town, and the books may also be purchased of Capt. Samuel Davis.

EVERYBOD SHOULD R ED 'Sconset COTTAGE LIFE:

A Summer on Nantucket Island.

BY A. JUDD NORTHROP.

Author of "Camps and Tramps among the Adirondacks." Published by Baker, Pratt & Co., New York.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

The author is a well-known lawyer of Syracuse, N. Y. He is a keen sportsman and an ardent lover of all that is grand and beautiful in nature. Brimful of wit and possessing a facile pen he has given us in "Blue Fishing," "Sharking," "A Lonely Evening Tramp," and the "Ocean in a Storm," chapters that have rarely been excelled for fine descriptive power. In fact the book is full of gems that sparkle and glitter through all its pages.

From the N. Y. Independent, June 16, 1881.

"Sconset Cottage Life. A Summer on Nantucket Island, by A. Judd Northrup (New York: Baker, Pratt & Co.), grows out of the popularity which Nantucket has grown to as a summer resort. Mr. Northrup describes very well the varied charms and curious antiquated appearance and customs of a town where the town-crier lingered longer than in any other part of New England. We are not sure that he has wholly disappeared from the streets. In addition, Mr. Northrup retells the local histories and furnishes visitors all the guide-book information required to meet their needs while on the island."

It is a good book for summer reading, a good book for the family, a good book for those who are desirous of obtaining health and happiness for the smallest outlay, a book which every visitor will buy and every islander ought to.

The author has appointed EDWARD K. GODFREY, sole agent for Nantucket, by whom dealers will be supplied. je25-3m

ILLUSTRATED SIASCONSET.—A picture book somewhat larger than a child's primer and smaller than Colton's geography, has appeared in the bookstores, and a stray copy was found upon our table one day this week. The title page is easily perused after one has learned the grammar of the language with which it is embellished. The pictures will be easily recognized as faithful views of favored localities in that ancient village of 'Sconset, by all who have an acquaintance therewith. So that those who know the village can interpret the descriptions by the pictures without learning the language; and those whose lives have never been blessed with a familiar knowledge of the romantic scenes pictured in this publication, must, of course, set about learning of the pictures by first mastering the language. There is 'Sconset as seen in 1791, and 'Sconset as seen in 1880; "Ye oldyst strete inn Syasconsette," and "Ye baythers inn ye Surffe atte 'Sconsett Beche;" together with "Sconsett Banke & ye aincyent Fysh Carte & ye Fysh Houses," and "Ye Aincyent Pump & ye Poste Offys," and many other views, which make this picture book charmingly interesting to both old and young. For sale by Miss P. E. Clisby, Smith & Duffield and O. F. Hussey.

The Heart of Siasconset,

A NEW BOOK

BY

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford,

Containing graphic sketches, historic facts, and narrations both pathetic and humorous. Interesting especially to all who love Nantucket, or are descendants of the early settlers.

Nearly 200 pages.

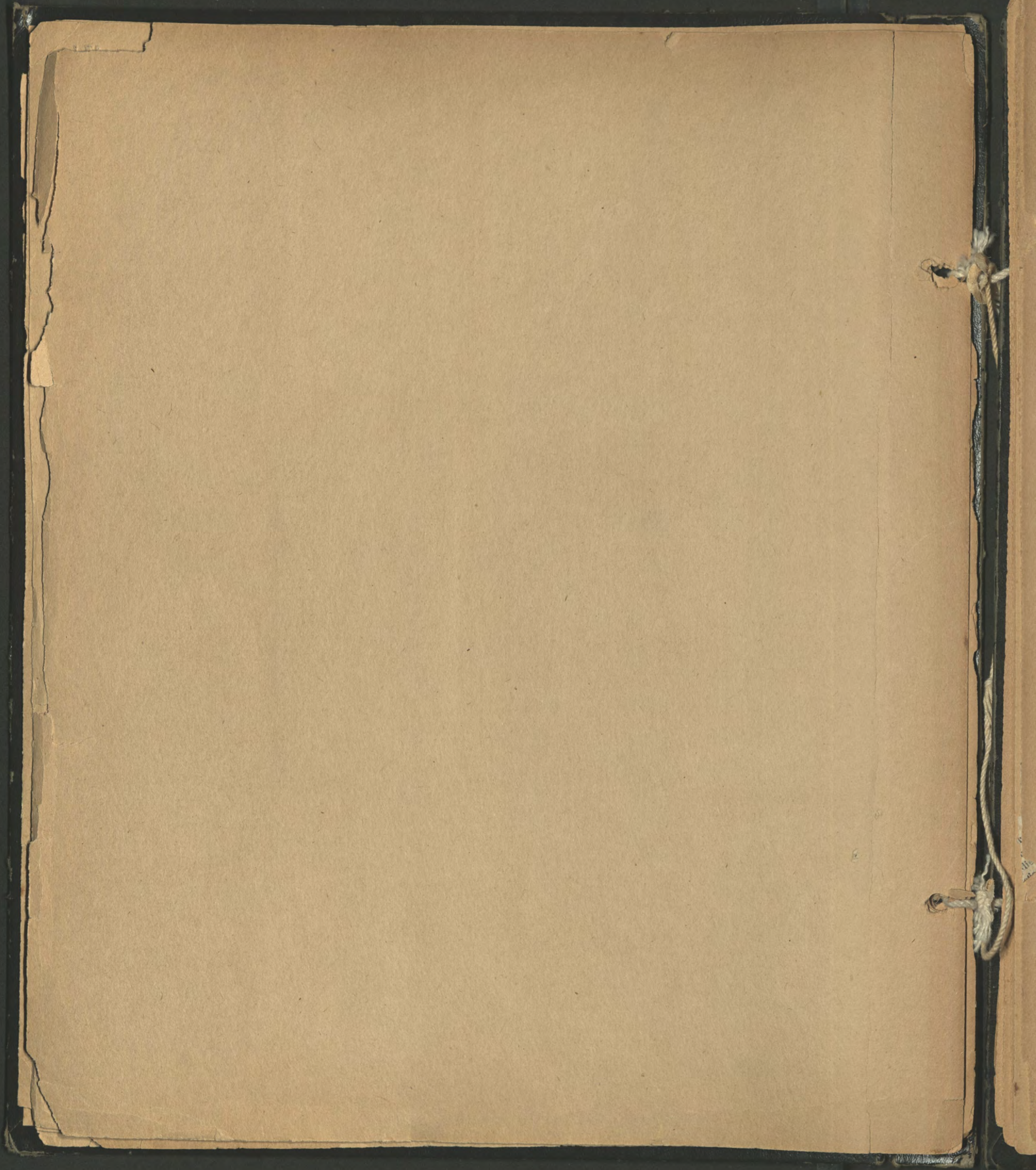
Three Illustrations.

Inquire at Nantucket stores, or send to the author, 539 Howard ave., New Haven, Conn, who will forward it, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents. Eleven copies for five dollars. my3tf

"The Heart of Siasconset."

A model little publication with the above title has found its way to our table. It was written by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, who has passed much of her early life at the village, and consequently must have felt its heart-throbs in those good old days of hearty greetings when Siasconset laws were reasonably respected. A new ordination has transformed the village homes as well as village manners, but the author keeps the heart true to its early beatings. It is an easy, off-hand sketch of people and occurrences within the scope of modern Siasconset life, with a background of history and biography which gives color and zest to the story. It is, perhaps, just a little too personal and matter-of-fact to possess the charm of romance and just a little too poetic for the real life at this now famous seaside resort. Our native islanders will peruse it with a general knowledge of the characters introduced, and all others will read of them as portrayed by the deft hand of the accomplished writer. For sale at the bookstores and elsewhere in Nantucket and Siasconset.

PATCHWORK CHRONICLES OF YE VILLAGE CREDIBLE.—The author of a little work upon the ancient village of Siasconset has done himself credible patchwork. This publication, which sells for a trivial price at the bookstores on Sunset Heights, can also be purchased in Nantucket, at a trifling advance, if diligent search is instituted therefor. The advanced price in Nantucket is not owing to present scarcity of copies, but in anticipation thereof. And this last statement is as reliable as any story chronicled in the patchwork book. 'Sconset by the sea has become immortalized from its many quaint aspects, its peculiar situation, its more than picturesqueness, its complete originality. The author of "Credible Chronicles" has taken the sense of all these features, as well as the nonsense of them, and reduced them to a science; and, until some greater disciple of the black art shall arise and wander forth upon the bank of this renowned village with tales to tell of ancient lore, he will continue to wear the palm. To enjoy Siasconset read this book. All who read this book will doubtless desire to enjoy Siasconset. To those who have neither seen nor enjoyed either, there is much in store.



Improvements Desired at 'Sconset.

The Rev. Fr. John Walsh, of Troy N. Y., president of the Siasconset Improvement Association, has sent us a copy of a communication which he has forwarded to the board of county commissioners, bearing on desired improvements in matters of sanitation in the village, which reads as follows:

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners and Board of Health of Nantucket:

When I had the privilege of appearing before you at the end of the last season, to petition relief in our water supply and urge the building of a beach roadway, I hinted there were other matters of sanitation which I, as representing the Siasconset Improvement Association, would later present to the Honorable Board of County Commissioners.

1. We would ask your Board of Health whether it would be possible to pass an ordinance requiring property owners to empty out and disinfect out-of-door closets and vaults annually at the end of each season. Some of these receptacles are in a shocking, unsanitary condition, having been unemptied for years, and in the congested part of the town in certain phases of wind and weather the atmosphere is laden with the offensive odor, a menace to health and an unspeakable discomfort. More is the pity that this condition should be allowed to continue to pollute the pure air of sea and land and hinder the health and enjoyment of the people who resort here seeking these blessings. Would it be possible to designate a fixed tariff for this cleansing and disinfection, if it cannot be made a public charge?

2. We would also ask your interference in the matter of prohibiting the throwing of ashes and garbage in the roadways. Perhaps you may be divided as to the impropriety of filling ruts or covering sand surfaces with ashes. That part of our request we submit to your judgment with the hope you will concur. There can be no difference of opinion, however, as to the employment of garbage for similar uses, and we solicit the interposition of your authority to prevent it. Public notices posted in prominent places would perhaps cure the evil.

3. Many complaints exist and are outspoken relative to the removal of garbage and ashes and the exorbitant charges made for the same. It is claimed that, owing to the limited number of licenses granted the authorized garbage gatherers, in the height of the season the removal of garbage is irregular and long delayed. We would ask you to give us relief in this particular grievance, and also to fix some special tariff for removal, and oblige all garbage vehicles to be covered, and thus prevent our thoroughfares from being littered with refuse remnants before being consigned to the appointed dump.

As we have placed at our own expense in special localities receptacles for waifs of paper, etc., we would petition you to instruct the garbage collectors to empty these cans without extra expense. Touching the present system of making the removal of garbage a household charge, would it be possible, by a fixed appropriation, to have this done at public expense, as in other places, and thus spare the individual residents this burden? If this can be effected then the house-

holders could be notified of the day or days in each week when removal would be made and they would have refuse receptacles so placed that the labor of collection would be facilitated.

4. We also ask your protection against the accumulation of empty boxes, kerosene barrels, etc., which at any time might be a menace to the community through the danger of conflagration.

5. Our last grievance touches a delicate matter. Many residents on the cliff overlooking the fishing hamlet complain of the intolerable smells wafted from that neighborhood. Because they have no wish to interfere with a necessary industry, not to be reckoned finicky or supersensitive, they are unaware how much of this offensiveness is unavoidable and how much of it is preventable by the use of ordinary safeguards of cleanliness and sanitation. If there is any way or means of improvement here, without restraints, that might be considered unreasonable or despotic, we pray you will employ them, and we hope our neighbors, the fishermen, will obligingly co-operate with you to remove all cause of complaint in the future.

Respectfully,

John Walsh.

President Siasconset Improvement Association.

Troy, N. Y., April 9, 1910.

Siasconset Tax-Payers Meet.

The annual meeting of the Siasconset Association was held in the Casino last Saturday evening. The attendance was not as large as had been expected in response to the general invitation sent out, but it was satisfactory to have even a small representation of the resident population present. The president, the Rt. Rev. John Walsh, occupied the chair, and after the treasurer's report had been read and accepted, he outlined the work for the year, noting the accomplishment of the following:

A promise from the Wannacomet Water Co., of Nantucket, not to oppose 'Sconset people in obtaining water supply, with a provision that, should the company decide, at any time, to exercise its franchise in 'Sconset, residents who may have made other arrangements must procure their water supply from the company.

Regarding a driveway to the bathing beach, the chairman stated that the authorities had declined to lay out a road, on the ground that the land was not owned by the town, and suggested that it would be a good plan for the party who had offered the right of way to execute a deed, with the stipulation that a road should be laid out within a specified time. The danger from fire and lack of adequate protection had been investigated, and it was found there were ten fire cisterns in the village. As these covered very well the highways, to procure more cisterns it would be necessary to have some of the private ways accepted by the town.

The matters of garbage removal, caring for the earth closets and abatement of odors, was touched upon, and then the proposition for the betterment of conditions on roadway was taken up. This matter proved to be the important measure before the meeting. It was explained to those

present that a proposition to concrete Broadway at a cost of between \$1,000 and \$1,500 had been referred back to a special committee to present to the association an expression of opinion of the people as to their wishes in the matter. Before the discussion on this question, the chairman referred to a letter from his pen in The Inquirer and Mirror a few months ago, in which he had claimed that the non-residents' interest in 'Sconset matters were greater than those of residents, which has been criticized as incorrect through the columns of the same medium by a resident of the village. And to put himself right on this point, he read some figures that caused most everybody present to sit up and take notice, as indicating the relative sums paid into the town treasury by the resident and non-resident tax-payers. These figures, he stated, were an approximate estimate, based upon the town's valuation printed in 1906:

1. Number of persons paying taxes on properties in 'Sconset, who live here and only in the town, 72.

2. Number of persons paying taxes on properties in 'Sconset, who live here all or part of each year, 45.

3. Number of non-residents paying taxes on 'Sconset properties, 62.

Assessed valuation of properties of those represented in No. 1, \$82,025. Amount taxes paid by them \$1,394.18.

Assessed valuation of No. 2 class, \$68,300. Amount of taxes on real estate paid by them, \$1,014.97; and amount personal tax, \$157.81. Total taxes paid, \$1172.78.

Assessed valuation to class No. 3 (non-residents), \$231,500. Amount of taxes paid on real estate, \$3,470.51; on personal estate, \$15. Total amount of taxes paid by non-residents, \$3,485.51.

Before proceeding with the question of Broadway, resolutions introduced by Prof. Burt G. Wilder, bearing upon protection of song and insectivorous birds, by cats, and the humane disposition of felines, rather than abandonment, was unanimously adopted.

The discussion of the Broadway improvement was quite general. Stillman C. Cash, representing the town's committee, guaranteed that the sentiment of the meeting would be placed properly before the voters of Nantucket at the next annual meeting. The consensus of opinion was that no concrete is wanted on the highways of 'Sconset; that Broadway needs only this: the loose or dead sand removed, and a more frequent sprinkling by the watering cart. And it was voted to ask an appropriation for this purpose. Also voted to ask for an appropriation for keeping the grass cut on the public ways. The association voted to purchase more refuse cans, and to employ one or more persons to gather up the loose papers about the village each day. An appropriation was voted for installing a "life-ladder" at the main bathing beach in time for use next season.

Officers for 1910-11 were elected as follows: President, John Walsh; secretary, Mrs. E. C. Robinson (who later declined); treasurer, R. B. Hussey. The president announced he would appoint an executive committee later. Attention was called to the danger and annoyance resulting from the carelessness of people having fires and luncheons on the beach, in leaving empty bottles, which had proved a serious menace in one case, where a

gentleman had been incapacitated by having his feet cut by glass, while the debris left was offensive, and it was the voice of the meeting that an earnest effort be made to have the practice abated.

Some other matters were discussed, but no formal action taken, including a proposition to level the sides of Main street, that the approach to the village be made more attractive, and the widening of Shell street. The first suggestion had many friends, but the latter proposition, it was evident, would be earnestly opposed. The meeting then adjourned.

Aug. 27, 1910

TWILIGHT AT SIASCONSET.

Across the turnpike darts the wary quail.
The swallow circles sportively on high,
And wrapt in dreams the misty pastures lie,
While crickets chirp round mossy stone and rail.
Long strips of beryl through the distant trail,
And with the rose and turquoise richly vie,
Till all is softly blurred from earth to sky,
And deepening shadows o'er the landscape sail.
Through the still twilight's dim and misty folds
Pulses the plaintive wailing of the loon
On lonely moors with heather blowing free.
And o'er the sunset's lingering pinks and golds
The slim red sickle of the harvest-moon
Drops through night's starry silence to the sea.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

—Harper's Weekly Oct. 15, 1892.

on the Bridge

Nantucket Island,



SIASCONSET BRIDGE.—The County Commissioners, at their regular meeting last Wednesday evening, voted to grant the prayer of the petitioners on the construction and maintenance of a bridge across the ravine which now separates the old village from Sunset Heights. A bridge built by private parties was once maintained over this ravine, but, having been allowed to pass into "innocuous disuse," the public convenience seemed to demand its reconstruction under such authority as would prevent the possibility of its again falling into disuse for want of repairs.

Oct. 8, 1897

The Inquirer and Mirror:

I regret that my old friend, Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, should take a despairing view of the situation of affairs in 'Sconset, because gentlemen who have large interests there, both natives and off-islanders, suspecting that measures for the sanitation of the village have not kept pace with its growth as a seaside resort, urge that efficient methods be adopted to ensure the wholesome character of the place in the future. During the past summer, I was myself startled at the disclosure made by intelligent visitors and residents in respect to the condition of the place, and I reproached myself for not having investigated for myself, for I found that I had myself, to a certain extent, been an offender against sanitary laws. Very sensibly the residents concluded that it was best to have an examination made by men of scientific and practical knowledge, to ascertain to what extent the prosperity of the village was menaced by imperfect drainage, and the defects were found to be such as to make it imperative, if the village is to retain its popularity, that measures be taken for better methods of disposing of the kitchen waste and excrementitious matter.

'Sconset has thus far been a wholesome place in which to live, because of its air and its porous soil, and not because of what has been done in the line of experience and intelligent investigation to make it so. The same may be said of the town. With rare exceptions the most primitive methods are followed in both places. It will not do to assume that the wholesomeness of the past in Siasconset will continue in the future. A few years ago a case of diphtheria was developed in the Surfside Hotel, and the Board of Health was compelled to order the building closed, and it has never been reopened. It was believed that the case originated in defective drainage. Nor can Capt. Clapp fail to recollect that late in the season of 1889, a child died of a malignant disease at Wauwinet, and that its death was followed by the exodus of nearly all the residents at that well situated place. It was then discovered that the privy vault at the hotel was in such a condition as to make it a source of danger. One such experience was sufficient, and there is no doubt that those interested in the success of that place will guard against the recurrence of a similar calamity.

The truth is, that all over the island, residents have left matters to take care of themselves. There is, of course, a health officer whose duty it is to investigate the condition of every house and its surroundings, but his territorial jurisdiction is too extensive. He has the care of a town of 3000 inhabitants in which he lives, and Siasconset with its near 2000 residents during the summer season, and also Wauwinet, now having its scores of visitors. The contract is too big for one man to efficiently cover the ground. There is a vital necessity that an officer be assigned to duty at 'Sconset, to act as a peace officer and to look after the sanitary condition of the village from the middle of June to the middle of September. It may be, as Capt. Clapp says, that in many instances, the tenants of the houses in 'Sconset are the ones who are culpable. Admit it, and there is a still greater necessity to have some one in the village who can speak with authority and notify offending parties of the penalty that awaits them for the infraction of the health laws.

A comprehensive system of drainage will, with the increase of population, become in time a matter of necessity, and I believe long before Capt. Clapp will be discoursing music from celestial harps in realms of the blessed, for I don't want him to leave the island before his time. Without him the Cap'n's room will be a dreary waste.

The committee appointed by the residents did well to get advice of eminent sanitary engineers, as to the best plan to insure the healthful condition of the village which it has been its good luck to have in the past. I know it is common for Nantucket men to speak with indifference of summer visitors, who have increased in number from year to year, until in 1889, there were nearly 15,000 who came to the island. Yet it is by reason of the presence of the visitors that large numbers of Nantucket people are prospering as they had never hoped to be on the island in the '70's. The acreage of garden products, the demand for milk and eggs, the necessity for stores, distribution of meats, fish and groceries, has become so great that now there are three stores, two meat markets, and two fish markets. Nothing of stores for the sale of vegetables are wanted in every family; and Mr. Frank Crosby was able to

supply the whole village with groceries on his daily trips with his wagon from town. Blue-fish, which ten years since sold at 25 cents apiece, now readily sell for a dollar or more. The wage of unskilled labor was then ten cents an hour; now it is fifteen cents and even more, and hard to get at that. The compensations of skilled workmen have increased correspondingly, and with the demand for their services, such as the island has not known since the decadence of its principal industry. Teams could be had in the '70's for \$2 per day. It is seldom now that a horse and wagon is let for less than \$3 for a half a day, and \$5 is the usual price where it is taken for the day.

If the prosperity of the island has not come from the summer visitors, to what is it due? If the health of its different localities can be made doubly sure by the adoption of proper sanitary methods, it will be the best advertisement to increase the number of visitors, and the cost of the improvements made in the out-houses of the houses on the bank, either at the cost of their owners or by taxation when a more comprehensive system shall be adopted, will be hardly felt, and the benefits will be permanent.

I do not like to see Capt. Clapp in mental depression for fear it may become chronic. "Let him take heart o' grace." His little house on the bank "is a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and though it is old, I think he could sell it today for \$1200, whereas, in the '70's it is doubtful if he could have disposed of it with its furniture for a quarter of that sum. This increased value is all because summer visitors have created a demand for dwellings on the bank; and that Siasconset has advanced in prosperity and population, is very largely due to the existence of the despised little railroad which carries us to and from the town and cures us of torpidity of the liver.

I do hope that Capt. Clapp will "brace up" and "cast that shadow from his brow."

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.
NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1889.

'Sconset Residents Petition For Sectional Zoning at Village.

The following petition was presented to the Board of Selectmen at the regular meeting on Thursday evening:

Petition for Zoning of Property in the Area of Baxter's Road, Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts.

We, the undersigned, owners of land lying upon Baxter's Road in and near the village of Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass., in order to preserve the said area free from commercialism and to preserve to the said Island the reknowned virtues of the "Path to Sankaty," do hereby petition the Zoning Commission of Nantucket Island that the entire area lying along said Baxter's Road from its southern terminus at the said village of Siasconset to its northern terminus at the Sankaty Lighthouse and extending eastward from said road to the Atlantic Ocean and westward from said road to the Polpis Road, be zoned "residential" to the end that no lot, building or structure shall be used and no building or structure shall be erected which is intended or designed to be used, in whole or in part, for any industrial, manufacturing, trade or commercial purposes or for any other than the following specified purposes:

- (1) Dwellings, but not including hotels, boarding-houses, rooming-houses, tourist homes or tourist courts;
- (2) Agricultural uses;
- (3) Public parks, playgrounds and similar recreational facilities as operated on a non-profit basis;
- (4) The office of an architect, attorney, physician, dentist, minister or teacher, residing in the dwelling or dwelling unit in which the office is located; and
- (5) Churches.

(Signed) Helen J. Huebener, Frederick L. Crouse, Barboura, S. Koles, Harriett Blaisdell, Elise W. MacKie, Kay L. Rockey, John K. Scott, Elizabeth B. Frame, Stuart M. Frame, E. R. Cashman, Mary F. Wallick, John S. Lucas.

Will Siasconset Become a Separate Township?

A special town meeting has been called for this (Saturday) evening, and one of the matters to be considered is contained in the fourth article of the warrant, namely: "To see if the town will consent to the setting off of Siasconset and other portions of the eastern end of the island, as a separate township, provided a satisfactory basis of separation can be agreed upon, and appoint a committee of five to draw up a petition and bill for the approval by the town, at a meeting called for the purpose, preliminary to its presentation to the legislature of 1915."

It is not surprising that such a project bobs up at this time, and no one can question but there are some sane arguments in favor of the separation of 'Sconset from Nantucket town. Although the interests of the two places are general, there has for years been a feeling that "Sconset ought to be able to take care of itself," and the recent agitation anent "Sconset water" is undoubtedly responsible for bringing the matter to a head at this time.

Although a part of the town of Nantucket, as well as a part of the county of Nantucket, 'Sconset is distinctly a separate community and the agitators of the "secession" will probably have some plans to present to the town at the special meeting this evening which will be worthy of consideration.

As we understand it, the idea is to set apart the east end of the island as a separate township—to include not only 'Sconset, but the villages of Polpis, Quidnet and Wauwinet. It has long been maintained that 'Sconset has been paying into the town treasury in taxes yearly far more than it has ever received in actual outlay within its borders. To be sure, it has enjoyed the benefits of the municipality of Nantucket in general, but it has never actually received a proportionate part of the expenditures for street lighting, fire and police protection, schools, etc., although usually receiving attention from the town when it asked for a direct appropriation for its needs.

The east end of the island is developing and the promoters of the movement for a separate township apparently feel that the time is ripe for action. The step to be taken at the meeting this evening is only preliminary, and the arguments to be presented pro and con will be interesting. Whether the owners of real estate on the east end will approve of the suggestion is a question. It is certain that there is a feeling in certain quarters in favor of separation, but whether this feeling is sufficiently strong to meet whatever opposition may arise can only be determined when the matter is up for discussion.

Concrete at 'Sconset.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I notice that the arid days of summer have caused the attention of the Siasconset Association to be directed to the condition of Shell street, the most aristocratic residential boulevard of the hamlet, and that there is a movement to have the way concreted. During the past winter I noticed that the annual warrant contained a provision known as article sixty-four, to consider at town meeting the concretizing of Shell street. I prepared the enclosed rhythical spasm to be read at the meeting, but I believe that the same was received too late. In case you desire to burden your columns with it you are at liberty to do so.

Yours truly,
Joseph A. Campbell.

Boston, August 27th.

ARTICLE SIXTY-FOUR

Petition Presented by an Adopted Siasconseter.

You voters of Nantucket who hibernate at ease,
Who fill your lungs with ozone from ev'ry passing breeze,
Pray, list to one "off-island", who loves the island well,

Who's domiciled in summer on a 'Sconset street called Shell.

I see that in the warrant, con article sixty-four,
You're going to jolly 'Sconset as you've done so oft before;

We, 'Sconseters like humor, but we deem the jest no joke

When we breathe the dust of summer in chunks that make us choke.

Saw you but Bill Smith's chariots, with rubber-necking "coofs",
O'er Shell street's quiet villas scatter clouds from horses' hoofs,

You'd fain abate the nuisance, make the highway smooth and neat,
And then be blessed forever by the dwellers on the street.

Though "every breeze is a sea-breeze", as your circulars all note,

I'd like more sea-air in my lungs, and less road in my throat,

And so I would petition and beseechingly entreat
You voters of Nantucket to make this Shell concrete!

You, sturdy sons of 'Tucket, vote this way wherein to walk,

Though abstract your discussions, once, let concrete be your talk.

Pray, give to Siasconset just a Boulevard to show
The progress of the hamlet since the days of long ago.

Joseph A. Campbell.

February 6, 1912.

NEW POST OFFICE AT 'SCONSET.—At the head of the bridge, adjoining his 'Sconset store, Mr. John Harps is having erected a small, two story building, which will be the 'Sconset post office in future. The building is 17x25x9 feet, and fronts upon the bridge. The north end will be set apart as the lobby, the southern portion being arranged for the office. In the upper story will be rooms for the accommodation of Mrs. Almy, the postmistress. It will be a decided change for the better.

MAY 9, 1914

Apr. 6, 1889

Oct. 7, 1960

Poetry.

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET.

A BALLAD,
Proposed with a pipe of tobacco, as an evening's amusement to Fishermen.
To the true Republicans of Siasconset, and to all who wish well to the cause of simplicity and plain-dealing in society, one with another, (which characterized the golden age of the ancients,) this humble tribute is respectfully inscribed

BY PHILO-SIMPLICITAS.

Wide in the East, on NANCY'S Isle,*
Where roars the wild surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy vill,
For freedom amed and Choudre.†
Fresh from the waves they take the ood,
To feast the soul that wants it;
Its air is pure, its water good;
Its name is SIASCONSET.

Old Saturn's‡ reign is here begun,
The Orient of the nations;
Here kings and compliments are done,
And all your Boston fashions.
The song, the jest, the smile serene
Amuse the friend that haunts it;
Here old simplicity is seen,
In ancient dress, at 'Sconset.

Its pump the lymph oblivious§ pours,
To drown despite and treason;
Its purer air at once restores,
To liberty and reason.¶
When erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good nature grants it,
And that which else would be abuse,
Is wink'd by laws of 'Sconset.

And should your fault incur a grudge,
Our court* you must attend, sir,
Your Speaker's Conscience, Reason Judge,
Your Jury is a friend, sir.
This court guards well our dearest rights,
And when the country owns it,
Lawyers will starve with all their wits,
And curse the laws of 'Sconset.

Hygeia† here her reign resumes,
The hyp'd and crazy healing,
Restores old wounds, dispels the glooms,
And brings the callous feelings.
Then let Religious maniacs prate,
And on the treaty bounce it,
Here INVALIDS in church and state,
Are all made whole at 'Sconset.

The mind with priestcraft long beguiled,
May choose, with freedom handy,
Good Moses with the SPIRIT fil'd,
Or Thomas Paine with BRANDY.‡
And thus will I, though POPE and SECT,
With bulls and zeal denounce it;
My reason's mine to think and act,
Like thee, friend SIASCONSET.

The souls of ones too rude a form,
Receive a softer moulding,
Here Jacobins forget to storm,
And wives leave off their scolding.
The wight in town, who swells with pride,
Or like Cleopatra vaunts it,
The paltry coxcomb lays aside,
And wears the man at 'Sconset.

Should party zeal the bosom rile,
'Tis here nor felt nor seen, sir,
For choudre well corrects the bile,
And dissipates the spleen, sir.
Then when with B**k the wild heart swells,
Some GENIUS bids renounce it,
For no revenge nor malice dwells,
With thee, O SIASCONSET.

Now let the fair one share her part,
Sweet village in thy candor,
Safe to disclose her feeling heart,
Nor fear the SCORPION, SLANDER.†
Thus the fond maid shall find excuse,
If first she makes the onset;
Her soul's elect her hand may choose,
By laws of SIASCONSET.

Should Polygonet and Catapult ask
My judgment of the VLENCE,
This law I'll claim to wear the mask,
And answer them in silence.
Thrice happy Vill, extend thy reign,
Till every nation owns it;
Thus shall the world its glory gain,
Beneath thy laws, O 'Sconset.

*Alluding to old Gaffer Mayhew's will in which the Island of Nantucket was bequeathed to his youngest daughter Anne.

†A very palatable and wholesome preparation of the fish; a favorite and staple dish of the place.

‡The golden age of ancient poets, which they prophesied should come again when the goddess Astraea (of Justice) returned to the earth.

§Allusion to the ancient river LETAE whose waters were said to obliterate all things that were past. The well at Siasconset, is accordingly celebrated for a salubrious quality in its water. The use of it so corrects the vicious humors of the Body, that really produces in the MIND the disposition here suggested.

¶The flux and reflux of the tide operates as a continual ventilator to the place.

*The Legislature, which has favored us with this useful code of laws, is composed of Conscience, Reason, and Philanthropy. No bribes prevent a strict administration of justice. The happy era is not far distant, in which this Court, we hope, will give laws to the universe. At that time Priests and Lawyers will be but "Drones of the church and harpies of the State."

†The daughter of Æsculapius, and goddess of health.

‡All sectarian principles are viewed here (like the offals of the fish) as the refuse of the village. These are all cast down the bank together.

§The influence of these laws are quite unfriendly to every species of nobility not only at Congress but also at Nantucket.

¶See Entick's account of the Heathen Gods, &c.

*Such is the common veneration for the municipality of 'Sconset, that all prejudices and animosities, among the vintners, are always left within the gate of the town.

†Though these laws in this respect, are quite friendly to the fair sex, yet we would not excite in any lady, an expectation of making more than one-half of the marriage contract.

‡In mathematics figures of many sizes.

¶In the fable, moralized, tools of party.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. A PICTURE.

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

Over the road to 'Sconset—
That dear old, sea-blown place,
The dreamy fisher-hamlet,
Where smiles the ocean's face—
Over the road to 'Sconset
I'm riding all alone;

And the sunset's sweet reflections
Are warmly akin to my own.

Alone, save the grim old driver,
Who sits on the forward seat,
Lazily jerking his pony,
And leaving my silence complete.
I nestle far back in the corner—
Am reckoned asleep by his chart—
But 'tis summer-tide over the moorland,
And summer is flooding my heart.

Asleep? I am reading the poem
That Nature is shimmering down;
I am quaffing each delicate odor
That comes from the heather, brown;
I am answering the eyes of the mosses
That peer, with a welcoming grace,
Up from their sandy roadway,
In search of my happy face.

I am noting the stretch of the "commons,"
The prairie-like roll of the land;
I care not to number the mile-stones
That flaunt me their faces, so bland;
No monotone burdens the journey,
Each wheel turns a fresh internode,
For I love every inch of the distance,
Each sod and each rut of the road.

There's a breath from the sea, a-quiver
With health and new-guerdon of life;
And my heart to the heart of the Giver
Is throbbing with gratitude, rife.
So, over the road to 'Sconset
I'm riding all alone;
And the sunset's sweet reflections
Are warmly akin to my own.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., 1879.

THE CRUISE OF THE BEACH HOUSE BELLE.

(Dedicated to the Crews of the
Beach House Belle.)

With her battered hull and her gaping seams,
As she lies in the shrivelling sun,
With her blistering paint and her rotting
beams,

You might think that her race is run.
But the old hulk still could a tale unfold
Of her daily cruise to the far-off lands,
Of her parous fights and of pirate gold,
Of her motley crew, and of ruffian bands,
Of the maidens fair or of sailors bold,
Who have swarmed upon her decks:
Of the tropic heat or of Arctic cold
And of raging storms and wrecks.
For with bow due East and with leaky seams
She sails North or South or askew
Toward the Wonder Land where you dream
your dreams

And your make-believe comes true.
And it's ho, through the surf! and ho, through
the rips! and ho, to the Ocean's brim
Where the sky sweeps down to meet the sea
and the far-off sails grow dim.

On the quarter deck paces Captain Jack,
At the helm stands Admiral Sue,
While there's Skipper Ned to manage the tack
And Tommykins—he's the crew.

And it's "port your helm!" and it's "hard
a-lee!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" "Belay!" "Heave to!"
And it's "Man the yards" when you go to sea
With Tommy and Jack and Sue.
And it's "Skip aloft!" and it's "Heave the
log!"

While the skipper casts the lead,
As you roam the seas through tempest or fog,
Till your mother calls for bed.

And with bow due East and with leaky seams
You sail North or South or askew
Toward the Wonder Land where you dream
your dreams

And your make-believe comes true.

And it's ho, through the surf! and ho, through
the rips! and ho, to the Ocean's brim
Where the sky sweeps down to meet the sea
and the far-off sails grow dim.

'Sconset Rests.

(Notes on Our Last Walk)

The clamor and the racket's gone
With the summer colony;
Now 'Sconset rests so calm, serene
In soft tranquility.

The work is done, the "harvest" in,
Another season done;
Relax awhile, our village—
Enjoy the rest you've won.

Off-islanders have gone away,
Their windows battened down,
Casino still, the shops are barred,
Most business goes to Town.

We started from Snug Harbor
And sauntered far and near,
To have our last look at this spot
We've so enjoyed this year.

We strolled along the silent bluff,
The moors, the streets, the lanes,
And shared with you this peaceful
time,
Inspired to come again.

The path was clear, no one in sight;
The houses closed and shuttered;
No bathers at the beaches swam,
Just one lone robin fluttered.

He hopped along in front of us,

Carry'ng his breakfast ration,
But flew away and dropped his worm,
Disturbed by our elation.

Two gulls came flying overhead,
Afloat so swift they soar;
The terns ran 'cross the beach for
food

The waves brought to the shore.
Wild rhododendron clung to life
Aside the sandy lane;
Lone beach plums promised next
year's crops
If we'd come back again.

The strangest sight that came to view
Was a storm-wrecked flight of stairs,
That bathers once were wont to climb
From beach to summer lairs.

We strolled along toward Sankaty,
Enjoying every sight
Of 'Sconset's beauties spread for us
From Pump to the towering Light.

Returning by the bluff's worn path,
Content in sunlight clear,
We inventoried all your joys
Promoting man's good cheer.

—Reg Evans.

Bronxville, N. Y.

Now ever the rail climbs Tommy the crew
And over the bow drops he,
For he does not know, as the others do
That the lawn is deep blue sea.

"Oh! goodness, that kid!" shouts Admiral Sue,
But, "man overboard!" roars Jack
And bravely he dives ere the mate heaves to,
And with Tom swims safely back.
But Tommy he laughs and gurgles with glee
And he thinks it all a lark

When the officers scan the grassy sea
For the fin of a man-eating shark.
So with bow due East and with leaky seams
You sail North or South or askew
Toward the Wonder Land where you dream
your dreams

And your make-believe comes true.
And it's ho, through the surf! and ho, through
the rips! and ho, to the Ocean's brim
Where the sky sweeps down to meet the sea
and the far-off sails grow dim.

There are many that go; there are some
come back,
"Over there" lies Skipper Ned;
In the Belleau Woods sleeps Captain Jack,
But others are here instead.

In the place of Tom, the restless crew,
Who now is a Freshman at Yale,
There are Ted and Hal and there's Admiral
Lou

In command when the ship sets sail,
So her crews they pass and her crews they
grow

But the Belle, with steady prow,
Through the summer sun and the winter snow
Held the same course then as now.

And with bow due East and with leaky seams
She sails North or South or askew
Toward the Wonder Land where you dream
your dreams

And your make-believe comes true.
And it's ho, through the surf! and ho, through
the rips! and ho, to the Ocean's brim

Where the sky sweeps down to meet the sea
and the far-off sails grow dim.

—By Hector Fezandie.

Siasconset,
September, 1922.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE CARRIER BIRD, WHICH WAS SHOT AT THE VIL- LAGE OF SIASCONSET.

Little wanderer of the sky!
Never more shalt thou return;
Never glad each anxious eye,
Bidding thee thrice welcome home.

Thou wert first to track the air,
Bearing, on thy pinions high,
Messages both rich and rare;
And didst human power defy.

When this feat was first accomplished,
And the news was whispered round,
Men on 'change gazed up, astonished,
"Sure," said they, "some prophet's found."

Some ascend the towering height,
Watch with telescopic aid,
For the palace floating light,
But, alas! no signal's made.

Some who saw thy kind protector
Bid thee leave thy ocean home,
Could not fail to thus conjecture—
"Reason must have left her throne."

When the secret was unfolded,
That the little stranger came,
Showers of praises quick descended,
Such as man would gladly claim.

Thou hast borne upon thy pinions,
Tidings fraught with hope and joy,
Of some cherished, absent husband,
Or some darling sailor boy:

Then of battles thou hast told,
And of daring victories won;
Now, thy little heart lies cold,
Thou to thy long home hast gone.

But, methinks I hear thy mate
Breathing forth some plaintive strain,
Mourning for thy sad, sad fate,
All to lure thee back again.

O' thy guardian I would speak;
He who nursed and watched thee here,
Will, should he these lines e'er greet,
Drop with me the tribute tear.

But of him who took thy life,
Ere thou reached thy destined goal,
If his bosom burned with strife,
Deep's the shade upon his soul.

Short thy span of life has been;
Swift and fleeting as a day;
Let it this great lesson teach,
We, like thee, must pass away.

GEMS OF POETRY.

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET. a Ballad—
Proposed with a Pipe of Tobacco, as an evening's
amusement to the Fishermen. To the tune "Vicar
of Bray." By a Friend to Native Simplicity.—
Printed in 1797.

To the True Republicans of Siasconset, and to all
who wish well to the cause of Simplicity and Plain
Dealing, in Society, one with another, (which character-
ized the golden age of the ancients,) this humble tribute
is respectfully inscribed, by PHILO-SIMPLICITAS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SIASCONSET is a pleasant village at the east end
of Nantucket. It was erected by Gentlemen in town
for their temporary convenience, during the season of
fishing; which happens twice a year, Spring and
Autumn. At this time it is much frequented, not only
by those who are employed in fishing, but also by a
great number of visitors, who afford themselves, on
the occasion, much innocent festivity and true soci-
ability. Hence a remarkable simplicity, and plain
dealing distinguish the moral character of the place,
inasmuch that it amounts to a political Phenomenon.
The laconism, "SIASCONSET LAWS," has so much
obtained as a proverb, (denoting an entire freedom
given to a friend, in all things with decency) that it is
frequently used at tea tables in Europe.

LAWS OF SIASCONSET.

Wide in the East on NANCY'S Isle,*
Where roars the wild surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy vill,
For freedom famed and Choudre†
Fresh from the wave they take the cod,
To feast the soul that wants it;
Its air is pure, its water good;
Its name is SIASCONSET.

Old Saturn's‡ reign is here begun,
The Orient of the nations:
Here kings and compliments are done,
And all your Boston fashions.
The song, the jest, the smile serene
Amuse the friend that haunts it;
Here old simplicity is seen,
In ancient dress, at 'SCONSET.

Its pump the lymph oblivious§ pours,
To drown despite and treason;
Its purer air at once restores,
To liberty and reason.¶
When erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good nature grants it,
And that which else might be abuse,
Is wink'd by laws of 'SCONSET.

And should your fault incur a grudge,
Our court¶ you must attend, sir,
Your Speaker's Conscience, Reason Judge,
Your Jury is a friend, sir.
This court guards well our dearest rights,
And when the country owns it,
Lawyers will starve with all their wits,
And curse the laws of 'SCONSET.

Hygeia** here her reign resumes,
The hyp'd and crazy healing,
Restores old wounds, dispels the glooms,
And brings the callous feelings.
Then let Religious maniacs prate,
And on the treaty bounce it,
Here INVALIDS in church and state,
Are all made whole at 'SCONSET.

The mind with priestcraft long beguiled,
May choose, with freedom handy,
Good Moses with the spirit fill'd,
Or Thomas Paine with BRANDY.††
And thus will I, though POPE and SECT,
With bulls and zeal denounce it;
My reason's mine to think and act,
Like thee, friend SIASCONSET.

The souls of once too rude a form,
Receive a softer moulding,
Here Jacobins forget to storm,
And wives leave off scolding.
The wight in town,¶ who swells with pride,
Or like Cleippus§§ vaunts it,
The paltry coxcomb lays aside,
And wears the man at 'SCONSET.

Should party zeal the bosom rile,
'Tis here nor felt nor seen, sir.¶¶
For choudre well corrects the bile,
And dissipates the spleen sir.
Thus when with B**k the wild heart swells,
Some GENIUS bids renounce it,
For no revenge nor malice dwells,
With thee, O SIASCONSET.

Now let the fair one share her part,
Sweet village, in thy candor,
Safe to disclose her feeling heart,
Nor fear the SCORPION, SLANDER.†††
Thus the fond maid shall find excuse,
If first she make the onset;
Her souls elect her hand may choose,
By laws of SIASCONSET.

Should Polygons*** and Catspaws††† ask
My judgment of the VILENCE.†††
This law I'll claim to wear the mask,
And answer them in Silence.
Thrice happy Vill, extend thy reign,
Till every nation owns it;
Thus shall the world its glory gain,
Beneath thy laws, O 'SCONSET.

* Alluding to old Goffer Mayhew's will in which
the island of Nantucket was bequeathed to his young-
est daughter Anne.

† A very palatable and wholesome preparation of
the fish; a favorite and staple dish of the place.

‡ The golden age of the ancient poets, which they
prophesied should come again when the Goddess Ar-
ctone (or justice) returned to the earth.

§ Allusion to the ancient river Lethe whose waters
were said to obliterate all things that were past. The
well at Siasconset, is accordingly celebrated for a
salubrious quality in its water. The use of it so cor-
rects the vicious humors of the body, that it really
produces in the mind the disposition here suggested.

¶ The flux and reflux of the tide operates as a con-
tinual ventilator to the place.

¶¶ The Legislature, who has favored us with this
useful code of laws, is composed of Conscience, Rea-
son, and Philanthropy. No bribes prevent a strict
administration of justice. The happy era is not far
distant, in which this court, we hope, will give laws
to the universe. At that time Priests and Lawyers
will be but "Drones of the church and harpies of the
State."

*** The daughter of Æsculapius, and goddess of
health.

†† All sectarian principles are view'd here (like
the offals of the fish) as the refuse of the village.—
These are all cast down the bank together.

††† The influence of these laws are quite unfriendly
to every species of nobility not only at Congress but
also at Nantucket.

§§ See Entick's account of the Heathen Gods, &c.

¶¶ Such is the common veneration for the municipal-
ity of 'Sconset, that prejudices and animosities, among
the visitants, are always left within the gate of the
town.

¶¶¶ Though these laws in this respect, are quite
friendly to the fair sex, yet we would not excite in any
Lady, an expectation of making more than one half of
the marriage contract.

*** In mathematics figures of many sides.

††† In the fable, moralized, tools of party.

††† The rape lately committed upon the immacu-
late virgin, Miss B***.

NOTE BY THE MIRROR. The above Ballad is
given, italics and small caps, advertisement and notes,
as printed in the original copy.

Jan. 16, 1847

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET.

A BALLAD,

Proposed with a pipe of tobacco, as an evening's
amusement to Fishermen.

To the true Republicans of Siasconset, and to all
who wish well to the cause of simplicity and plain-
dealing in society, one with another, (which character-
ized the golden age of the ancients,) this humble
tribute is respectfully inscribed

BY PHILO-SIMPLICITAS.

Wide in the East, on NANCY'S Isle,*
Where roars the wild surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy vill,
For freedom famed and Choudre†
Fresh from the wave they take the cod,
To feast the soul that wants it;
Its air is pure, its water good;
Its name is SIASCONSET.

Old Saturn's‡ reign is here begun,
The Orient of the nations:
Here kings and compliments are done,
And all your Boston fashions.
The song, the jest, the smile serene
Amuse the friend that haunts it;
Here old simplicity is seen,
In ancient dress, at 'SCONSET.

Its pump the lymph oblivious§ pours,
To drown despite and treason;
Its purer air at once restores,
To liberty and reason.¶
When erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good nature grants it,
And that which else would be abuse,
Is wink'd by laws of 'SCONSET.

And should your fault incur a grudge,
Our court¶ you must attend, sir,
Your Speaker's Conscience, Reason Judge,
Your Jury is a friend, sir.
This court guards well our dearest rights,
And when the country owns it,
Lawyers will starve with all their wits,
And curse the laws of 'SCONSET.

Hygeia† here her reign resumes,
The hyp'd and crazy healing,
Restores old wounds, dispels the glooms,
And brings the callous feelings.
Then let Religious maniacs prate,
And on the treaty bounce it,
Here INVALIDS in church and state,
Are all made whole at 'SCONSET.

The mind with priestcraft long beguiled,
May choose, with freedom handy,
Good Moses with the spirit fill'd,
Or Thomas Paine with BRANDY.††
And thus will I, though POPE and SECT,
With bulls and zeal denounce it;
My reason's mine to think and act,
Like thee, friend SIASCONSET.

The souls of once too rude a form,
Receive a softer moulding,
Here Jacobins forget to storm,
And wives leave off their scolding.
The wight in town,¶ who swells with pride,
Or like Cleippus§§ vaunts it,
The paltry coxcomb lays aside,
And wears the man at 'SCONSET.

Should party zeal the bosom rile,
'Tis here nor felt nor seen sir.*
For choudre well corrects the bile,
And dissipates the spleen sir.
Thus when with B**k the wild heart swells,
Some GENIUS bids renounce it,
For no revenge nor malice dwells,
With thee, O SIASCONSET.

Now let the fair one share her part,
Sweet village in thy candor,
Safe to disclose her feeling heart,
Nor fear the SCORPION, SLANDER.†††
Thus the fond maid shall find excuse,

and entertained the audience with brief
remarks, which were received with expres-
sions of approval. Dr. Arthur E. Jenks
recited the following original poem:

Siasconset—Old and New.

THE OLD.

Within the borders of this hamlet, quaint;
Invested with a glory all its own;
How many spirits of the bygone days,
Seem hovering near! In early time the men
Who walked these rustic lanes, swept with the
scythe

Yon pasture lands, and gathered into barns;
Or stoutly plied the glistening oar,
Were men with sinewy arms, like the Norwegian
pine!

The lone light on old Sankoty's grey bluff,
But typifies their quiet constancy;
The clearer seen when trials baffled them;
As beacon lights shine brightest in the dark!
The thunder rhythm on the pebbly beach
Recalls the life-throb of their honest hearts;
The ceaseless roll of every foaming wave,
Proclaims their tireless industry. Ah, they
Were men to be remembered now; their sons
Love these old homesteads, and the cool sea breeze
That gives a bronze hue to each manly face.
The mothers and the daughters toiled here;
Nor thought their homely joys poor recompense.

From yonder school-house on the hill,
Went forth an honorable class. Its belfry bell
Tells of an independence in the walks of life
Akin to that our patriot fathers felt,
Who voiced aloud, in ancient iron tongue,
Their Magna Charta, and defied the world!
So we defy that spirit that would slur
Our schools, whether of 'Sconset village, or
Nantucket town!

While yet our Commonwealth was young; and all
Our wharves were bristling; and our many ships,
Lay waiting for fair winds toward open seas;
E'er since the harpoon winged its fatal flight,
Our schools have held the prestige of renown,
And classic halls have called our scholars hence!

There stands, on old North Bridge, in Concord,
now,

Upon a solid base, hewn of the stone

From granite hills, a Minute Man in bronze!

'Twas on a winter day I stood and read

The lesson of my country in his face!

(Ours is a day that calls for minute men.)

So let us stand, firm, as in marble carved;

And say to those who would decry our schools:

"Our Alma Mater has her loyal sons

And daughters! And her honor is our own!

Ye shall not mar her record. No; nor rob

Us of the priceless heritage we hold!"

We would be recreant to our fathers; and
Unworthy our good mothers, and their faith,—
When the cold drift of winter dimmed their eyes,
Or the long voyage tired their patient hearts—
Did we not proudly tell the stranger: "Here
Was our loved birthplace; rude, perhaps, the roof
That sheltered us; but the warm hearthstone fire
Embalmed with its rich gaze our childhood life;
Burning with purer flame than incense on
Some old cathedral altar, far beneath
The groined arch, or costly architrave!"

THE NEW.

The village of to-day has fairer grown.
The chapel bell ere long will call to prayer;
And memories, precious in their sacredness,
Will summon us adown the rosy path
Where first we heard the sound of Church bells'
chime!

The strangers here have built new homes;
Their faces we all welcome; for they bring,
Like the incoming tide, the light and joy
Of the great sea of life abroad; the pulse
Of thrift is theirs; and they infuse a nerve
And fibre into our still Island life!

I would not call them strangers; rather, guests.
And Enterprise is here. The iron man
Who belts our country with his myriad rails,
Comes whistling to our doors; sea-blown they
were

But yesterday; and trembling only at
The shriek of the storm-wind and ocean's roar!

Thrice-welcome, ye who like our sandy shores;
Who carry to your inland homes, good words
For us and ours. Around the winter fire,
When all the air is white, and icy chains
Have locked us in, like cruel prison bars;
Your names, your faces grow familiar; then,
As if to thwart the Northland king, ye come
To us. The huge frost-crystals seem to melt!
Ye hold a wizard's charm, and use it well.
Our doors swing open, and all noiselessly,
As if from out the kingdom of the snow,
Ye enter, bearing summer greetings; while
Nantucket hails your advent to her homes;
And, like my Swedenborgian friend, will have
You present still, all the round year!

To 'Sconset, old and new, I dedicate
These lines. My grateful heart clings to the old.
The heart will vibrate to the tender voice
Of recollection; as the organ key
Responds to the musician's slightest touch.
Here are the fresh green fields; yonder the sea!
The sweet South Wind chants by the ocean's side,
The self-same prophecies I heard in youth.
Only the ones I loved are gone! All else
Remains. It is the mystery of life—
Forever old, forever new!

"The Path Along The Bluff."

Hon. James M. Swift, town counsel,
came down on Monday in connection
with the Land Court case pertaining
to the "path along the bluff" at 'Scon-
set, Judge Davis also being on the
island. Arguments in the case had
been heard in Boston, but Judge Davis
and the attorneys took this oppor-
tunity to make a view of the section
affected by the "path along the bluff".

Nantucket has been pressing this
case in the Land Court for several
years, some property owners between
'Sconset and Sankaty entering formal
objections to the town's petition ask-
ing that this path (which has been
used for generations and enjoyed by
both residents and summer visitors)
be set apart by the Land Court for
the use of the public for all time.

The Path to Sankoty.

It winds along the headlands
Above the open sea—
The lonely moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty.

And grey to the world's rim,
The roosting sea spreads sailless
Where hang the reeking fog-banks
Primordial and dim.

There fret the ceaseless currents,
And the eternal tide
Crafes over hidden shallows
Where the white horses ride.

The wistful fragrant moorlands
Whose smile bids panic cease,
Lie treeless and cloud-shadowed
In grave and lonely peace.

Across their flowering bosom,
From the far end of day
Blow clean the great soft moor-winds
All sweet with rose and bay.

A world as large and simple
As first emerged for man,
Cleared for the human drama,
Before the play began.

O well the soul must treasure
The calm that sets it free—
The vast and tender skyline,
The seatur's wizardry,

Solace of swaying grasses,
The friendship of sweet-fern—
And in the world's confusion,
Remembering, must yearn.

To tread the moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty,
Hearing the field-larks shrilling,
Beside the sailless sea.

A copyrighted poem written by the
late Bliss Carman, who had often
strolled along the path himself.

Ye Legend of Siasconset.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Conset was an Indian maiden,
Who, with a little bucket,
Used to gather up the bright shells
On the island of Nantucket.
In her search for quahog, muscles,
She was never known to lag,
And into beads she carved them—
Whence the name of Wampum-oag.

She wasn't much in woodcraft,
Of boat-building knew no line;
Yet her canoe was birch—its trimmings
Of painted porcupine;
And perch'd in it she went to fish,
A daughter brave and true,
And if she caught them not, her dad
Would beat her black and blue.

Her eyes were like the starfish,
Her skin as smooth as seal,
And her form was very lissome,
Which is saying a great deal!
Her voice, 'twas not a weak one,
But bass (so runs the tale),
And though she never studied music,
She could tell you every scale.

Her teeth were like the inside
Of the pearly oyster shell,
And she was up in all the scallops
Of a famous Indian belle;
She never flounder'd in her walk,
Was graceful as could be,
And menhaden's fitting name for one
So kind and good as she.

The lovers flocked in schools around
Her wigwam night and day,
But crawfish-ed when they saw her sire,
Who had a crab-ed way;
A chub-ed man who carp-ed at love—
Made light of home and wife,
He'd drum them off, and often went
Swordfish-ing for their life.

He smelt them out where'er they came
To pike themselves around,
And the ling-o that he then did speak
Had no uncertain sound.
Yet for the sun-shine of her smile
The lovers often met,
But many a shad-ow silent fled
From the whale-ing it would get.

But she loved one more than the rest—
Her Starry-Ray was he,
And though she ne'er was taught to write,
A bark to him sent she;
And having never postage stamp,
What could she do, do you see,
But give it to a flying fish
And send it C. O. D.

Her father learned the secret
By a hook of adverse fate,
And caught the ardent lover
With the tender line for bait.
He beat him with a horseshoe
To a jelly in the dark,
And swore he was a sheep's head
And fed him to a shark.

When Conset learned the story
Of how her lover died,
She clam-ored wild and fearful,
And tore her hair and cried,
And longed for a torpedo,
A stingray fierce and grim,
A devil-fish, a—something,
To do the same for him.

But not getting what she wished for,
She sat down on the shore,
And vowed she'd sculpin any one
Who tried to move her more.
And every fish that swam along
She called her lover's grave,
And sat and sighed her life out
To the mourning of the wave.

This, the legend of the past time,
This what gave the place its name,
And even in the present
The result is just the same,
For all the pretty maidens,
When by their parents bid
To go back upon their lovers,
Always sigh-as-Conset did.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27th, 1884.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. BALLAD OF SIASCONSET.*

I.
Clear and bracing was the weather, and the fisherman,
at rest,
Grasped his oars, and homeward ferried o'er the
ocean's sparkling crest.
Long and steady pulled the boatman, and the dory's
painted beak
Lapped the spray that wreathed its rainbows round the
sailor's ruddy cheek!
Bathed its prow in spray all foaming, little recked the
danger there;
Saw not any bird of omen, sailing, sailing thro' the
air!
Overhead the blue sky whispered; but its warning no
one heard;
While yet downward, onward, onward, sailed at will,
the fatal bird.

II.
"I am coming! I am coming!" Who can know the
spirit's tongue?
If the oarsman heard its droning, 'twas but sound of
salt sea flung
On the gale, forever ringing phantom bells along the
shore;
So the fisher told his stout heart: "'Tis the wind, and
nothing more."
On the sandy bluff, far inland, watch and wait the lov-
ed at home:
"Father's boat is coming surely, safely thro' the white
sea-foam."
Eyes, like twin stars of Orion, flash their gladness o'er
the sea!
Those who by old Ocean linger, know the tender sym-
pathy

III.
Of fond hope in silent waiting, trusting in the boat
and oar;
Of the agony unwritten, if the true heart come no
more.
God writes on the rolling waters: "These I take shall
live again."
For no promise of the Father ever moves our hearts
in vain.
See! The head of him now rowing, falls, all listless, on
his hands;
What has felled that strong man senseless, bound as if
with iron bands?
A lone bird, blind with its flying, strikes the boatman,
then falls dead;
Still the blue waves bear him homeward, still the blue
sky overhead.

IV.
But a second's time unconscious; wakes he, from his
strange day-dream,
In his boat the bird is lying, in his mind a sudden
gleam.
"Thank God!" from pale lips ascending; the glad fish-
erman now prays;
Sweeter than the altar's incense, or priest's sacrifice,
or praise,
Words the contrite heart breathes truly; such will
reach the Master's ear:
'Tis Humanity's petition God, in mercy, bends to
hear.
Now he thanks the great All Father, that the wild bird's
cruel blow
Did not send him reeling, sinking into the far tide be-
low!

V.
Never light of home and hearthstone seemed so pure
to him before;
Saved from such impending peril, with new life he
seized his oar,
Soon he struck the beach, and landing, scarcely press-
ed the shining sands;
Were not wife and children precious? How he longed
to clasp their hands!
Round the evening fireside sitting, with his children
on his knee;
See the honest father, telling of his strange sea-mys-
tery!
Watch the little eyes dilating; many years it will be
told,
And repeated in the village; and the tale will ne'er
grow old.
Fishermen shall tell the story how, one dull November
day,
One among them, rowing shoreward, had his senses
ta'en away!
And the bird, like the dark raven sent from the Pluto-
nian shore,
Shall haunt 'Sconset's old-time legends, with its weird
form, evermore!

ARTHUR E. JENKS.

* Suggested by the strange accident which befel Mr.
William Owen, while rowing inland in his dory on
Friday afternoon, Nov. 27th, 1874. A duck, flying at
the top of its speed, struck Mr. Owen on the back of
his neck, rendering him senseless. When he recover-
ed, he found the bird lying dead in the bottom of his
dory, its neck broken.

A "Pome" From 'Sconset.

A 'Sconseter sends in the following
"pome," which he says was founded
on facts and is an absolutely true
story in every way. We do not
vouch for its authenticity, either in
facts or as a "pome," but here 'tis:

The boys had gathered well around
The old wood stove in Larry's bazaar
To talk of politics and news they had
found

From all the country near and far.
Says Si to Cornstalks, in grave con-
cern,

"Of all the hogs we have taken to
town

Was Hobbs, the one we could not turn,
He beat the others by fifty pound."

Now Cornstalks with his ready wit
Comes back at Si with a wager strong
That his fine porker was as large
every bit

And had money that said Si was
wrong.

So Si with most annoyance bold
Covered that money, quick as a wink,
With Honest Albert the stakes to
hold,

Not giving poor Cornstalks a chance
to think.

The next day at the crack of light
They took the butcher from his bed
most mute,

To get the weight but not the height
Of those two hogs that were in dis-
pute.

Now comes the butcher, all sedate,
His face as sober as the Sphinx,

"I have here, gentlemen, your hogs'
weight,

I trust the stake-holder the award
will fix."

"That neither of you will get a cent
Si's judgment is the better of the two,

He on a hog farm should be sent,
But Cornstalks, what he knows of
hogs, oh! phew!"

Now Honest Albert has the dough
And says the boys should all have
smokes

But Si says "on that stuff go slow
By Gosh! I won't stand any such
hoax."

Dec. 25, 1920

Dec. 12, 1874

Our Trip to 'Sconset.

A Legend of Nantucket.
(By the unknown).

Once on a time, so runs my tale,
When times were hard and work did fail,
We took a trip to that bright Isle,
Where flowerets bloom and maidens smile;
And we went out to 'Sconset.

It chanced one day at dinner hour,
When apple-dumplings ruled with power,
The door-bell rang, out went the maid,
In popped my friend, who smiling said,
"Will you go out to 'Sconset?"

Of course to this I gave assent;
But must have dinner ere I went;
And so agreed my friend to meet
At a certain store on Centre street,
And lay our plans for 'Sconset.

I met my friend as agreed,
Bought some cigars, in case of need;
From thence our route we quiet took,
And at a stable our names did book
For a team to go to 'Sconset.

As carryalls were scarce that day,
And single teams would never pay,
A coach and horses two we took,
And thought how grand the same would look
Upon the road to 'Sconset.

We took a drive about the town,
To show our team and gain renown;
Then, as we not alone would be,
We filled the coach with lassies three,
And started off for 'Sconset.

And now behold us on our way;
Five happier souls you'll meet no day;
There was B--, and R--, and C--, and S--,
Who the other was you sure can guess,
All in a coach for 'Sconset.

We quiet kept till out of town;
Then mirth no longer could keep down.
You'd have thought the d---I was to pay,
If you had met us on that day,
While going out to 'Sconset.

While we on pleasure were intent,
B---'s hat out of the window went;
He followed suit without delay,
And back he got by the same way,
While we were going to 'Sconset.

The road was rough, the coach did jump,
And roll, and groan, and creak, and thump;
From side to side we all were dashed,
And crinoline got badly smashed,
In going out to 'Sconset.

But safe at last we reached the place,
The driver ope'd the door with grace,
Assisted the ladies to alight,
And told us (he was so polite)
That we had got to 'Sconset.

Then off he drove with headlong speed,
To give his hungry beasts some feed.
We of a house possession took;
There left the girls, while we did look
About the town of 'Sconset.

We wandered down along the shore,
A mighty wave rushed on with power;
We slipped, and fell, and we got wet,
Upon the sands of 'Sconset.

So back we went and thought to smoke;
But in a frolic our pipes got broke.
To Aunt Betsey Carey's we took our way
To get some pipes and for them pay
The price they asked at 'Sconset.

We had our smoke in peace at last,
And supper followed on it fast;
Then cleared the room, some callers came,
The eve was spent in pleasant game,
So passed the hours at 'Sconset.

At ten o'clock the carriage came
To take us back to town again.
We tumbled in without delay,
And soon upon our homeward way
We bade good-night to 'Sconset.

The night was beauteous and serene;
The moon shone brightly on the scene;
Our ride, however, soon was o'er,
And we were landed at our door.
So closed our trip to 'Sconset.

Reader! If ever Fortune's smile
Should lead you to Nantucket's Isle,
Heed our advice, procure a team
And lassies fair, then get up steam,
And take a trip to 'Sconset.

New Bedford, January 6, 1860.

To

In memory of a day of
one and forty years ago.
New Bedford, Mass., J. D. T. Kent.
February 20, 1901.

ONE AND FORTY YEARS AGO.

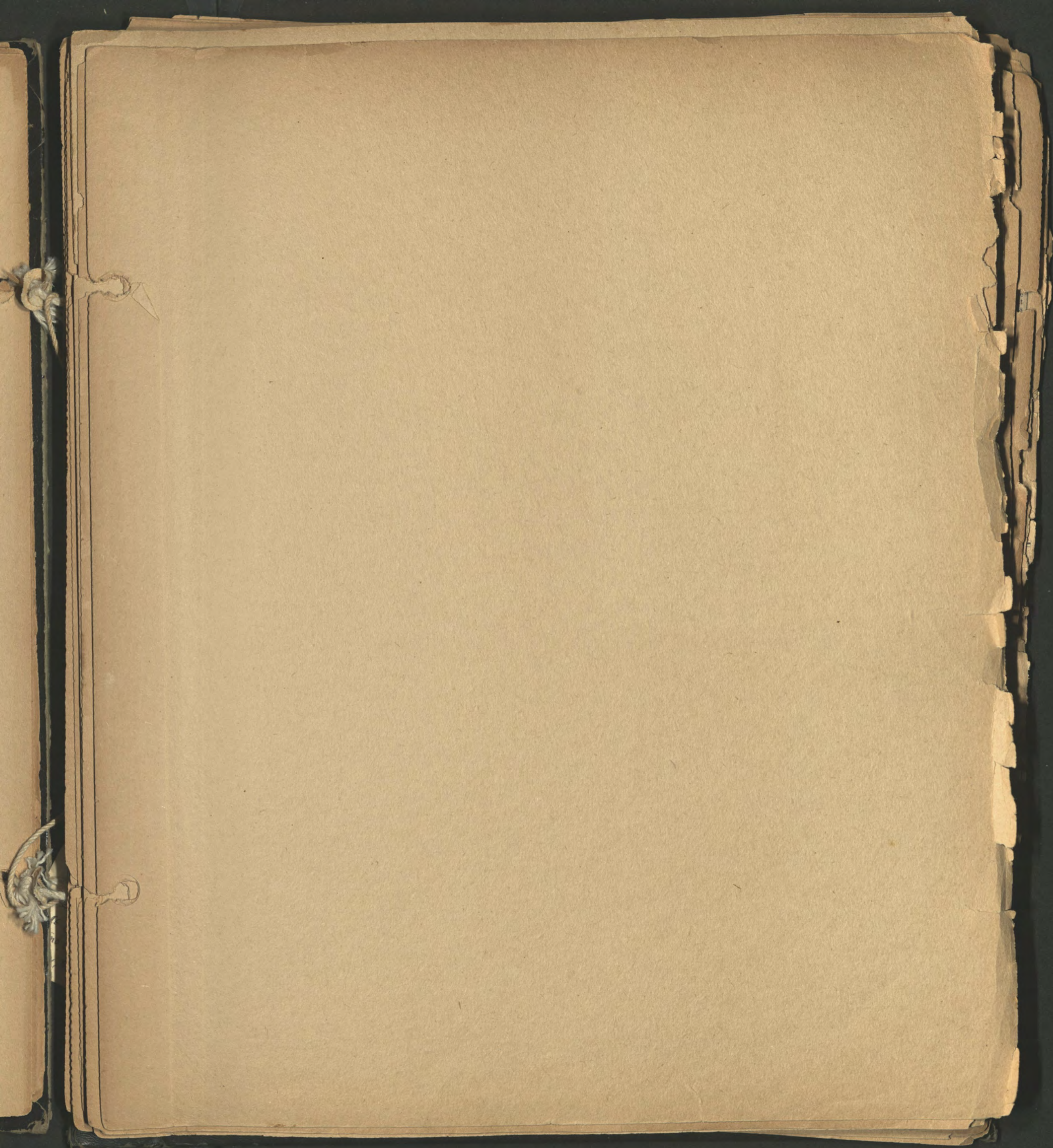
Long years ago some rhymes I wrote.
Of fair Nantucket's sea-girt isle,
And 'Sconset's shore where once we strayed
With careless jest and mirth the while.
How merry were our hearts that day,
How free from care, how full of glee,
Our fun and frolic knew no bounds,
Our laughter rang out o'er the sea.
We stood upon the sandy beach,
And watched the great waves come and go,
And pleasure crowned that merry day,
Of one and forty years ago.

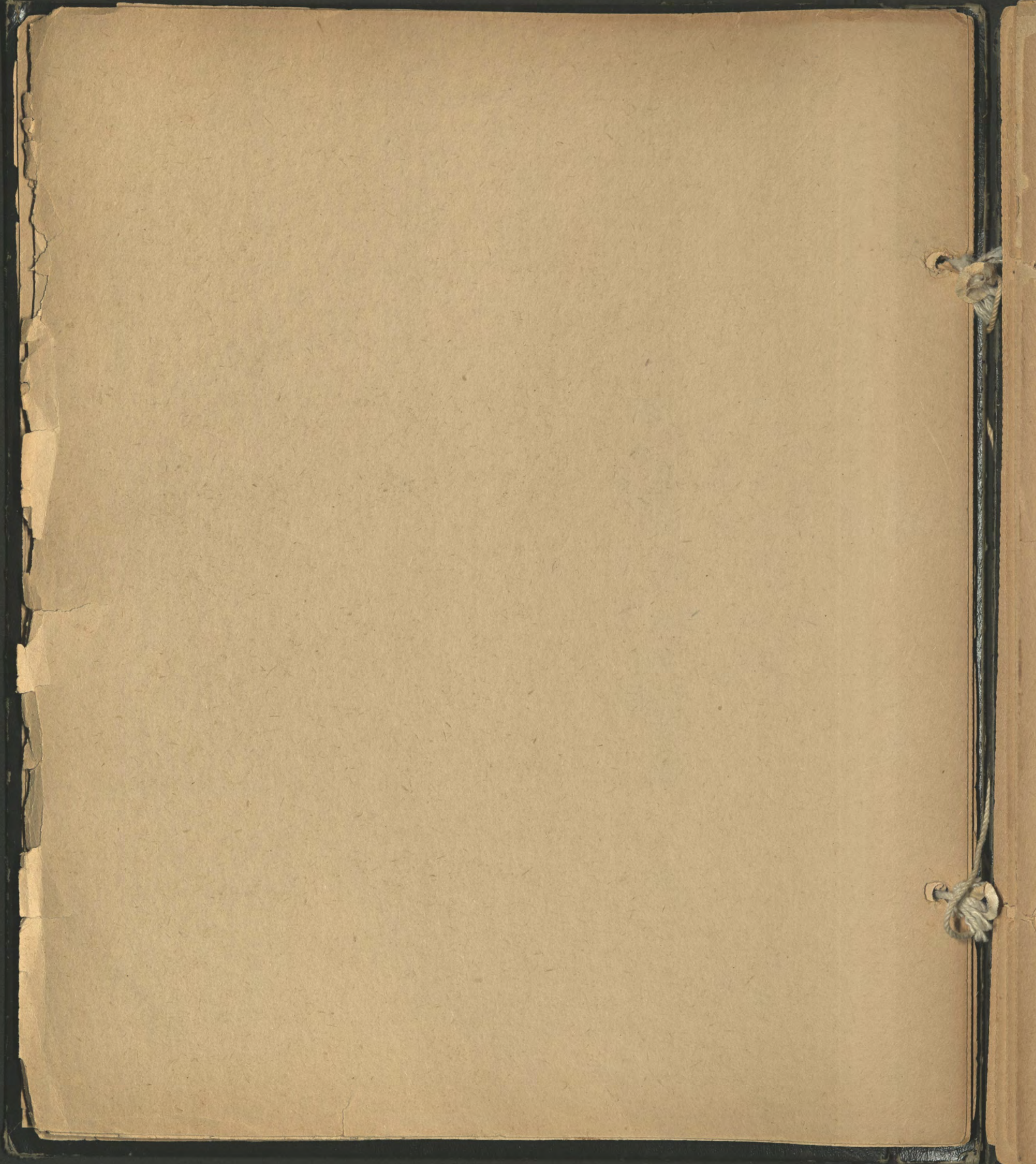
I cast the message on the wave
Of life's uncertain, restless sea;
Then left it to pursue its way,
Regardless what its fate might be.
But friends preserved the tiny scroll,
And lo! it comes to me again,
By gentle fingers neatly traced,
After long years of joy and pain.
Again I stand upon the shore,
And watch the surges ebb and flow,
As on that bright and happy day,
Of one and forty years ago.

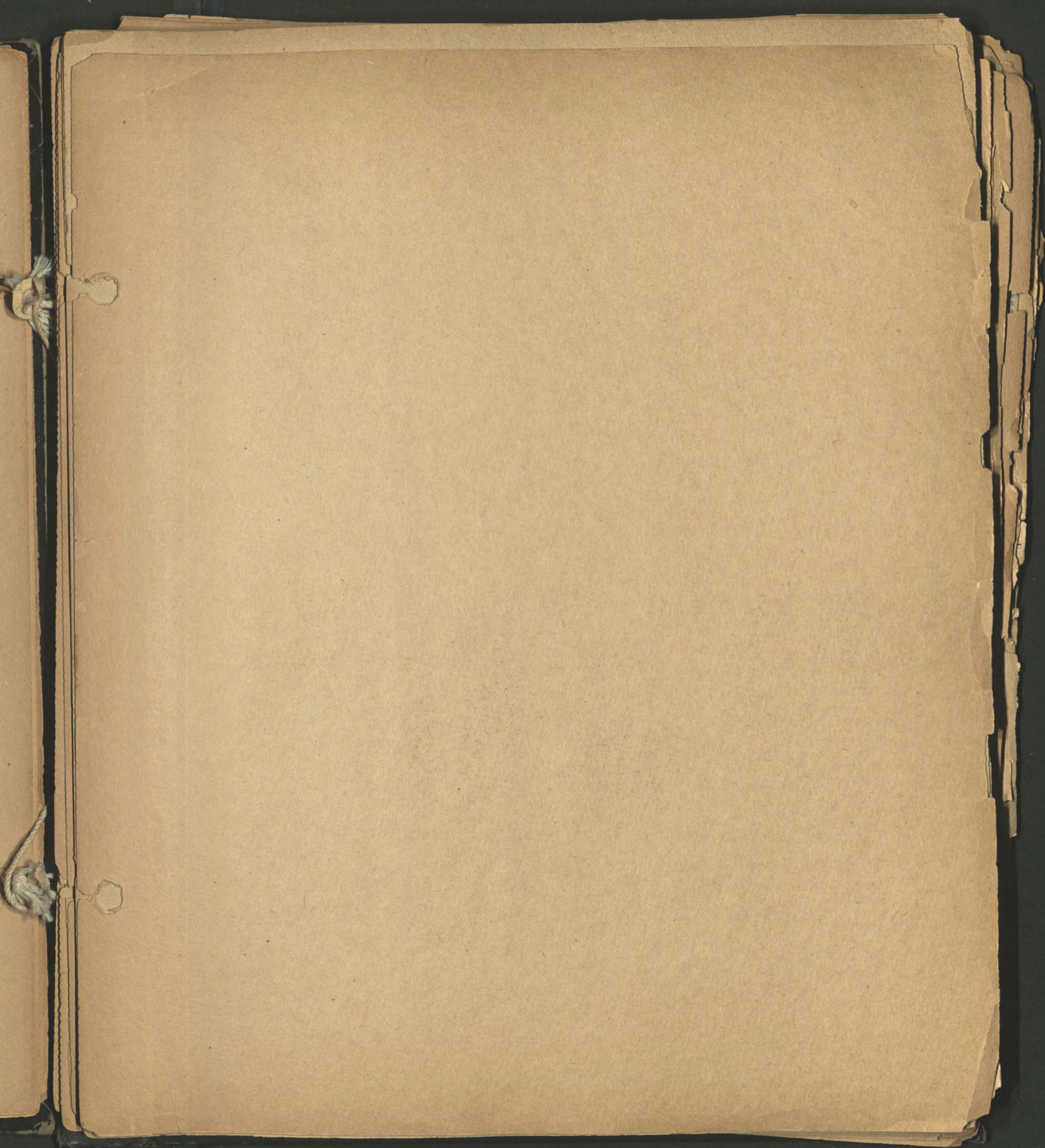
Nantucket's isle is still as fair,
The waves still beat on 'Sconset's shore;
But cherished hopes of other years
Have vanished to return no more.
Our locks, dear friends, have turned to gray,
Beneath our lids the wrinkles lie,
And joy and sorrow, weal and woe,
Have touched us as they passed us by.
Yet midst the ashes of our past,
The fitful embers flash and glow,
When memory recalls that day,
Of one and forty years ago.

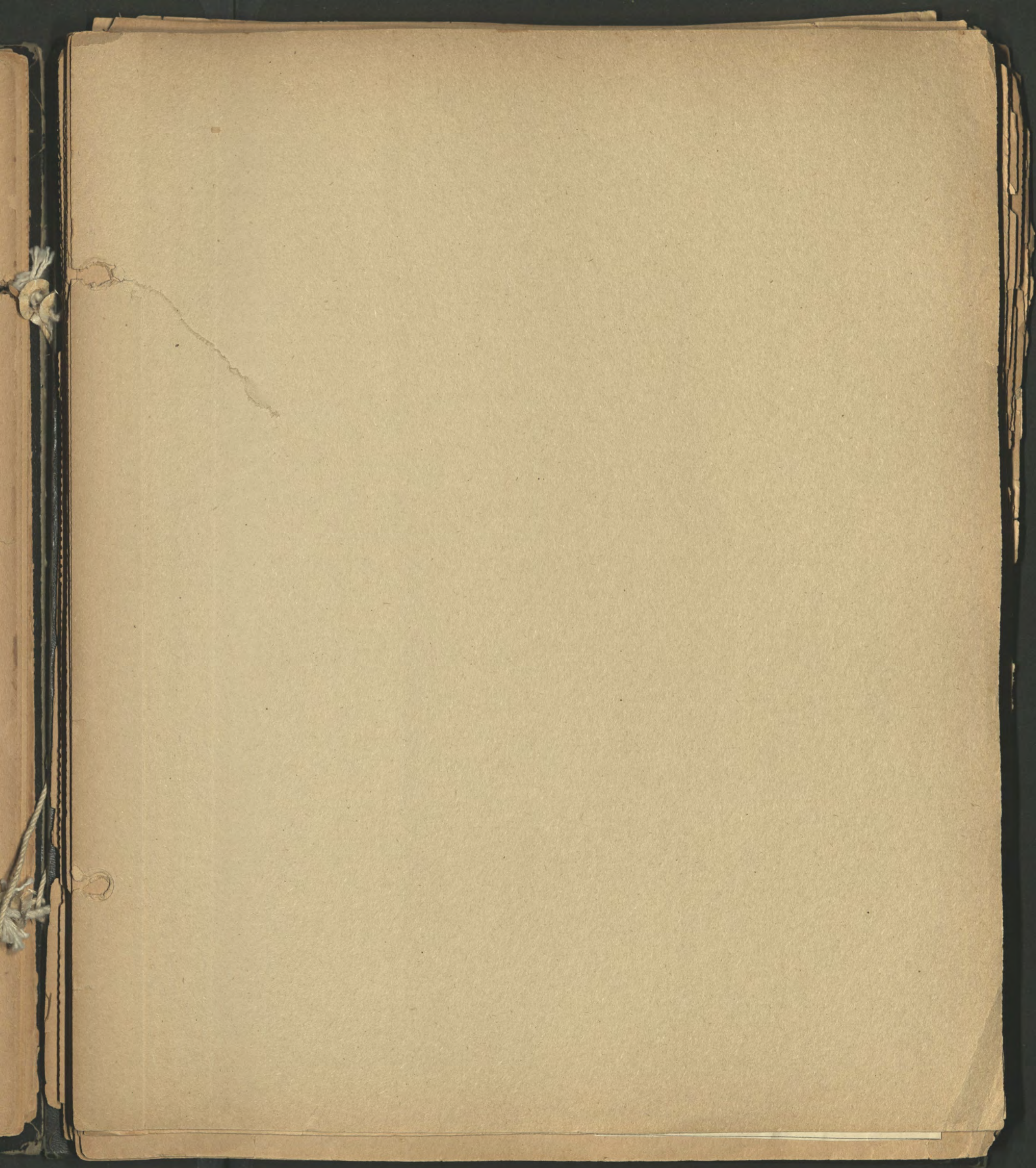
[Note.—The first of the above
poems appeared in the New Bedford
Standard in January, 1860, a few
months after the "trip to 'Sconset,"
in the fall of 1859. It was written by
the late James D. T. Kent, who died
some six or seven years ago. Upon
it being brought to his notice from an
old scrap-book, about five years before
his death, he penned the second poem
and presented it to a venerable couple,
who, as "lad and lassie" in 1859,
participated with him in the trip to
'Sconset.—Ed.]

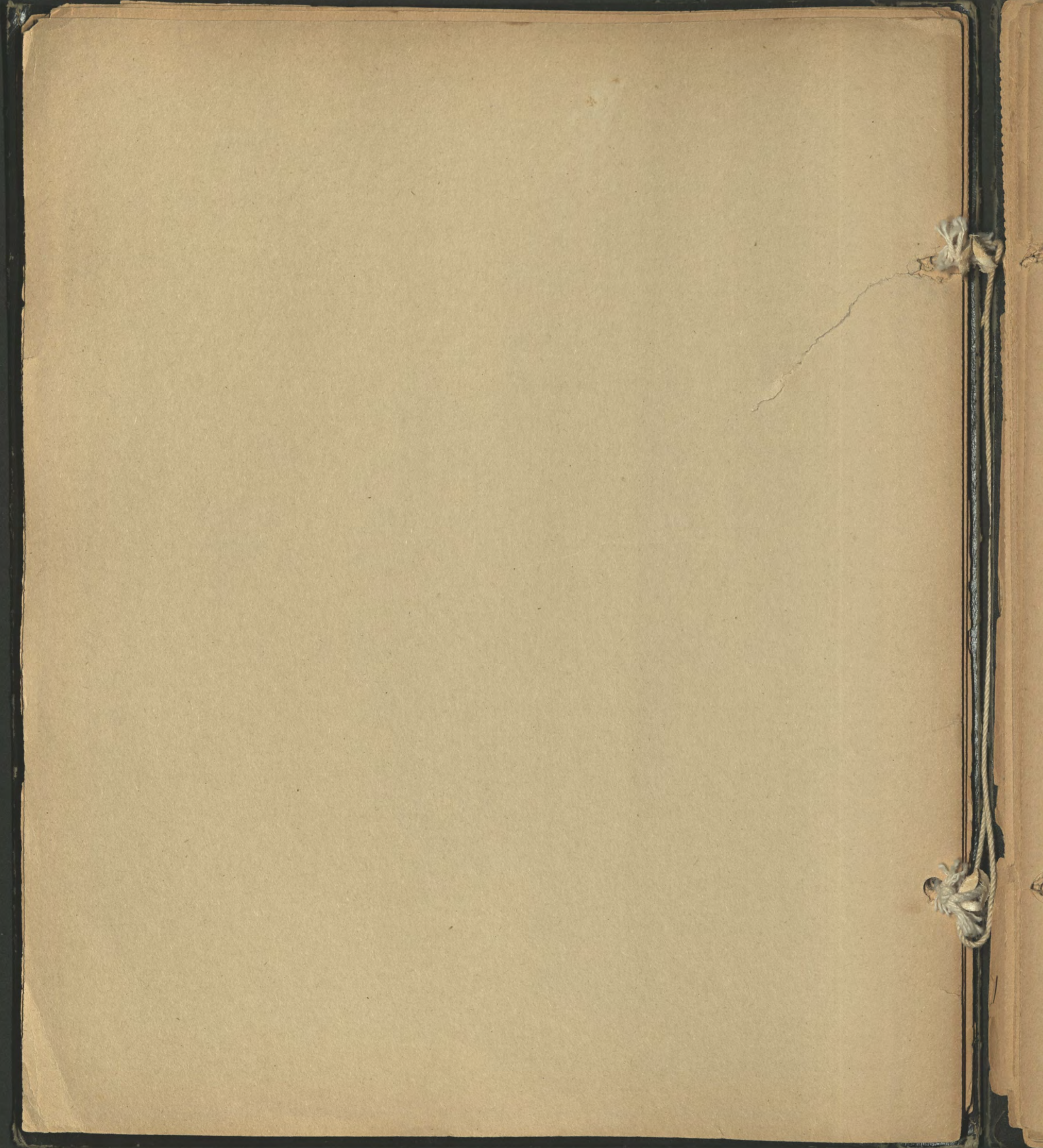
May 25, 1912











'Sconset and The Inn

It takes a page of this size to give pertinent information about 'Sconset and The Inn. It has long been my belief that first-time visitors should have as much Island information as possible, for the place is more important than the Inn or hotel.

Regular readers of *The Inquirer and Mirror* do not need to be reminded of the charms of 'Sconset, but from an advertising point of view I think this page will be worth the effort.

Last season finished a remodeling program at The Inn which began some fifteen years ago. Now we can offer the best in comfortable accommodations and this is quite obviously a solicitation of your recommendation.

I do not forget that there are many other hotels and such on the Island worthy of your support.

Clem Reynolds



The Inn.

Last season climaxed a remodeling program which began almost fifteen years ago. Nothing but one year of age has been added since.

Its recent success more than justified all the effort and expense involved. Believing that residents of Nantucket are a source of a large amount of business, we have again taken this method to present it and its present policy to you.

It is difficult to write without adjectives extolling the food and the service, which ought to be first class, anyhow; and, if they are not, it would be ungentlemanly to say nothing of unkind to claim that they were.

Perhaps merely to say that complaints were few last summer ought to be enough. To go further along this you might be interested to know the key personnel for this summer.

Leading the list of returnees will be Sally and Lee Linsenbiger, who so ably handled the kitchen at The Inn last year. At the Moby Dick, Al Hopkins, broil chef, will be at the ranges. The head gardener, who married into the management, will again be assisted by the perennial Carol Hollifield, who brings Rose from Blowing Rock, N. C., as our housekeeper.

Bob Blair will renew his activities at the bar after a season at the Sea View at Bal Harbour, Florida. With Bob comes Ann who will head up the office bevy of beauties.

Some changes always have to be made, so Louis Hecht has condescended to give up the Stork Club for the summer and stoop to running the Moby Dick dining room. Kathleen McSweeney, now at the Peachtree Restaurant in New York City, will be the hostess in the American Plan dining room. The usual college girls will jolly their way through the summer giving impressions of being a waitress.

Other than the fact that The Inn is new, yet old, nicely situated a few yards from the center of 'Sconset, and it is tastefully landscaped, there is little else to say. We try to realize we are charged with a terrific responsibility of having guests who work for such a holiday the rest of the year, and we would not like to say, write or do anything that would harm such an important time in their lives.



The Moby Dick.

It is difficult to be modest about this old railroad station turned bar and dining room, yet, there are some things to be said about it which are true and it may sound like a brag. It is not our nature to do that.

We look upon the Moby Dick as the father of the Inn, as it was from this beginning that the new Inn developed. This building was the first to get the treatment, so to speak, and when our ideas proved to be what the public wanted in the way of decoration, color, and entertainment we struck out from there. The patronage was such that made further improvement possible. This we admit quite freely and we have been grateful for it.

Each year there has been some change made to add to the guests' pleasure, some featured added to improve its service, such as the Jonah dining room last year. This year other less spectacular moves will be made to offer the public something new in the way of entertainment. Just what that will be will be announced later, not with present secrecy in mind but in order to be certain that we carry on — on an even higher plane.

The trio will be a feature during cocktails and dinner but it is likely that they will be around more in the evening than they were last summer. Bob Taylor, who led the group last year, has been with a trio at the Copley Plaza all winter, and will open the Moby Dick about June 23rd.

It would be difficult to find anyone not to agree with us that the Moby Dick is the most attractive place on the Island, unless one has been done since this writing. It will continue to be our policy as a debt to the guest to offer the best at a prevailing price, even though the size of the place does not in any way, shape or form justify the entertainment budget—so the auditor sez.

'Sconset.

Fortunately 'Sconset has not been the victim of a rapid development to spoil its age-old charm. It is relatively unknown except to the few who have discovered the peacefulness of it. Rather than modernize it these people have taken what they found and made comfortable homes of what had formerly been fishermen's shacks. Of course more pretentious houses have been added but by and large the atmosphere of the village never seems to change.

There is not much to do in 'Sconset really, judging by resorts that have community organizations to further the vacationist trade. Yet, there is everything to do, and all is convenient too. What more is needed for a holiday than swimming, tennis, golf, cycling, and a little evening entertainment? All this can be effortlessly done as the place is so small and it is never crowded.

'Sconset appeals to all ages. The kids and teenagers caper around the Casino from morning till night. The more active adult only shows up for meals, and the older folks have their activity pretty well scheduled but never get in all the things they meant to do in the two or three weeks they are here.

Rose covered cottages have made their place in our publicity releases over the years and we have even sold ourselves on how beautiful they are. In fact The Inn fell in love with its own words and built sixteen more of them last summer. From the middle of July until August the village is the answer to a camera bug's dream with all the profusion of roses smothering the cottages throughout the community.

Unlike other resorts, 'Sconset is on the way to "nowhere," thus we find no traffic or "tourist" problems to disturb the serenity of the scene. It's about as far east as one can go in the United States without drowning. Even when every house and cot is full in 'Sconset there is plenty of room on the benches for privacy, and a single on the golf course does not have to spend his afternoon apologizing to a gang of scorning foursomes.

Albert Egan, Sr.

Without the co-operation and advice of Albert Egan, Sr., the new cottage colony would not have been possible. Last September Mr. Egan began the removal of the former Hilt property adjacent to the 'Sconset Inn. This structure was taken down with care in order to salvage as much of the material as possible for the new cottages.

Mr. Egan had much to do with the design as well as with the actual construction of the Lilliputian village. The other contractors, such as Stanley Whelden, plumbing; George Rogers, electrician; Robert Hardy, painting; and others with whom he has had to prepare, have nothing but high praise for Mr. Egan. Clem Reynolds, owner of the cottage group, is particularly pleased with his handling of the task.

May 7, 1947

1951



A SIASCONSET VILLAGE DEVELOPMENT—This is an artist sketch by Miss Doris Beers showing what the new \$150,000 Summer cottage housing development in Siasconset will look like when it is completed. The project is being built by Clem Reynolds on the site of the old Beach House, on Ocean Avenue. Each cottage will have an ocean view.

10 Big Summer Homes to Be Built in Siasconset Village

By **ARTHUR J. QUINN**
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Sept. 21—One of the biggest real estate developments attempted on this island in many years is now under way in Siasconset Village on the site of the old Beach House hotel.

The new development, expected to be completed at a cost conservatively estimated at \$150,000, is being carried on under the direction of Clem Reynolds, owner and operator of the Siasconset Inn. Also interested in the project are seven residents of the Siasconset Summer Colony, whom Mr. Reynolds said desired to remain anonymous.

When the project, which is to be made up of 10 Summer-type cottage homes of five rooms each, set on well spaced lots and all with an ocean view, is completed, it will be one of the most beau-

tiful Summer-time living areas in New England.

According to Mr. Reynolds each of the homes will be built to conform with the Siasconset cottage style of architecture, but no two of the buildings will have the same appearance.

The plans for each of the houses are to be drawn by Robert Dubose Burbank, an internationally famous architect from Armonk, N. Y., who arrived here on Thursday to lay preliminary plans for this work.

Mr. Reynolds said the decision to have each of the homes have a different appearance was to avoid having the project having the appearance of a housing project when it is completed.

Each piece of property and the cottage on which it stands will be sold separately to individual buyers.

The new project was actually born as a result of the desire of

a group of wealthy Summer residents to get rid of the old Beach House building because the structure, once regarded as a waterfront beauty spot, has become what they term an "eyesore" and a "fire trap."

These residents, all owners of expensive homes have been living in constant fear a fire might break out in the old three-story wooden structure and spread over a wide area of this beautiful and quaint Summer colony.

When it was announced last Spring the bank was going to foreclose on the mortgage of the hotel Mr. Reynolds was persuaded to come here from Hartford, Conn., where he was visiting to bid at the auction. He took possession of the property for \$30,000.

After Mr. Reynolds came into possession of the Beach Hotel property the other residents, who

are interested in retaining the quaintness of Siasconset, approached him and endorsed his plans to build a development that would be in keeping with the appearance of other cottage type Summer residences in the village.

Although no time limit has been set for the completion of the major building project, Mr. Reynolds said he is confident at least two of the new cottages would be ready for occupancy before the start of the next Summer season. He said it was possible three of the cottages might be completed by that time.

The cottages will be erected by Albert Egan Sons, Company, of Siasconset.

Mr. Egan's firm is now engaged in the destruction of the old Beach House. The demolition of this building is expected to be completed by February.

Sept. 22, 1957



MOBY DICK NEWS



Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Mass., December 20, 1947



Merry Christmas

from

Myra and Clem Reynolds

and

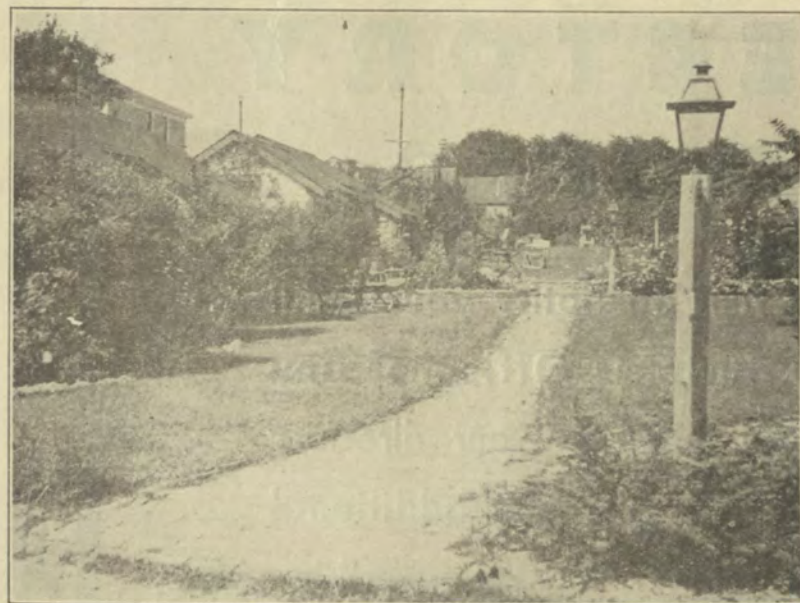
Ethelinda A. Arey
Miriam B. Bulkley
Mildred G. Burgess
Mr. and Mrs. Munroe P. Cahoon
Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Coffin
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Coffin
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coffin
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coffin, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C. Coffin
Mr. and Mrs. James P. Coffin
Mr. and Mrs. Roland M. Coffin
Annie B. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Egan
Mr. and Mrs. James Frederick Egan
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C. Eldridge
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse H. Eldridge, Jr.
Mabel F. Eldridge
Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Eldridge
Mr. and Mrs. Allson W. Field
Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Finnegan
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Folger
Mr. and Mrs. Mose Ford
Amy Gardner
Mr. and Mrs. James Glidden
Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Handy
Marie A. Holden
Mr. and Mrs. Allen W. Holdgate
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin F. Holdgate
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth W. Holdgate
Horace F. Jernegan
Ellen A. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelley

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman M. King
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Lewis
Michael Joseph Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. John McCall
Marion A. McCleave
Albert H. Morris
Mr. and Mrs. Everett Morris
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Morris
Sarah E. Morris
Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Murray
Gibbs Penrose
Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Psaradelis
Elsie W. Reed
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Reed
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Reith, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Reith, Jr.
Caroline M. Roberts
Celeste M. Robinson
Blanche A. Rogers
Charles W. Rogers
George I. Rogers
Ivan Rogers
Mr. and Mrs. John Santos
Meta M. Schmalz
Mary M. Scott
David C. Scott
Edmund E. Spader
Mr. and Mrs. Folmer Stanshigh
John Swares
Mr. and Mrs. John S. Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. Manuel V. Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Towhill
Mary E. Wade
Elmer P. Watts
Mr. and Mrs. William Yarmy

Happy New Year



ONE OF THE SMALLER INN COTTAGES.

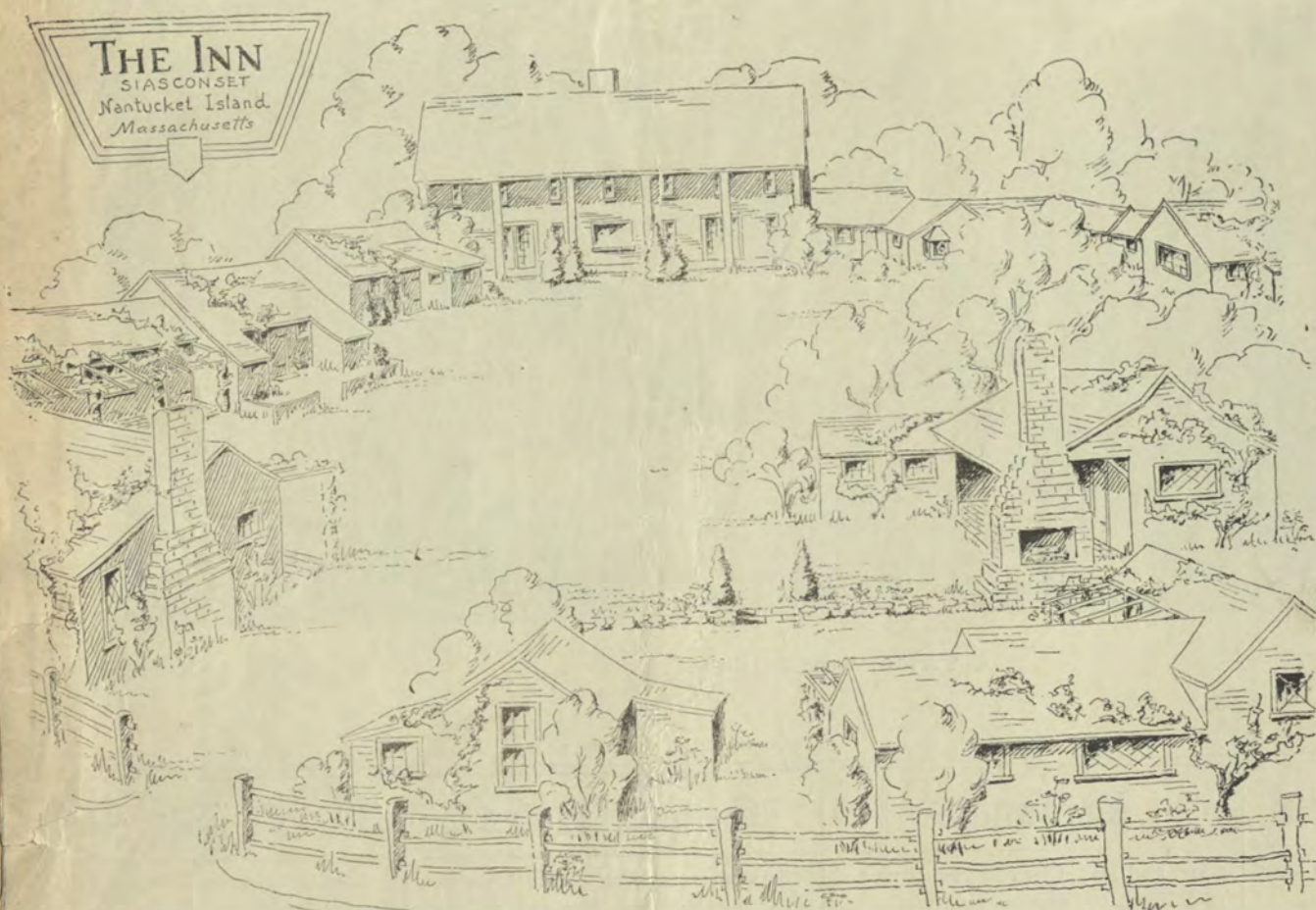


SOME OF THE INN COTTAGES.



ENTRANCE TO THE INN COTTAGES.

The Moby Dick News



Why These Pages in "The Inquirer and Mirror?"

Anyone considering a vacation, particularly a certain location for that holiday, wants to know as much about the place as possible. Some resorts have elaborate, colorful brochures to tell their story, but The Inn is presenting itself in this fashion. We believe that the community is of primary importance as our guests naturally see a great deal of it.

In these pages you should gather the character of the Island and learn considerable about The Inn. You will not read superlatives regarding food and service which, after all, you are entitled to expect at the prices quoted.

Both Nantucket and 'Sconset offer a variety of accommodations in choice locations. Naturally, The Inn invites further inquiry from the reader, but if this effort brings you to the island, regardless of where you stay, its purpose will be served.

Clem Reynolds

MAY 13, 1950.

The Inn.

Some hotels are built to satisfy the perfectionist—almost overnight. Not so the Inn. It has taken 15 years of working, tearing down and rebuilding to get it the way it is today.

The low, rambling type architecture that you see here now did not come off the drawing board. Most of the buildings were placed to suit a rose bush, a tree or a lilac. This made for an unusual yet artistic ground placement plan.

The management of the Inn has known the need and the demand for superior accommodations on the island at a modest price for several years. It has taken time to acquire adjacent property and to remove outmoded structures. The first step toward today's Inn was the cottage colony which was completed three seasons ago.

Everyone agrees that it is already one of the most colorful spots on the island.

The moment the Inn closed last season work began on the tearing down of the Wild Wave and Swiss, which were between the Inn lawn and the cottage colony. In their place were built fifteen units, each with private baths, some with patios, open porches, fireplaces—indoor or outdoor—and of course they have a garden setting.

The cottages that were on the lawn of the Inn have been shifted in position, enlarged, and added to, completing the quadrangle taking in the complete block along the ocean front. Each house now faces the main lawn and the sea.

To those who know the Inn, the biggest alteration is in the large central building which now contains the garden dining room and guest lounge. An addition of a large covered front porch has changed its appearance from an uninteresting-looking structure to a columned New England Colonial kind of building. It appears much smaller, we're happy to say, by the removal of the three all-too prominent dormers. A new kitchen has been added on the back.

Guests who have been at the Inn before will never recognize it as it is so completely changed, and all accomplished during this past winter. However, new guests will not realize that such recent improvements have taken place as old material was used as much as possible. Even the old, weathered shingles were removed by hand, not in the interest of economy, certainly, but to preserve that lived-with look. Here and there new had to be used but it is far from glaringly evident.

The gardens surrounding the Inn lawn were laid last fall in order to get a good start on this season. Many remember the miracle of the first season at the cottage colony in 1947.

All guest accommodations are now on the ground level. The upper part of the main building is now used for administrative personnel.

The Moby Dick.

Now we are on a favorite subject!

This little place has grown from a six-table rendezvous twelve years ago to the most popular lounge on the island. Its fame is wider than the Inn, but it can take care of many more folks. No visit to the Island is complete without a call at this port.

Many have asked what is going to happen there now that the Inn has "grewed" up. The answer is not simple. The main floor has been re-decorated, yep, that's right—even though some said it didn't need it—but no other basic changes.

The lower floor will be open for transient a la carte dinners at six o'clock. Just steaks, chops, lobster and chicken will be served with scrambled eggs and good as the Moby "Dickens" hamburgers later in the evening until one a. m. The Moby Dick has never been able to take care of hundreds of requests for meals due to the American Plan system of former years.

To continue the policy of giving something for your money, the entertainment schedule is about like this: A trio will play light cocktail music in the Moby Dick lounge from 5 to 7:30. Then they will play in the downstairs dining room from 7:30 to 10:00. James "Tiny" Day, that perennial large edition of music and fun, will start in the bar at 9:30 and bang it out until closing. The trio will relieve him between his early sessions to fill out their required hours according to the union agreement.

Although this is a heavy undertaking for such a small establishment it is felt that the summer visitors as well as the year 'round residents will enjoy a full-scale operation such as this. The prices will be no higher than at other places of this kind on the island.

The Inn has had a difficult time trying to keep its accommodations and service on a par with the Moby Dick and until now it has been the tail wagging the dog.

However, the popularity of this unusually attractive lounge has made many of the improvements at the Inn possible. This is a frank admission which prompts the Moby Dick to again thank those who have, by their continued patronage, brought on such a pleasant change to the village.

So, you old timers, the Moby Dick is about as you left it—only more colorful and fresher-looking.

Anyone will tell you that the management of the Inn has never claimed too much in its advertising. In fact, it has been their strict policy to undersell almost to the point of being ridiculous. For this they had good reasons. It is important for people to know a resort hotel's shortcomings as it is trusted with one's valuable leisure time.

Until now certain unavoidable conditions made grand claims a little silly and impossible to live up to. Many a reservation was refused because the demands were beyond the scope of the Inn or its policy. Gradually over a period of growing years, and rapidly during the past three, the Inn has progressed to a point where it is possible to be a mite less modest and to start making a few claims for itself.

Physically it is now in a position to offer all new, attractively furnished accommodations with bath. No longer is it required to climb up and down stairs to the dining room or to put up with the inconvenience of an out-dated hotel room in a frame type building.

Although the requests for cottage space have increased in recent seasons, only this last winter has it been possible for the Inn to do anything about it. The recent acquisition of adjacent property has made this picturesque resort possible.

All of the charm remains, with comfort, convenience and privacy added. Due to the previous unique set-up it was impractical and in some instances impossible to give the kind of service and entertainment one is justified to expect at the rates quoted. Now that everything is on one level it will be simple to give additional service such as breakfast service in all rooms, and a new feature for the Inn and Nantucket, a buffet luncheon every noon.

The dining room is adjacent to the porch which overlooks the ocean so it will be an easy matter to have your luncheon either there or on the lawn. The American Plan system is a horrible regimentation, it must be admitted, but the Inn is doing everything possible to make it less monotonous and more enjoyable.

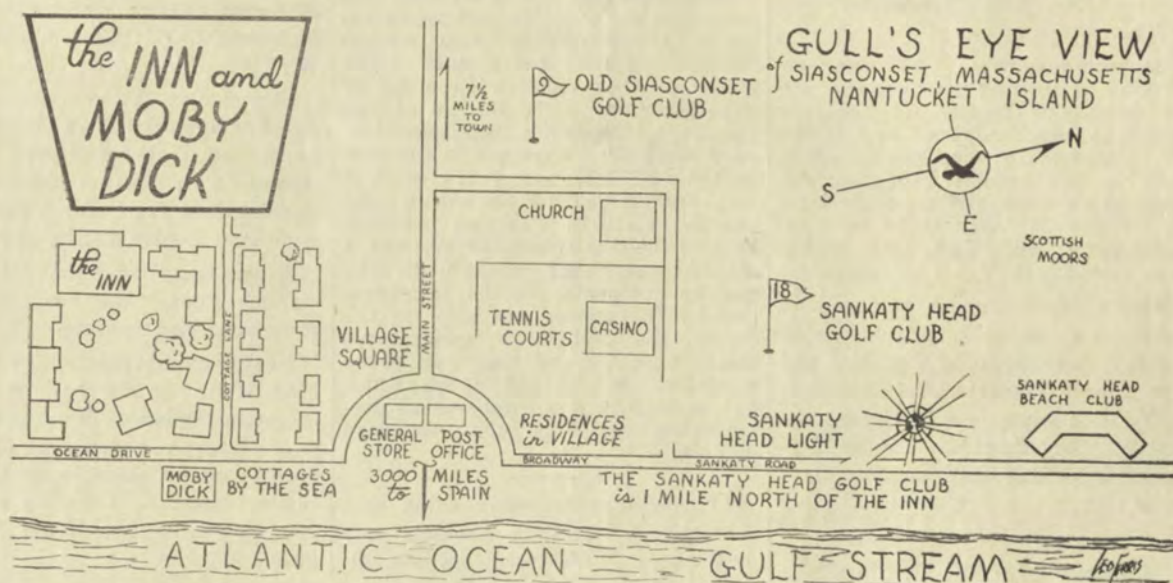
In previous seasons the guests shared the Moby Dick with the public.

Now a new lounge has been provided in the main building for the exclusive use of our house guests and their friends. Though not a club, it will be club-like in its operation and atmosphere. The Inn and its cottages are so situated that they will be apart from the activity of the Moby Dick but convenient to it if one is in the mood to imbibe and have a touch of gaiety and night life.

Frequently, and with weather permitting, a trio will play during luncheon out-of-doors. In case of a bad spell of weather, the boys will always be on board to cheer up some dull hours.

It has never been feasible to have room service due to the former location of the kitchen. The new plan makes it possible to offer this convenience at a moderate charge. A card will be in your room that you can place outside your door giving the time you would like your breakfast served.

Those who want to get away for the day can order a basket luncheon. This does not come under the heading of policy changes but the idea fits this section!



Buffet Luncheons.

In order to add variety to the usually uninteresting American Plan the Inn is planning to serve a buffet luncheon every noon. The Garden Room, dining room of the Inn, is so situated that it will be convenient to serve the guests on the covered porch which overlooks the lawn, garden and the ocean.

Frequently, on especially nice days, the trio will play during the noon hour to add a festive touch. Those having cottages close to the main house can have their luncheon right at their door.

By having breakfast served in a cottage and luncheon on the porch or lawn, it will make the trek to the Dining Room merely once a day.

Nantucket Beaches.

When it comes to beaches, it is tough to beat an island, particularly a not too heavily populated one like ours. The ocean in front of the Inn varies in mood from day to day. Sometimes one finds ripples inches high—other times roaring mountainous surf. There is no undertow such as is known on the mainland, as the Island sort of splits the tide. Caution should be the rule in any surf.

A few minutes from Sconset, at Wauwinet, there is the harbor where one can have still salt water, as well as surf. Most of the guests prefer to find isolated parts of the island depending upon the breeze. There is ample opportunity to swim at a different place every day and all within a few minutes regardless of where you are staying.

Clientele.

The Inn has never advertised other than sundry publicity used on the Island. In this way we have been able to more or less control the atmosphere of congeniality. The best business is repeat business and friends of those who have been here.

We do some bookings with selected travel agencies. This medium is an excellent one provided the agency does not oversell or promise the world with a fence around it. Travel people are asked to use their own judgment and we prefer that they know us rather than merely pick us out of the island booklet as a "place" to stay on Nantucket.

The word "restrictions" we don't like, but we are only interested in people who naturally would like a resort of our kind.

Don't think for one minute that the owners of the Inn claim anything more than a desire to get the job done. Credit for the improvements should go to the actual people who did the work. So, for anyone who is interested, it gives us great pleasure to acknowledge and give thanks where it is more than due. The subject of credit will be covered more fully in subsequent issues.

The head man and prime mover has been none other than that master magician, old wood artist, and father confessor, Albert F. (for Francis) Egan, senior. What he has done cannot be listed under any particular trade, but he calls himself a contractor—never has the word been applied to cover so much territory. Albert found Clem an upstart that couldn't tell which end of the nail went into the house (he still doesn't know) and he nursed this conniving character into building what is now a project of quite some proportion, for 'Sconset at least.

No small part has been played by the Egan "gang", as they are "know'd" as in the village. At this writing we have found them willing, able, agreeable, talented, and loyal. Nothing bothers 'em nor stops 'em except the noon siren and, when it blows, look aloft as ya might get a hammer in the head. While on the job they are available for extra duty of various sorts. Such things as moving bushes, digging holes, washing dishes, airing the dog, minding the baby—they take all in a day's work. If it can be done and if it must be done—now—the answer is the Egan gang and ya can't go wrong.

Three years ago we were in a jam to get plumbing put in the Inn Cottages. For some reason or other, money probably, the place was without water and the usual conveniences. Ralph Bartlett came down the pike one day and saw our problem. In fact he was shown our problem. There is nothing in life quite so obvious as no plumbing. Mr. B. listened and smiled with that deep mysterious expression of his and offered to rescue us in time to keep us from the Island Home. He turned the job over to his son Franklin who has been making his plumber's mess here since. This Franklin guy is carrying on in great fashion and giving us a minimum of concern and a maximum of effort. This time the water will flow according to schedule.

Paint and Decor.

Painting around the Inn calls for more than going to the paint shop for a bucket and picking up a brush. It's a little nerve wracking at times trying to match the butterflies' wings in the wall paper to the right shade for the woodwork. Buckingham Palace couldn't be harder to handle with the Queen's decorator to satisfy. However, Bob Mulkern keeps his wits and remains reasonably sane during the process. If you enjoy listening to the ball games and like a nice glib Irishman around the house doing your papering and painting—well off hand it is difficult to think of a better person for you than Bob. He comes from a family of painters, all named Mulkern probably, that he can tap at a moment's notice. In order to finish on time he has called all kin this side of Worcester. We should have done by the time he wires Pitts-

for 3rd cousin Pat.

Producers of The Inn and Cottages

These pages have been written in their entirety by Clem Reynolds of The Inn, 'Sconset.

The Inquirer and Mirror Press, May, 1950.



THE INN COTTAGE COLONY, ADJACENT TO THE INN.

The person who kept us in stitches was none other than one Leslie La Fontaine. Not a funny fellow exactly, but his stitches are one of the most important items when the task is done and the Inn is open. Practically every piece of furniture was upholstered by Leslie. All curtains and bed spreads were made in his shop on Beaver street. During the winter he did the new Moby Dick Dining Room and all of the Cocktail Lounge. It would please him if you remember this when you see the excellent work he has done. Please don't call him until he finishes our work!!

Electric Work.

Electricity in 'Sconset means the following in direct order of enumeration: (1) George Rogers, (2) the Light Company. The latter is useless in our end of the island without the former. George is the master and lucky is the man that can get him. He has spent 14 years getting the Inn to the legal requirements so it is pleasant to give him a nice new job to do. He has done all the wiring, the only object d'art in wire stringing history, except in the main building. So many are the demands upon his time, not including bathing and surfcasting, that he had to ask forgiveness for not doing this. That's what we like about George—if he ain't goin' to do he ain't and that's all there be to it. By mutual agreement, after lengthy conference, Bob Blair was called to finish the project. We appreciate this gesture of accepting on a late notice and realize that here shows another spirit of island cooperation when the chips are down.

Let us not overlook the main suppliers who have said "yes" at the proper times and "no" at perhaps the right time, too. The Island Service has been most helpful in many, many ways. Nowhere, other than Nantucket, can you walk into an office, present your problem, ask for advice, and get assistance as wholesomely

and in as friendly a fashion as you can at the foot of Whale street. Gibby Manter, Sid Thurston and Ormonde Ingall are a trio of forward looking business men who appreciate the needs of the vacation industry. They have been willing to more than do their part. We are certain they are right.

May we also express our gratitude to Bud Egan who did every possible thing within his power to help.

Landscaping.

No one gardener on the island could afford the time to handle the landscaping. Or should we say, we could not afford any one gardener to give us his full time. That sounds more like it. Without mentioning any names of our immediate family, everyone knows who directed the planting. However, she has had to have plenty of assistance and has been most fortunate to get willing, understanding, and capable hands and backs. Joe "By de jinkers" Lyons became the head man in charge of trees, bushes and grass. Working every other day, depending upon various things, he accomplished what is going to be a thing of beauty—even this coming season. Joe "Cranberry" Peres contributed a surprising amount of work. Don't tell him we said so but he ought to get twice the money he's getting. The handy Jack of all jobs and the doer of all things was Paul Cook. Here is our idea of a great guy to have around the place—any place.

As Egan sez, everything is done but the finishing. Ah, now that's something else again. Hanging around the place is a heterogeneous mass of junk from the old houses, such things as bannister rails, spindles, gingerbread outside trimming a la Oak Bluffs, curliques shelves, moulding of every type and description, mantels, old mirrors, out-dated no longer made brackets, etc.,...all

this to be made into shelves, writing desks, vanities, and Heaven knows what else. Somebody's goin' ta be given this jiggling job and from here it looks like Elmer Davis, Horace Jernegan and Bill Yarmy. Elmer already has a taste of it, but he ain't seen nuttin' yet.

Odds 'n Ends.

In case hotel men read this, we might mention that the Barth Equipment Company of New York engineered the new kitchen. Walter Grouse has given us a model arrangement and Stanley Barth has assisted immeasurably with the over-all equipment problems and, believe it, there were many.

Lawyers get into everything eventually, so you might as well make up your mind to get one and school him early. Roy Sanguinetti has gone above and beyond the call of duty to get and keep things in motion. What we saved on architect's fees we will gladly (what d'ya mean, we'll have to) give Roy.

How Jimmie Brennan got into this story we'll never know, except that we have been so accustomed to goin' into the store to see "J. B." that we never got out of the habit. Jimmie has listened and nodded—very helpful gestures when needed. So as a written reward here lies this absolutely worthless paragraph.

You can't do anything in 'Sconset without a Coffin. To save words, let us simply say that Kenneth hauled it in and Martindale lugged it out.

For obvious and needless explanation, we include the following: the Nantucket Institution for Savings, the Pacific National Bank, and, last but by far not least, George M. Lake.

There have been many others perhaps equally important but the mind is full and, at the moment, dull. Fo'give us for recognizin' you!

"The Path Along The Bluff"— An Unusual Island Trust.

BY EDOUARD A. STACKPOLE.

The recent revival of questions relevant to the legal lay-out of the "Path Along the Bluff" has again brought attention of the public to this unusual and extensive foot-path which runs between Sankaty Head and the village of 'Sconset.

Situated as it is at the top of the bluff, always commanding intriguing glimpses of the sea and the heath-land on either side, the "Path" curves and dips as it follows the conformation of the bluff, and provides an entirely unique opportunity for a stroll to and from the famed lighthouse at Sankaty.

Undoubtedly, the most unusual feature of this way is that it is public (being owned by the Town) and yet that it leads directly across the front yards of all those owning property fronting on the bluff. Twenty years ago there was an attempt by one property owner to close that section of the path running through her front lawn, but a decision rendered by the late Judge Davis of the Land Court upheld the Town's contention that the "Path" was a public way.

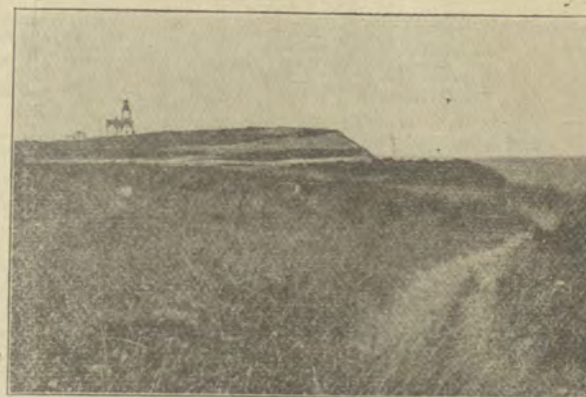
The owners of the adjacent fronting property have, in most cases, had their grounds landscaped, so that the stroller apparently is walking on and across a series of front lawns and gardens, with only a gap in the hedges to locate the actual "Path." In other instances, the Path winds through natural terrain and thickets and in one case wanders through a thicket of Scotch broom. For at least half its mile-length, however, the adjoining property owners have actually maintained the Path for public use.

But the fact that it does lead into and across private property has not created a nuisance to the owners of the residences along the bluff. This result has been occasioned by a comparably simple fact, which is that those who take advantage of the opportunity to walk the mile-long Path are too deeply appreciative of the experience, and it is rare, indeed, that private property is not respected.

The story of the origin of the "Path Along the Bluff" is interesting from both the legal and esthetic viewpoints. It began three quarters of a century ago, when a summer resident of Nantucket, William J. Flagg, decided to invest in a real estate development at the east end of the island.

It was early in 1873 that Mr. Flagg obtained title to a large section of land between 'Sconset and Sankaty, in that portion of the island laid out by the original Proprietors as "Plainfield", bordering on Sesachacha lots. Although the original title gave him ownership to the foot of the bluff, itself, the "Proprietors" reserved for themselves the beach land from the foot of the bluff to mean high water.

At the same time, or soon after, Mr. Flagg acquired other land at the east end and made plans for dividing the section into house lots. He was careful, however, to run the easterly boundary of these lots at what he no doubt considered a safe distance from the edge of the bluff.



THE "PATH" IN 1883.

At the time when William Flagg conceived his idea of a real estate development at "Sankaty Heights," the Path was a road along the bluff.

The "Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Land," controlling as they did the outlying land on the island, were petitioned in July, 1883, by Mr. Flagg for another set-off. The petition requested the Proprietors to:

"...set off to him (Flagg) by metes and bounds, all the common land lying eastward in the Plainfield division, and by the Atlantic house. Also, all lying between these lines and the lines of Squam division, except the Pond."

The Proprietors duly convened to consider this petition, but it was some months later—Dec. 8, 1883—that they agreed to "set off the land to said Flagg" at the same time requesting him to "account said Proprietors with an equivalent of ten sheep commons;" also, "to secure to said Proprietors a roadway two rods wide, over and across those portions of land by him reserved as set forth in the quit claim deed from Flagg."

This set-off by the Proprietors is entered in the Town records under date of Dec. 8, 1883, although it was decided upon three months previous. The grant reads:

"Pursuant to a vote of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, passed Sept. 26, 1883, we have this day set off to William J. Flagg, of the city and State of New York, as follows:

"All the common land lying Eastward of the east line of the Plainfield Division and of the extension of said line northward and between the extension eastward of the South line of said division of Plainfield on the South, and of the south line of the Squam division on the North, with the understanding said Flagg will reconvey a certain portion thereof to said Proprietors, to be held in trust by them."

This was signed by Andrew Myrick, William C. Folger and Allen Coffin as lot-layers.

The "quit claim deed" referred to as given by Flagg is recorded in Book 68 of the Town's Registry records. It conveys the land requested by the Proprietors, with exceptions, as follows:

"First, all the land lying eastward of the land conveyed to me and Eliza Flagg, my wife, by deeds respectively of Frederick M. Pitman (see Book 62, Page 464), and James H. Wood (See Book 66, Page 498), and between the extension of the northern boundary line of the said land purchased of Pitman and the southern boundary line purchased of Wood.

"Second, all that tract of land lying eastward and between the extension of the northern and southern boundary lines of a certain tract of land conveyed by me and Eliza Flagg to William Ballantyne, by a deed recorded with the town records.

"The land hereby released to be forever held in trust by the said Proprietors and their successors for the purpose of roadways and other public uses and purposes and not to be granted or set off by them in severalty to any individual person or persons.

"And I also convey to said Proprietors a right-of-way two rods wide along the shore above the high water mark over and across the tracts of land hereinabove excepted and reserved, said right-of-way 2 rods wide being forever secured to said Proprietors notwithstanding any changes that may hereafter take place on the beach affecting the position of said line of high water mark."

There can be little doubt in the established purpose for the land that Flagg re-conveyed to the Proprietors, and which that corporate body agreed to guarantee.

It was in the spring of 1892 that Mr. Flagg sold to a Mr. Heath the most northerly of the lots which he had laid out ten years before. It was then recorded for the first time that the easterly boundary was "a foot path along the top of the bank." This lot was later owned by the Grice family.

Mr. Flagg called his real estate development "Sankaty Heights." He was aware of one fact that has not been fully appreciated—that there had been in existence for many years (perhaps as long as 'Sconset had existed) a foot-path along the bluff-top, which was used by the villagers and farmers and fishermen.

Sheep grazed here by the hundreds, sometimes straying down the bluff. Fishermen used the gullies from the village to 'Sachacha Pond to haul up their dories and their catch of fish. The "Path" probably ran all the way along the bluff to the Pond. The government's erection of Sankaty Lighthouse in 1840 literally cut the length of the "Path" in half.

Mr. Flagg must have recognized this fact, for on August 11, 1892, he entered the following petition:

"The undersigned requests the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket to accept a certain tract of land in that part of Nantucket known as Sankaty Heights, but in perpetual trust nevertheless, for the residents and visitors of Nantucket, and to be used as a foot-path or foot promenade and for no other purpose or purposes whatsoever.

"It is provided, however, that the same Proprietors may, when they choose, to convey and transfer the said land in like perpetual trust and for the purpose above-named to the Town of Nantucket or other corporation or body known to control the highways of the Town of Nantucket.

William J. Flagg."

On Sept. 1, 1892, Mr. Flagg sold a block of three lots to the late Mary K. Mitchell, and the warranty deed stipulated that the easterly boundary was the foot path along the bank.

On Sept. 3—two days later—the Proprietors voted to accept the tract of land offered by Mr. Flagg as a foot path, and on Sept. 21, 1892, Flagg

conveyed the tract to the Proprietors, the tract including that land lying between the easterly tier of lots on the west and the beach upland belonging to said Proprietors on the east, excepting certain lots previously sold and not material to this controversy; the strip of land so conveyed to be held by the Proprietors in trust for the purposes of a foot path along the bank, with authority to convey the land to the Town. This deed was recorded in Book 76, Page 342.

On Sept. 22, 1882, Mr. Flagg gave the Mitchell estate a quit-claim deed of all interest in the land lying eastward of the lots theretofore conveyed to her, with the condition that all of the land lying between the east line of said lots and the edge of the bank be kept open for a foot path along the bank; and further reciting:

"This deed being subject to my deed of Sept. 21, 1892, conveying the same premises to the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands in Nantucket in trust for uses and purposes therein specified, recorded in Book 76, Page 342."

From the fact that Mr. Flagg had made doubly sure that the "Path" would be preserved it appears that he was cognizant of the long use of the path as a traveled way. His efforts to protect it were further urged by his awareness of its appeal to the summer visitor as a perfect way for a stroll.

The second in the series of legal steps to protect the "Path" came in the next year. The Mitchell estate filed with the Land Court a petition for registration of title to her land, claiming easterly to the ocean. In that case, as in other cases, which followed out of this same tract, Judge Davis of the Land Court ruled that title to the strip between the easterly line of the tier of lots on the west and the line at the foot of the bank to the east, passed to the Proprietors under said deed of Sept. 21, 1892, and not to the respondent under her deed of Sept 22, 1892

Meanwhile, the Mitchell estate had extensively landscaped its grounds, including that portion occupied by the "Path," and had also erected a number of buildings on the beach below.

It was in 1924 that the Town voted to seek title to the "Path" through the Land Court. A conference between the late Joseph Kenney, of New Bedford, the town's counsel, and Franklin E. Smith representing the Proprietors, cleared away legal problems, with Mr. Smith suggesting that the Proprietors resign as trustee of the strip (as appointed by Flagg) and that the town be appointed as trustee.

The Proprietors met on May 1, 1925, and voted to give the town a "deed of release to not only the Path but all the land between the top and bottom of the Bluff along the Path," a distance of some 7,000 feet.

In Sept., 1924, William S. Swift, made a survey for the town, and the plan was accepted by the Proprietors in its release to the town.

When the case came before the Land Court the Mitchell estate claimed the land fronting it (including the Path) by reason of adverse possession.

On December 1, 1929, Judge Davis of the Land Court rendered his decree which legally established the "Path Along the Bluff." In regard to the respondent's claim, he found:

"The Sankaty Path is in constant use, and is a matter of importance to all lot owners along the bluff. It is a well-defined path, but, owing to inroads from the sea, needs care and repair. It is in good condition in front of the respondent's house, and her lawn has in no way interfered with the path.

"There has been nothing in her care of the bluff that has been in any way adverse to the rights of the Proprietors, or of the Town as their successor in title, nor in any of the said acts of the respondent has there been anything adverse to the purpose of the trust under which title to the strip of land has been held, namely, the maintenance of the path. That portions of it have been used by the respondent for access to the beach and for bathing purposes, or for the housing of her gas engine for lighting her summer residence, has not been inconsistent with a reasonable inference of permission of the part of the Proprietors.

"...There is a decided difference between a user of open tracts of sea-shore property and similar user in a settled community. Title acquired by adverse possession rests practically on estoppel as a matter of public policy. When an owner has permitted himself to be ousted and another to occupy in open, notorious and exclusive occupation of his land under a claim

of right for a period of twenty years, he has lost the right to assert his title. He does not lose it by a reasonable allowance of the use of a portion thereof by a neighbor and on the while to himself, which does not in any way interfere with his own control of the property for which he himself uses it.

"In such case permission is to be inferred; and the more so where title to land is in a public body like the Proprietor. On the facts of this case I find that title by adverse possession has not been acquired against the petitioner and its predecessor.

"The Sankaty path runs from the Sankaty Lighthouse southerly to a considerable distance beyond the limits of the Flagg land. The petition and accompanying plan cover the entire path. The southerly boundary line of the Flagg tract, title to which is now in the petitioners, is the northerly line of the public way shown on the filed plan immediately south of the Judkins lot, a little over one-half way down the plan. The northerly line of the strip owned by the petitioners is the southerly line of the respondent Grice which is to be shown on the decree plan."

A plan of the Path is on file with the Registry of deeds, being a survey made by William S. Swift in 1924.

Within the past few months, the question of obtaining a Land Court title for the entire Path has arisen.

The fact that the decree of some eighteen years ago shows that the Path is actually only one-half legally registered for the Town by the Land Court has caused certain questions to be raised. In the opinion of the Town's attorney, Roy E. Sanguinetti, the fact that the Land Court decrees to owners of the properties from the former Judkins land south to 'Sconset contain a definitely defined "Path" across each plot is a guarantee that the Court's 1929 ruling preserves the entire Path.

Many readers are familiar with the late Bliss Carmen's famous poem on the "Path Along the Bluff"—"Have you ever heard of 'Sconset?'—but a poem written by Mrs. Abbie Ransom some thirty years ago deserves to be as widely known. In part, it reads:

"Have you ever followed the path along the bluff,
When the sky is gray and the sea is rough?

When, shoreward thickening, the fog drifts down
Until homes are the wraiths of a phantom town?

I have followed the path to Sankaty Light,
When the moors were brown and the frost was white,
With the sun a ball on the ocean rim,
Where the Indian Summer breathes with Him.

From the north to the south, a curve is swept,
On the far horizon a soft haze slept.
To the west the moorlands, above the sky,
In all the vast silence, just God and I."

LIST OF COTTAGERS AT SIASCONSET.

[This list is the result of a careful canvass. Should omissions or inaccuracies be noticed, we will be much obliged if our attention is called to them.]

Albany, N. Y.

COTTAGE HOME—Misses Gavit, Principal of St Agnes School, Aldrich and Scott, Mrs. Gavit, Miss Julia Gavit, Miss Hartley, Mr. Carl Adams.

Auburndale, Mass.

CLOVERNOOK—Mrs. E. H. Walker, D. A. Walker, Miss H. E. Walker, Walter Saunders.

Boston and its Suburbs.

MISS BAKER'S COTTAGE—G. C. Mann, Principal of the West Roxbury High School, Mrs. G. C. Mann, Horace Mann, Jamaica Plains; Misses A. S. Folsom and E. M. Folsom, Boston. In this cottage are also Minot Davis, Mary G. Davis and Margaret P. Davis of Ashville, North Carolina.

GEORGE A. SAWYER'S COTTAGE—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Sawyer, George A. Sawyer, Jr., Mrs. Charles Saunders of Lowell, Mass., Mr. Charles F. Stahl, Albert Russell will be a visitor at this cottage later in the season.

CASA MARINA—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wood, Miss Frances Wood, Frederick Wood, Henry Farnsworth and Miss Adams, of Worcester.

MACY COTTAGE—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kendall, Misses Annie H. Kendall, Edith G. Kendall, and Winifred Kendall, Robert E. Kendall, Richard P. Kendall and Ruth Kendall.

NUTSHELL—Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Folger, James W. Folger and John C. Folger.

LILY STREET—Henry R. Tucker and wife.

E. A. LAWRENCE'S COTTAGE—E. A. Lawrence and wife, Bertha Lawrence, Mrs. C. H. Davis.

Samuel Jackson and wife.

CASTLE BANDOX—Mrs. M. D. Turlay, Miss Isabel Turlay, Mrs. Charles Biggs, New York, Mrs. G. P. Robinson, Providence, Miss May I. Thompson, Philadelphia, Miss S. F. Perry, Boston.

ASA JONES' COTTAGE—Misses A. Murdock and F. H. Baldwin.

MR. SANFORD'S COTTAGE—Mrs. J. G. Nickerson, Miss C. M. Nickerson.

EASTON COTTAGE—Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wellington, Mr. Alfred E. Wellington, Mr. H. B. Wellington and Alice Wellington.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPREAD EAGLE—Mrs. J. C. Atterbury, Katherine L. Atterbury, J. Clinton Atterbury, J. Francis Atterbury and Ethel Atterbury.

Mrs. C. P. Robinson, Miss Rita Robinson and Winant Robinson.

DOVE COVE—Ethel Atterbury and Richard Connor.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

OTIS COTTAGE—Mrs. Julia S. Baldwin, Misses Florence Baldwin, Helen Baldwin, and the Misses Booth of Cortland, N. Y.

Buffalo.

MADEQUECHAM—Mrs. F. H. Stevens, Mrs. G. A. Lewis, Mrs. George Fisk, Misses Ruth Lewis and Kathleen Stevens.

Columbus, Ohio

MIACOMET—Mrs. Moorehead and Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Bartley of Washington, D. C.

WHITE'S HAMLET—Miss Helen Brown and Miss Flora Brown; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Turner, Mrs. W. W. Medary and Mr. F. F. Hoffman, of Columbus, Ohio.

Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Davis, Miss Frances L. Davis, Edward P. Mary C. and Levi P. Davis.

Cranford, N. J.

AT MRS. A. W. RICE'S COTTAGE—The Misses Emily and Bertha Bigelow, Messrs. A. B. and Edward A. Bigelow.

Detroit

Mrs. H. K. White, Josephine White and George White. Louis White is expected later in the season. Henry Kirke White is in Europe.

INSELRIE—Mrs. E. Wendell, Winifred Wendell, Arthur Wendell and Mrs. Johnson of Grand Rapids.

MINNEHAWA—Mrs. Farquhar, the Misses Irene, Adelaide and D. E. Farquhar, Miss Helen Coolidge of Washington; the Misses Margaret and Minnie Chittenden, of Detroit.

VILLA JEROME—Mrs. George Jerome.

Flushing, N. Y.

PEANUT-SHELL—Charles E. Taintor and wife, Davies E. Taintor, Ludie S. Taintor, William C. Roberts.

Geneva, N. Y.

Prof. J. H. McDaniels of Hobart College; Prof. Durfee of Hobart College and Mrs. Durfee; Charlotte McDaniels of Lowell, and Mrs. Raccas of Lowell.

Haverford College, Pa.

THE SNUGGERY—Prof. Allen C. Thomas, Mrs. Allen C. Thomas, Edward Thomas, Miriam Thomas. Also Miss Sarah Marble, Woonscocket, R. I.

Hudson, Wis.

MISS FOLGER'S COTTAGE—Senator John C. Spooner and wife, Charles P. Spooner and Willet M. Spooner.

Ithaca

PROFESSOR B. G. Wilder of Cornell University, and Mrs. Wilder, Bertha Wilder. The cat Rover, his sixth season at 'Sconset.

Kansas City.

The Misses J. M. Hallett and S. S. Baker.

Lowell

Charlotte McDaniels and Mrs. Raccas at Prof. McDaniels' cottage.

KANSAS DUGOUT—Mrs. B. D. Everett, Agnes Everett.

Madison, Wis.

MISS FOLGER'S COTTAGE—Sue Main and Annie Main.

Mechanicville, N. J.

WANACKMAMACK—Mrs. Rebecca Folger and Miss M. J. Tripp.

Muncy, Pa.

THE PENN BOX—Miss E. S. Ecroyd and Miss S. L. Haines; also Mrs. E. L. Scull and the Messrs. Scull of Overbrook, Pa.

Marlboro, Mass.

Mrs. A. L. Witherbee, Miss E. F. Witherbee; and Miss Blanche B. Baker, Boston.

Medford.

BLOOMINGDALE—Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Dame, the Misses Gertrude and Isabelle Dame; Ruth and Olive Dame; Mrs. N. B. Arnold.

Nashua, N. H.

BLUFF COTTAGE—Miss M. Willaby.

New Albany, Ind.

POCHICK STREET—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Conner, Miss Julia A. Conner, Miss Kathie Conner, Mr. Lewis A. Conner, C. Horace Conner, W. Boudinot Conner and Richard L. J. Conner.

New York

MOORLANDS—Mrs. William Rice, Miss E. M. Rice, Miss F. R. White, and Mr. A. H. Rice.

MOORSIDE COTTAGE—Rev. Dr. Edward O. Flagg and wife, Bessie Flagg, Sally Flagg.

CAFE, PADDOCK'S COTTAGE—Mrs. S. P. Reynolds and Ray Bathol.

LARCHMONT VILLA—Mrs. S. J. Clute and Miss Chipman.

THE FORECASTLE—Mrs. P. H. Tillinghast, Edith Tillinghast.

THE MOORINGS—Mrs. Furness, Miss Grace Furness and Mr. W. P. Furness.

POCHICK STREET—Mr. and Mrs. Hillary Bell, Mrs. B. F. Peixotto, Mabel Peixotto Maude, Peixotto.

SAINT'S REST—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Riddell, and Mrs. W. L. Flagg.

MRS. CATHART'S COTTAGE—Knight Neffel and wife, and Austin Knight Neffel.

SLEEPY HOLLOW—W. W. Palmer and wife, Miss Lulu M. Dilley, Gertrude Palmer, Willie Palmer.

Mrs. C. S. Kingsland, Josephine Kingsland, Maria S. Morgan, M. A. Morgan.

FELICITY COTTAGE—Mrs. S. D. Harvey, Miss J. C. Harvey, Miss M. S. Harvey, Miss B. Curwen, Julia Burrow, D. Carroll Harvey.

TWO COTTAGE—Mr. H. W. Browne and wife, Miss Browne, George C. Browne.

POCHICK COTTAGE—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Underhill, Miss Camille O'Connell.

Mrs. Bissell, M. D. visiting Dr. James M. Taylor, and wife.

ANCHORAGE—Mrs. C. A. Hubert, Mrs. J. H. Tyndal.

ALABAMA LODGE—Mrs. S. Talmadge Mather, Mrs. M. M. Muldaur, Mrs. A. W. Muldaur, the Misses Grace Mather, Clara Stevens, May Carlton and Nellie Price and the Messrs. J. M. T. Pope, Charles F. Pope, G. B. Muldaur, and Carlton S. Mather.

ALLEN COVINS COTTAGE—Mrs. Marcellus Hartley, M. H. Dodge, Mrs. Henry M. Butler, Jr., R. W. Butler, Jr., H. Longdon Butler, Arthur G. Butler and E. Morris Butler, of New York; Rev. John Chester, of Washington.

BARNEY LODGE—Mrs. E. A. Tripp, Miss Louisa L. Tripp and Miss E. Hastings.

Orange, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Billquist, Mrs. Hayden, and Miss Scott of Philadelphia, H. F. Starbuck and wife.

Pateron, N. J.

CLIFTON COTTAGE—Mrs. C. M. Van Blarcom, Miss G. J. Van Blarcom and Mr. G. G. Van Blarcom.

Philadelphia

BIROTSIDE—E. W. Lake and wife, Eugene Lake, Myra Lake, Mabelle Lake and Victor Lake. Marietta Fraubes is expected later in the season.

HOUSE OF LORDS—Mrs. A. H. Nelson, Mrs. H. A. Beckwith, Miss M. E. Beckwith.

MARTIN BOX—Samuel Nevins and wife, Esther Nevins, Anna B. Nevins and Frances Nevins. The cat Nauki Pooh.

DR. ALLEN'S COTTAGE—Dr. Harrison Allen and wife, Miss Atkinson of Germantown, Harrison Allen and Dorothy Allen.

COOMASSIE—Col. W. E. Barrows and wife, George S. Barrows, Richard Lee Barrows, and Robert Clark Barrows.

Mrs. Hayden and Miss Scott.

MRS. BURNELL'S COTTAGE—Mr. J. B. Briggs and Mr. Grant Hubley, of Pittsburg.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

BENDER GRANGE—Col. O. T. Beard and wife, Miss M. D. Beard, Aaron M. and William M. Beard, Mrs. D. Kilgore, Jessie Mosgrove, Steubenville, Ohio.

DR. TAYLOR'S COTTAGE—Rev. James M. Taylor, DD, President of Vassar College and wife, Hunt Taylor.

CONTENT COTTAGE—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cargill, Mrs. J. H. Stearns, Robert, Edward and Willis Stearns, Mrs. Panola Chitta Hampton, Miss May Hampton, Elise Hampton and Netta R. Haines.

Providence, R. I.

SANS SOUCI—J. H. Belcher and wife, Mr. Bassett and wife.

INGLENEUK—Dr. E. G. Robinson, President of Brown University, Mrs. E. G. Robinson, Miss Robinson.

Rochester, N. Y.

SUNNYSIDE—W. W. Webb and wife, Mabel Webb and William Webb.

St. Louis, Mo.

HARRISON GARDNER'S COTTAGE—G. M. Maverick and wife, Rowena Maverick, George Maverick, Lucy Madison and Augusta Lewis.

Moses Rumsey and wife, Miss M. R. Cave, Elmer Rumsey, Marion Rumsey, Queenie Rumsey, Lee Rumsey.

San Antonio

THALASSA—Mrs. James B. Burbank, Alice Burbank, Mariou Burbank and Sarah White.

Short Hills, N. J.

BABY HOUSE—Gustav Kobbe and wife, G. M. W. Kobbe and Beatrice Kobbe.

Summit, N. J.

POCHICK STREET—Mrs. J. M. Herron, Minnie E. Herron, Ashley Herron, Sadie, Rhoda and Lawrence Herron.

HILL TOP—D. A. Greene and wife, David J. Greene.

Washington, D. C.

MOYACOMET—Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Moorehead, and Mrs. Carter of Columbus, Ohio.

BLISS BONNIE—William Ballantyne and wife, Miss M. E. Ballantyne, William Ballantyne Jr.

HEARTSEASE—J. O. Wilson and wife, Mary Wilson, Clara Wilson, Anne Wilson, Elinor Wilson.

Worcester, Mass.

NONANTUM—Mrs. L. H. Baldwin, Katherine T. Baldwin, Edith E. Baldwin, Grace P. Baldwin, Rose D. Baldwin, C. C. Baldwin of the Worcester Spy and wife, Misses Lulu Wood, Fanny Knowles and Anna Colbin of Worcester.

THE MANOR—John Stanton Baldwin, of the Worcester Spy, and wife, Robert S. Baldwin, Mary E. Baldwin, Alice H. Baldwin, Henry B. Baldwin, Emily C. Baldwin and John Denison Baldwin.

BLUFF HOUSE—Rev. H. P. De Forest and wife, and Miss Ellen S. Farnsworth, Miss Smith, Westboro, Mass.; Mrs. W. A. Farnsworth, Cesarea, Turkey; Rev. William Slade, West Newbury, Mass.; Rev. W. W. Sleeper, wife and two children, Miss Charlotte J. Allen and Charles H. Farnsworth, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Maria A. Willaby, Nashua, N. H.; Misses Harriet M. Farnsworth and Charlotte Farnsworth, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

NAUTICON LODGE—Mrs. C. H. Davis.

Dec. 4, 1948

July 4, 21, 1888

Fire at The 'Sconset Post Office Summoned Town Apparatus.

A fire in 'Sconset's post office early Monday evening created considerable excitement not only in the village but in Nantucket Town, also, when number 145 was sounded on the town fire alarm system, summoning the pumper out to the scene.

The blaze was discovered by Victor Psaradelis about 6:15 o'clock, shortly after Postmaster Philip Morris had left the building for his home. The boy told Mrs. Edward Reith, who immediately telephoned the postmaster that smoke could be seen issuing from the rear of the post office.

In the meantime, the Psaradelis boy had pulled in two alarms at two different fire boxes. But the familiar tooting of the siren was not heard and it was quickly ascertained that the system was temporarily out of order. A telephone call was made to the central fire station in town, and one of pumpers promptly responded.

Postmaster "Phil" Morris lost no time in peddling back to the office on his bicycle. Upon his arrival, a glance through the window told him that a serious fire was in progress, and his first thought was of the mail. Rushing in through the rear door, he worked swiftly and soon had all the mail matter out of doors and into a place of safety.

Monday evening was the occasion of the 'Sconset Community Club's long-planned community dinner, and practically every family in the village was in attendance at the affair, which was held at the schoolhouse. Although the alarm system didn't work so far as sounding the horn is concerned, it did function in the circuit which operates a buzzer in the schoolhouse. When this circuit buzzed off the number of the box in Post Office Square, almost every person in the schoolhouse responded.

Firemen from town and 'Sconset consequently worked side by side in subduing the blaze. Despite the fact that there was no fire in the stove, it was at first believed that a defective flue in the chimney had started the blaze.

Swift investigation had shown the fire to be smouldering between the partitions at the rear of the office. A number of holes were cut in the roof and the walls and a flood of water soon had the blaze out. Postmaster Morris' quick work had saved the mail matter not only from the fire and smoke but from water damage as well.

That the village's fire alarm system failed to respond at a time when it was so urgently needed was the cause of much regret. Each day at noon the system is tested, and it has been found always to be in working order. It is alleged that on Monday noon, however, it was not tested due to the preparations which were then under way for the Community Club banquet.

It appears that a most unusual coincidence has occurred by the fact that a fire should break out on the only day of the year when the fire alarm was not tested. Naturally, the person who rings in the noon test feels badly over the incident, and everyone sympathizes, realizing what a busy day in the life of the village Monday happened to be. However, the damage to the post office building was limited by the swift work of the fire fighters, and the old adage "it could have been worse" still holds true.

Siasconset No. 1.

The above is the inscription in bright silver letters on the side panels of the new fire tub the firewards have purchased to replace the 'Sconset machine recently condemned. She arrived Monday—a bright, new machine, and is temporarily housed in the No. 7 house on Gardner street, and was to be given a public trial last evening before being transported to 'Sconset, where she will have another trial. The engine was built by the American Co., of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and cost \$450. She is what is known as a button tub, with pumps 7½ inches diameter, with 3½ inch stroke, and 6-10 of a gallon discharge at each stroke. The brakes are 12 feet long and accommodate 16 men, so that the company of 25 men at 'Sconset will likely be reduced in point of numbers. She has 12 feet of suction hose, and will force water over 130 feet, and good fire duty may be done by four men, so nicely does she work. Her weight is 1000 pounds, and so easily does she run, that one may roll her over a floor by one finger. The engine certainly bears the earmarks of a good one, and just adapted to the needs of the village.

June 30, 1900

Fire at 'Sconset.

'Sconset has had "another fire", but in this instance there was nothing to arouse public suspicion as to its origin. The fire occurred about 11:00 o'clock Tuesday morning in the cottage of Chapel street owned by Rev. W. T. Walsh and occupied by the family of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Whitfield. The interior of the house was badly gutted by the flames and many of its contents were destroyed.

It is thought that the fire started from the fireplace into which Mrs. Whitfield had placed some waste paper and then left the house for a few minutes. On her return the place was a mass of flames. An alarm was at once sounded and the village department responded quickly. Alarms were struck from boxes 22 and 42, and the supply of water from the stand-pipe was available through excellent hydrant pressure.

The alarm was 'phoned to the central fire station in town and Chief Blair had apparatus rushing out over the state highway without delay, but the village department had the fire practically under control by the time help arrived from town, confining the fire to the interior of the dwelling.

The entire village was upset and there was more excitement than 'Sconset has seen for many a year. The value of the unlimited water supply from the standpipe through the hydrant service was demonstrated in this instance more than ever before, for it was a serious conflagration which threatened 'Sconset, and with the excellent water pressure available and the prompt response of the members of the village department, a catastrophe, which might have wiped away a large part of the village, was averted.

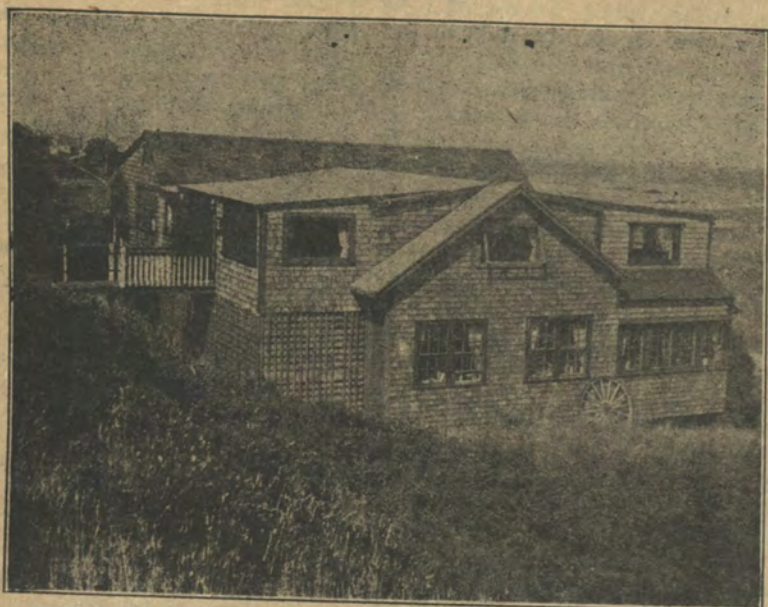
The damage to house and contents is estimated at about \$5,000. The building formerly stood in town, on the west side of North Liberty street, near the head of Pearl, and was known as the Grafton Gardner house. It went to 'Sconset a quarter of a century or so ago.

Dec. 25, 1937

Aug. 10, 1933

THE MOBY DICK - - Before and after Sunday, August 5, 1956

25)



The popular restaurant before the disastrous fire of Sunday morning.



Photo by Gordon Winslow Jr.
The Moby Dick at the height of the fire.



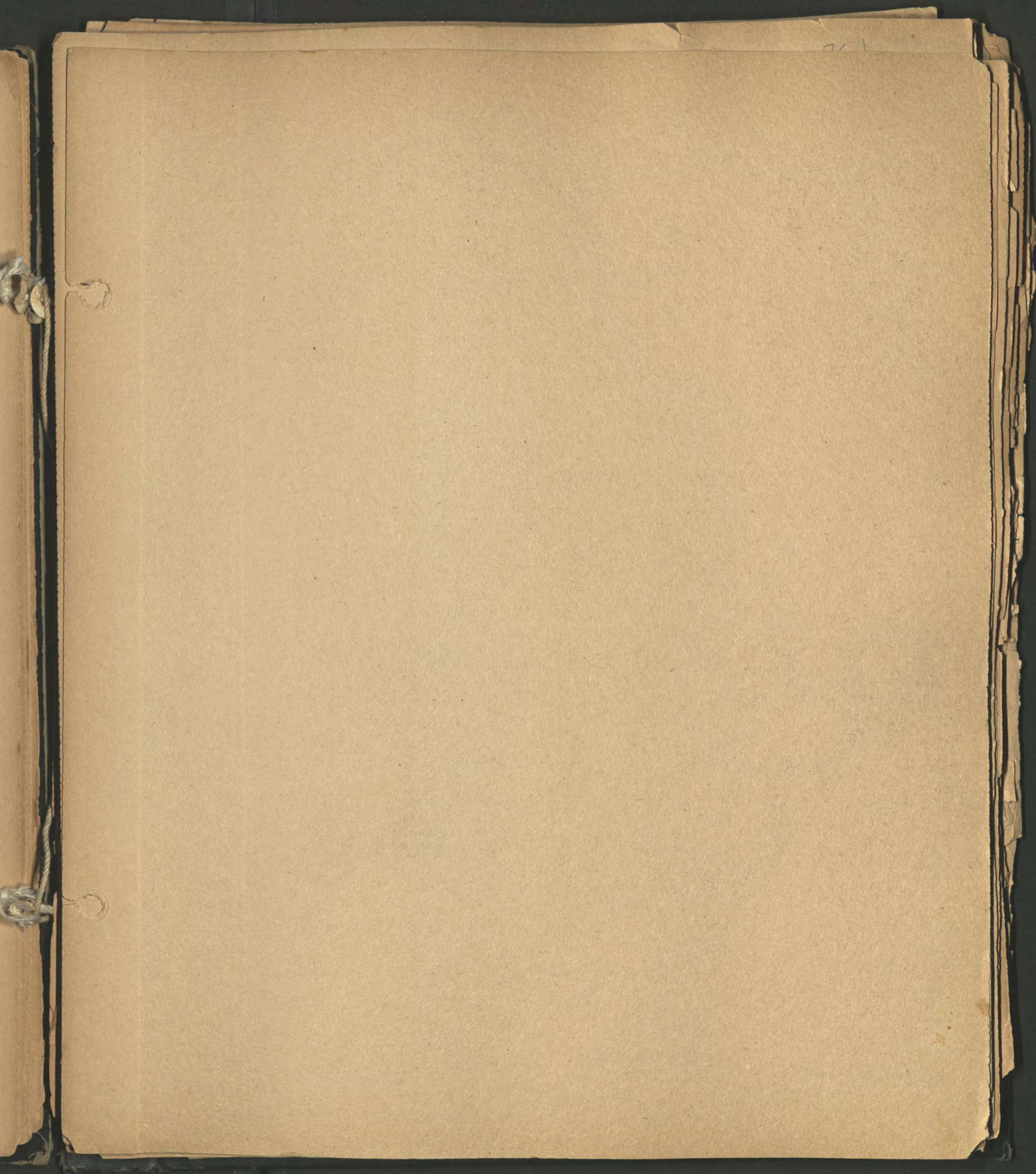
Photo by Gordon Winslow Jr.
A view of the south side, showing only the shell remaining.



A view of the lounge where thousands enjoyed excellent entertainment nightly.



Photo by Gordon Winslow Jr.
The morning of August 5 only charcoal remained.



THEY WARMLY DEFEND

Siasconset's Beloved

Little One-Room Schoolhouse

By ARTHUR J. QUINN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Dec. 19—Siasconset School isn't painted red—it's gray—but it still stands as the last of the one-room schoolhouses on this island, and one of the few remaining in the State.

And like Sankaty Head Lighthouse, another historic landmark, set up on a bluff that rises more than 100 feet above the beach less than a mile down the street, the old Siasconset School, with one room for three grades, appears to be headed for many more years of existence.

In recent years the battle for survival of the one room schoolhouse has been a losing fight. In town after town they have been eliminated or are being eliminated as rapidly as the old steam locomotives.

Foes Potent

The principal antagonists of the one-room schoolhouse are the leaders in higher education. Such people as Dr. James B. Conant, former president of Harvard, and Dr. Walter H. Gaumnitz, head of the Rural Research and Statistics Unit of the United States Office of Education.

Rising in place of the one room schools are district schools, centrally located to serve rural communities over a 12-to-15 mile area. Two years ago a group of Harvard educators came to the island

to make a complete study of the entire school system. When their work was finished and their report was filed it showed they had taken dead aim at Siasconset School. They recommended its eventual abolishment.

Specifically, they suggested that when the then-teacher, Miss Blanche Rogers, retired, the school should be closed and the students enrolled in the Nantucket schools 7 miles away. Buses could solve the transportation problem, the report stated.

For a time it appeared that, after more than 75 years of service to the youngsters of Siasconset, the little school was doomed.

The ink of the survey report was barely dry before some of the reports had fallen into the

hands of parents of the Siasconset School children. Quickly the rumblings of opposition began to re-echo in the evening quiet of the village.

In a few days nearly all Siasconset residents were up in arms. Quickly they banded together to fight for their school.

By the time the matter of what to do about the recommendation to abolish the one room schoolhouse was brought up for discussion at a School Committee meeting, the rumblings had increased to a crescendo of vocal opposition that re-echoed off the walls of the Nantucket High School cafeteria where the meetings of the School Committee are held.

100 Defenders

At that time there were 17 youngsters in the three grades in the one room school, but it appeared there were close to 100 persons on hand to wage the fight that saved the school.

The principal problem for the School Committee and Superintendent Richard J. Porter at the time was to find a replacement for Miss Rogers, who had done an outstanding job through the years. Miss Rogers had previously agreed to go on teaching for one more year to save the school.

Last May Miss Rogers, despite a second plea to continue in service for one more year, stood firm in her decision to retire. Aware of her decision the Siasconset

folks were back before the School Committee to insist another teacher be found.

Bowing to the demands of the Siasconset parents, the School Committee agreed to continue the school in operation.

The problem of finding a suitable teacher was Superintendent Porter's and it did not appear at the time the problem would be easily solved.

But Lady Luck this time was in Mr. Porter's corner. He didn't know it—but standing before two grades in one room in the Lincoln School in South Medford, was a native Nantucket girl: Mrs. Patricia Morrison. Young and the widowed mother of two children, she was considering the idea of coming back to her home town.

Took Job

Returning for a visit Mrs. Morrison was told of the need for a teacher at the Siasconset School who had the capabilities and experience to handle the one-room three-grade type of school.

She met with Superintendent Porter and agreed to take over the duties of Miss Rogers. She signed a contract—and the old Siasconset had been given a reprieve from oblivion.

If you dropped into the Siasconset School while the 17 little boys and girls are busy at their desks you would be quickly convinced Mrs. Morrison, after less than four months in the classroom, has al-

ready endeared herself to the children.

Proof of this came during the outdoor recess period by the simple process of asking the youngsters, out of the teacher's hearing, "How do you like school?"

Answers came so quickly it was obvious they were heartfelt: "Good" or "fine" or (from two 3d Graders) "It's real nice here. I like school."

When Mrs. Morrison was asked her opinion on the continuance of a one room schoolhouse, as against the agitation by higher education for its speedy elimination, she would not agree these educators are entirely right.

She said, "I believe if the total number of students in a multiple classroom is no more than 20 youngsters, such pupils have an advantage over children who are in separate graded rooms, especially in the first three grades."

Grades Arranged

"Here in the Siasconset School I have the three grades. I have 17 pupils, 11 boys and six girls. I have the grades arranged so that each grade occupies two rows."

"The work for each grade is arranged so that one group is working at the board, while another group is having recitation work and the third group is doing paper or study work."

"We don't have time to get everything in because of the three grades. I make up for this defi-

ciency by having the 1st Grade stay an extra half hour in the morning on Mondays and Wednesdays and the 2d and 3d Grades stay the extra half hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays and on alternate weeks they stay on Fridays."

Mrs. Morrison disclosed that one of the benefits of the one-room schoolhouse is the opportunity the younger children have of learning from the older ones.

"You know," she said, "that the one important asset the children have in this type of school is given to them by nature. It is curiosity. You would be surprised how many times I turn my eyes and find a child in the 2d Grade with his attention concentrated on a child in the 3d Grade, working at the blackboard or reciting. And you would be surprised to know this curious youngster is actually learning from the older one."

Mrs. Morrison was quick to cite an instance of the younger ones learning from the older ones.

"Last week I was teaching the 3d Grade children how to tell time. When I felt they had learned the clock and how to read it I asked one of the 3d-Grade children to tell me the time."

Child Learned

"While she was studying the clock, to give the answer, another child in the 2d Grade called out the correct time. I know the 2d Grade youngster learned how to tell time by listening to the in-

structions I was giving the 3d Grade children.

"That is the way it is with all the lessons I teach here. That is why I feel that the one room schoolhouse still is of great value to children in the first three grades, if the classes are not allowed to exceed 20 pupils."

And so it appears that, with the return of Mrs. Morrison to Nantucket, the old Siasconset School is going to continue as an important part of the island school system, for a number of years to come.

11960

over



REPORTING TO SCHOOL—The Siasconset School teacher, Mrs. Patricia Morrison, greets the 17 pupils in her three primary grades each morning as they mount the old cement steps leading to the entrance of the small one-room schoolhouse.



PLAYTIME AT 'SCONSET SCHOOL—Mrs. Morrison shows her charges how to handle a basketball during a recess period in the school yard. Next door to the school is a small building, seen in this picture, containing an office for the lone 'Sconset patrolman and a garage for the only piece of fire equipment that guards the village.

Dec. 19, 1960

'Sconset's New School-house.

Bids are to be received for the construction of the new school-house for the village of Siasconset up to Tuesday evening, the 30th day of January. The preliminary steps towards the construction of this new edifice seem to have been delayed somewhat since the plans were first unfolded at the special town meeting on the 27th of September, but the school board is now ready to go ahead with the work.

It is fair to presume that it will be impossible for the new building to be ready for occupancy in time for the opening of the spring term, but as the school authorities have leased the building now being used for school purposes in Evergreen Park, until the first of June, the 'Sconset pupils will not be seriously inconvenienced by the delay, although it may be that the term may necessarily be cut short a few weeks when summer approaches.

That the new building will be completed and ready for use when the school re-opens in September next no one has any doubts. In the meantime the restaurant building does very well indeed as a temporary temple of learning for the boys and girls of 'Sconset. It has been suggested that the dedicatory exercises of the new school-house be made an event of community interest, inasmuch as the school-house is the only municipal building in the village—that is, barring the engine-house. Probably the village folks would thoroughly enjoy such an occasion.

School-house Sold For \$190.

Anyone who wished had an opportunity to buy the old 'Sconset school-house on Wednesday, when it was offered to the highest bidder at public auction. The action of the School Committee in selling it at auction instead of at private sale, as originally announced, met with the approval of the townspeople, and when Auctioneer Mooers held forth on the lower square Wednesday morning there was an interested audience. Bidding started at \$25 and went up by jumps of \$5.00 at a time until \$190 was reached, when the building was sold to Frank O. Holdgate, of 'Sconset. The sale did not include the furnishings of the building, the foundation upon which it stood, nor the bell.

WHO REMEMBERS?

When the 'Sconset Mail (about 1878) arrived in "Baxter's Lightning Express" and called by the late E. F. Underhill "The Swiftsure". The roads being rutted and in many places sandy, the time required for the passage was about one hour and a half, as the motive power (two out-of-date horses) could not be forced beyond a slow walk in sandy places. The "P. O. Office" was in charge of Love Baxter, daughter of the genial Capt. Wm. Baxter, who was "engineer of the Express". When the mail was ready for distribution the village was made aware of the fact by the blowing of a horn from each side of the Baxter residence, the building being named "Shanunga" after a vessel commanded by Captain Baxter. The public was not allowed inside the house.

Rain or shine, patrons stood out on the grass and received their mail through the window, paying one cent for each letter or paper, and an additional fee for packages.

The Government allowed the one cent fee and also paid Love Baxter \$12.00 a year; and Captain Baxter \$8.00 a year for "hauling" the mail.

About 1883, Love Baxter resigned and Mrs. P. M. Almy was made "Postmaster". The office was moved to the Sharp Cottage, at Pump Square. Later it was removed to the north end of the north building on the bridge. Mrs. Almy was asked so many times each day "What time the office closed", she placed a sign in the lobby which read: "This office closes at 9 P. M., P. M. Almy, P. M."

* * * * *

Who remembers when there were two Taverns (or Public Houses) in 'Sconset? One was Bunker Hill House, corner of Morey Lane and the Highway. New England rum was sold over the bar at 3 cents per drink. The place also had a "billiard saloon" which was later moved to the edge of the bank south of the South Gulley and made a part of the Oliver Hussey House, now named "O Be Lazy."

"Bean Hill" derived its name from the attempt of Edward W. Gardner to grow beans without fertilizing the soil on that particular hill. History records the fact that the beans failed to grow. Many years ago anyone wishing to try for a crop on the Mooers, simply made a selection of what seemed desirable soil, plowed the land and put in the seed.

A List of Subjects.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I read very carefully the Editor's reply to my little squib called "A Slight" that was printed in last week's issue of your valuable paper, and to have any mention of "entirely overlooking the section around Bloomingdale" seemed like a dream, a la Fairy Story. While the potatoes were boiling for breakfast, this morning, I made out the following list of subjects to choose from, hoping that one or two may appear in the much looked for Souvenir Calendar of 1929.

The Union Chapel—Four services of different denominations and a Sunday School have been held in one day and evening.

The Water Tank—Holding 270,000 gallons.

The Tavern on The Moors.

The Beach House.

The Galvin Cottage—With its beautiful terraces.

The Kerwin Cottage—A beauty spot.

The Chanticleer—As it is today.

The Dynamite Tea Room—Built on the site of the hated Phillips block.

The Regan Hughston Cottage—English Architecture.

The Once Atlantic House—As it is today, owned by David Gray.

Views from House Tops and Hills.

Cranberryville—With as much as can be taken by the camera of the biggest bog in the world in one piece.

The Aviation Field—The flight and return.

The School House.

Come on, boys and girls of 'Sconset, help swell the list, and perhaps we can get one or two pictures in the 1929 Souvenir Calendar.

I wish you A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year "with all the fixings" Mr. Editor. The potatoes "are done", so I'll have to quit.

Respectfully,

Sydney B. Folger.

Siasconset, December 22, 1927.

[Thanks for the "list". But a mere building, or a water tower, does not make a suitable subject when confined into a 5½ x 7½ plate. Things look far different to the eye than they do when narrowed down through a camera lens. It may interest our subscriber to know that we have taken exposures of each subject he suggests and have the negatives on hand, but they do not seem satisfactory as "subjects". We would be pleased to look at any exposures others may have made, however. Now that 'Sconset has been heard from, let us also hear from Madaket, Wauwinet, Quidnet, Squam, Tuckernuck, Monomoy and Muskeget. Gee Willikens! Boiled potatoes for breakfast!—Ed.]

A CHARMING HOLIDAY GIFT.

By The Sea,

Poems of Nantucket,
BY LOUISE S. BAKER.

PRICE - - - \$1.00.

Sold by local dealers and by Miss
L. S. Baker.



The 'Sconset School of Opinion.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The "Sconset School of Opinion" opens its first season in Siasconset September 3rd and continues to September 24. It differs from other schools and universities in that it is a school of discussion upon the important questions in the world of today. It has gathered together what is probably the most distinguished group of men in the field of opinion that have ever been brought together in this country.

The general subject for the three weeks is "The World We Live In," which general subject has again been divided into three subjects, to wit: "The American Mind," "The Political and Economic State" and the "Outside World, Our International Relations."

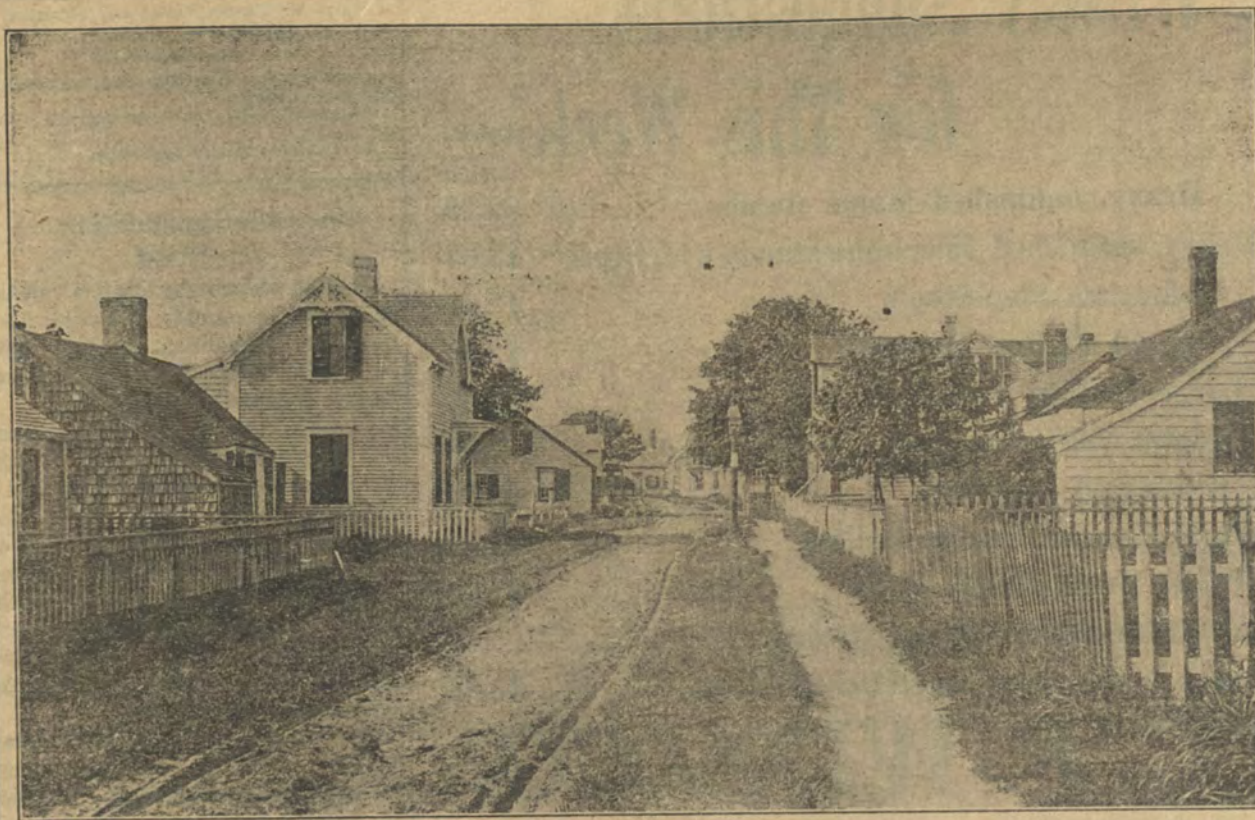
The aim of the school is to bring together each year men who are leaders in their respective realms of thought, as well as advanced students from the universities. Upwards of one hundred persons are registered for the course, including in this number many lawyers, editors and teachers.

The week from September 3 to September 10 opens on Monday at 9 a. m. There will be a three hours session in the morning, with the afternoon free for recreation and conferences. In the evening there will be a round-table discussion of the lectures of the day, participated in by speakers and students. Provision has been made for golf, tennis and recreation, as many of those who are coming are treating the school as a vacation period.

The speakers during the first week are Professor E. G. Conklin, of Princeton University, who will talk on the recent advances in science; Professor Harry Overstreet, of the College of New York, who will speak on philosophy and educational subjects; Professor Robert Morss Lovett, of the University of Chicago—and one of the editors of the New Republic; Lewis Gannett, the international editor of the New York Nation; James G. McDonald, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association; Hon. Roger Nielson, special attache of the Danish Embassy at Washington; Harry W. Dana, of Cambridge, who will speak on the drama; Miss Louise Fargo Brown, of Vassar College, on the new viewpoint in history; Frederic C. Howe, of Washington, on the economic background of American Culture, and others.

The sessions of the school will be held in the "Tavern on the Moors" and various conferences and round-table discussion in the adjoining buildings which are being put in readiness for the purpose.

Frederic C. Howe.
Siasconset, August 29.



"Broadway," in 'Sconset, is one of the oldest of the miniature streets of the village. Just during and after the Revolution, many of the tiny houses were moved from the fishermen's settlement at Sesachacha to 'Sconset, and have occupied positions on "Broadway" for a century and a half.

Siasconset's All Het Up Over "School of Opinion."

From the Baltimore Sun.

Siasconset, Nantucket Island, Sept. 7.—This little island, out in the Atlantic, is having what is almost its first view of political and social non-conformism, and it isn't sure it likes it.

The Siasconset School of Opinion started its lectures this week and already the island, or at least this end of it, is tending to divide into two camps—the pro-schoolers and the anti-schoolers. In a day or two, if feeling continues to develop, the anti-schoolers will be cutting the pro-schoolers on the beach and in the public square before the postoffice.

The School of Opinion is the idea and the creation of Frederick C. Howe, Immigration Commissioner at New York under President Wilson. Mr. Howe is a Nantucketan of long standing, and an extensive owner of property hereabouts. But his orthodoxy has long been suspected. When he announced that he was going to organize a School of Opinion, the latent suspicion came to the surface. Our dear old lady from Hartford, Conn., who spends her summers here, announced that she was suspicious of opinions in general and schools of opinion in particular. The word opinion is thus coming to take on the characteristics of a taboo. In 'Sconset the people don't have opinions.



Broadway, Siasconset, in the Early Fifties.

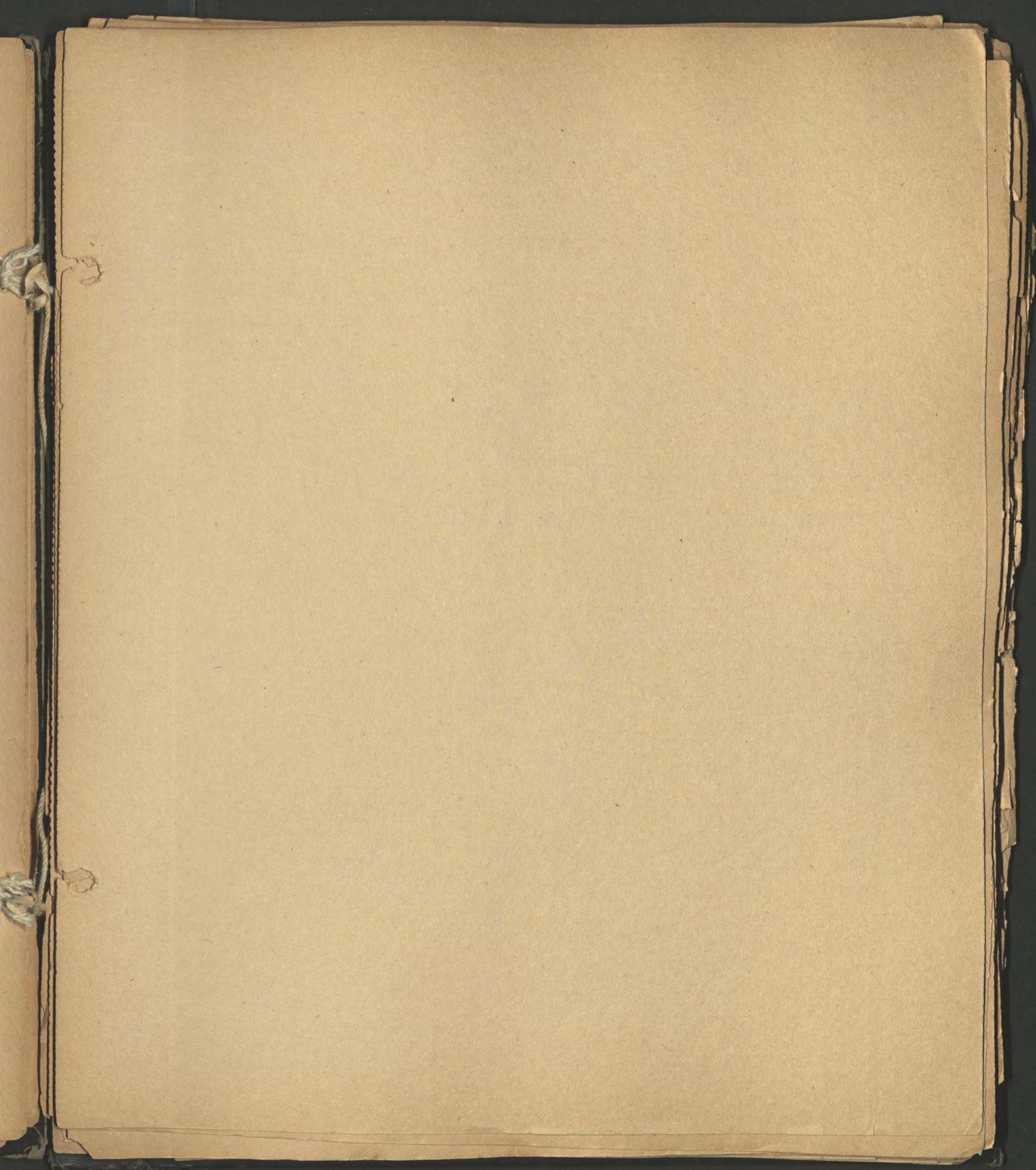
'Sconset Notes

'SCONSET BELOVED.

Sweet tangled swamps where the orchids bloom,
Peat-smoke, wild roses and scents of the sea,
Soft through the dusk the dear village lights,
'Sconset beloved, heart's greeting to thee!
Thy white curving shore is the threshold of day,
Down at Low Beach night's wings are unfurled,
Over Tom Nevers the moon sails away
Through the sweetest air in the whole wide world.
Scrub oaks and pines on the frank, free downs,
Cool silver ponds where the wild ducks rest
And swaying reeds whisper to listening ears
"Here is life simplest and truest and best."
Evening and morning and turn of the tide,
Ah, falling leaves, and the sad plover's cry!
An ache in the heart for the west tide serves,
'Sconset beloved, good bye, good bye!

Mary Starbuck.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1922



DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

A Notable Event in Siasconset's Happy History.



If anybody held the impression that Siasconset was a dull, sleepy place, devoid of pleasures and animal spirit, the illusion must have been dispelled last Saturday evening, when the first notable entertainment in the new Casino building was held. The fact that professionals were to appear on the boards was naturally a reasonable cause for the excitement the event occasioned all over the island; and that Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the venerable and highly-esteemed actress, was in the cast was a magnetic influence few could resist; and 'Sconset in consequence broke the island's record for the largest and most select audience ever before gathered under a public hall roof on the island, the returns proving an attendance of 820 persons, exclusive of participants.

It was a most auspicious opening to the public of the grand new pleasure house that has just been completed on 'Sconset bank, and so great was the demand for tickets that they commanded a premium, while a large number were present to take chances of even standing room.

Long prior to the hour of opening the doors a great throng had assembled in front of the building, its numbers being continually enhanced by fresh arrivals from Nantucket, Wauwinet, etc., the special train from Nantucket arriving at 7.30 packed to its capacity, while twenty-three of the large pleasure wagons besides many single teams and cyclists added to the mass of humanity awaiting entrance. When the doors were thrown open the crush was something to be remembered. It was a scramble for points of vantage. Women and even men lost their heads in their eagerness, while attendants at the doors shouted themselves hoarse endeavoring to hold up the push and convince the people that there was room enough for all ticket holders. It was wasted energy. Nothing could stem that excited, surging mass, from which there was no turning back, and many a person never touched feet to the floor from the entrance to the hall.

It had been a question with the management if they could handle the crowd without numbering the seats. It was a great undertaking for a committee of ladies, but Mrs. R. H. Fyfe, the executive head of this department, and her lady assistants, displayed remarkable ability and tact, and caused everyone to feel good-natured.

After ticket-holders had finally been seated, the picture that the splendidly-lighted auditorium presented was one of animated beauty, the ladies' toilets being rich and in good taste, and despite inconveniences that many suffered, the one opinion at the close of the performance was that it was the grandest success in its line the island had ever scored.

The programme opened with an overture by an orchestra composed of Misses Norton, Galvin and Chittenden, and Messrs. Streeter, Galvin and Roberts.

The new curtain, which was much admired (and for the clever working and appearance of which credit is due Mr. D. A. Greene, Dr. Ryan, Mrs. Haswell and Mrs. Jerome) then drew back in graceful folds, revealing a well-set stage for a clever skit by Julian Sturgis, entitled "A False Start." The characters were delightfully impersonated by Miss Mary Shaw as Lady Roedale; Miss Percy Haswell as Nora; and Mr. Walter Hale as Harry. With a trio of such clever professionals, our readers may understand that the piece was "done to a turn," and there was a round of applause as the curtain dropped.

The orchestra played "An Innocent Young Maid," which was followed by a recitation "When My Ships Come Home from Sea," by Mrs. Walter Hale, who is complete master of elocutionary art, and delighted the great audience, being twice recalled.

One of the most charming numbers on the programme was the Spanish dance (in costume) by Miss Agnes Everett and Mr. Allan Rowe. Naturally graceful dancers, they simply captivated the house with their easy style, and the audience would not be denied a second treat.

Miss Mary F. Chittenden sang delightfully the songs "Time Enough" and "A Rose Fable."

"Seein' Things at Night" was the title of a recitation by a clever miss—

Margaret Galvin, who made a hit, and was recalled. She exhibited much talent.

A piano solo, by Miss Lucy Drake was played with the touch of a finished artist, and Miss Drake responded to warm applause.

Miss Percy Haswell, who is a prime favorite, appeared in "Monkey on a Stick," from The Geisha, and was given an ovation. She responded to a recall with "The Parrot."

Mr. Arthur Shaw's negro song and dance was much enjoyed, and the "Sunflower Quartette" was a happy conception, Joseph Standard, Arthur Shaw, Walter Ford and Karriek Collins making good music and lots of fun in their rendition of "The dummy dummy line."

The high tide of merriment for the evening was during the production of "A Gentle Jury," by Arlo Bates, in which some of the situations were extremely funny, the sketch being a happy take-off of the feminine character, in which the strong-minded woman, the self-opinionated woman, the absent-minded woman, the woman who had faith in her husband's opinion, the argumentative female, whom nothing downed but the loss of her false locks, the woman whose sole thought was her sick baby, were prominent. The characters were disposed of as follows: Forewoman, Mrs. Julia Linthicum; Miss Skinner, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Miss Sharp, Miss Agnes Everett; Mrs. Dyer, Miss Percy Haswell; Mrs. Faint, Mrs. R. P. Carter; Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Walter Hale; Mrs. Jones, Miss Annette Norton; Mrs. Small, Miss Margaret Chittenden; Miss Fort, Miss Marie Meltzer; Mrs. Fritz, Miss Alice Ladue; Miss Fuss, Miss Louise Patterson; Miss Feathers, Miss Marie McKay; Sheriff, Mr. George Fawcett. Mr. George Fawcett, as the sheriff, was awe-inspiring to evil-doers in his make-up, and his acting had an easy swing that denoted the expert. Throughout the performance of this piece the audience had been kept in a roar of laughter, and as the jury filed

out, having been discharged by the court as an agreeing impossibility, the house broke forth into prolonged applause, and many arose to leave the hall, but were halted, and a scene not on the programme was enacted. The curtain rose; the performers were summoned to the stage, amid a shower of bouquets, and in behalf of the ladies of the Casino, Mr. Vincent Serrano read the following lines from the pen of Mrs. Dr. J. S. Sutherland—the sentiment of which was shared by every one, and the dramatic rendering of which came in for its full measure of the cheering and kerchief-waving as the last line left the speaker's lips:

Our curtain drops; but let it rise once more

Ere yet the hour's light pageantry is o'er.
One word to speak before our revels end;
Not house to player, but as friend to friend.
Tonight the time hath flown on sparkling wing,

In this new house of summer pleasuring.
With pen of gold stands writ on 'Sconset's page

How fitly hath been dedicate our stage.
The hours the rhythm of their dance have kept

To mandolins by gentle fingers swept.
With high success the Geisha strove to please

Our fairest dame "Has-well" turned Japanese.

A play's changed name, bewitched by players' art,

'Twas bright beginning; never a "False Start!"

The pulse has leaped with swift responsive beat

To Spain's wild measures trod by light young feet.

We've cheered new phase of her all-circling wit,

Who, howe'er others thrive, is "Ever-it!"

So much well-done, what yet remains to do?

What word to speak before we say adieu?

This, friends—our pleasure raised a voice of need;

A debt to gold, there's naught but gold may feed.

Appealing hands then pleasure reached to Art,

Art smiled through woman's eyes from woman's heart.

To golden Mary we our plea addressed.

We printed tickets—she has done the rest!

Near-hovering failure, with its threatening maw,

Saw Mary—fled, and baffled, cried—"O, Shaw!"

Success, gold-crowned, obeyed her wooing voice.

To her we owe our evening and its joys;

Words for our thanks are all too poor and rude.

Come, roses, come and speak our gratitude!

Dear lady, let these roses breathe to thee

Our hearts' true thanks and grateful memory.

And in these roses, lo, thy likeness see!

Since rose-tints softly flushing here, there be

Above a warm rose-heart in verity.

And what thy roses have been hid beneath

Behold! It is a queenly laurel-wreath!

For thee, the roses, flowers of life's noon prime;

For whom the laurel of ripe after-time?

For whom the guerdon plucked from Fame's last height,

Fadeless alike in noonday and in night?

For whom the wreath? O, rich in art's renown,

Lead thy great elder sister to her crown!

Beg Mistress Gilbert lift—so were it meet—

Laurels we, and the world, lay at her feet.

Laurels for lovely service to great Art;



MRS. G. H. GILBERT DEAD.

The Venerable Actress Succumbs to Apoplexy in Chicago, While Making a Farewell Tour of the American Stage.

Nantucket had no stouter champion or more devoted admirer as a summer resort than Mrs. Gilbert. Year after year, Mrs. Gilbert had made her summer home here, and she was intensely enthusiastic over Nantucket as a whole and Siasconset in particular.

"To my mind," she said recently, "there is no place in the world so delightful at this season of the year as this isolated bit of lowland we call Nantucket. I love every blade of grass that grows on it, and even its barren dunes are not wholly without interest to me. Of course, if I were looking for excitement this is the last place on earth I would choose, but as rest and quiet is what I seek, give me dear old Nantucket, first, last and always."

During the annual dramatic performance at the Sconset Casino in the summer of 1903, Mrs. Gilbert was presented a tankard and rocking chair, Grant Stewart making the presentation in original verse.

Dec. 10, 1904

Laurels for largess of a woman's heart.
Take them, dear woman, peer of Art's old kings,
Pardon the poor gift for the love it brings.
Let this proud word e'er stand on Sconset's page,
Thy gracious presence hath adorned its stage.
And youth be lifted nearer Art's high mood,
Treading the boards where Mistress Gilbert stood.
Poor word and gift; but, given, let them prove
We humbly owe you both applause and love!

As reference was made to Miss Shaw, who had labored so earnestly and successfully, Miss Margaret Galvin stepped to her with a huge basket of choice flowers, which the lady gracefully acknowledged. Then followed a scene of natural acting, indicating the quick perception of a trained mind, for as the reader neared the close, Miss Galvin again appeared with a large laurel-wreath, and Miss Shaw, moving to Mrs. Gilbert's side, took her hand and led her forward to receive it, which she could do only in silence, for the surprise was so complete, the sentiment so touchingly spoken, that her emotions were too great to permit of speech; and hers, too, were not the only eyes in which tears welled, or hers the only throat to which heart rose; and amid the heartfelt outburst from the vast assemblage she bowed her head and the curtain dropped.

NOTES.

The theatre train left for Nantucket at 10.45 with the cars packed to their capacity.

The handsome stage setting for "A False Start" should be credited to Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Muldaur and Miss Farquhar.

The gross receipts from the performance were \$635; the net proceeds \$600.



MR AND MRS HILLIARD AND THEIR TWO DOGS
VAN BIBBER AND RED.



BERTHA GALLAND, THE
"MAKE-BELIEVE LADY"

BERTHA GALLAND READING
TO HER MOTHER

JULY 19, 1913



DOROTHY HOYLE

HENRY WOODRUFF

TINA MARSHALL

DIGBY BELL

EDWIN STEVENS

ROY WEBB

KENNETH WEBB



"THE LAMBS" ON THE BEACH AT 'SCONSET.

Top Row, left to right—Robert McKay, Ralph Morgan, Leo Districhstein, Frank Dekum, William H. Thompson, Maurice Gast, Augustin McHugh, Hugh Jennings, Vincent Serrano, Robert Hilliard, Kenneth Webb.

Second Row, left to right—Robert Peyton Carter, George Nash, William Courtleigh, Shepherd of the Lambs, with his little son Stephen, Frank Westerton.

Bottom Row, left to right—Henry Woodruff, Roy Webb, George Giddens, Jack Mason, Fred Perry, Digby Bell, Gus Weinberg, Lawrence Wheat.

AUGUST 8, 1914



THE YALE FOOTBALL SQUAD AT 'SCONSET.

From left to right: Top row—Head Trainer John Mack, J. P. Walden, Hugh Harbison, Edward J. Madden, Charles J. Robinson, J. L. Conroy, Carl B. White, Paul Laughridge, F. Warren Oakes, James H. S. Fair (proprietor 'Sconset Cottage Club), Gardiner Catlin. Second row—Lawrence Carpenter, L. J. Arnold, John S. Pendleton, Henry H. Ketcham (captain), Nelson S. Talbot, William C. Warren, N. M. Way, Howard Jones (head coach). Lower row—Farwell Knapp, C. H. Roberts, H. A. Marting, Herman Van Holt.

Sept. 13, 1913



BERTHA GALLAND, THE
"MAKE-BELIEVE LADY"



BERTHA GALLAND READING
TO HER MOTHER



BERTHA GALLAND TALKING TO
HER FLOWERS AT HER SIASCONSET HOME

Photos by Courtesy of the Boston Post.

Bertha Galland in Her Summer Home at 'Sconset.

By Paul Waitt in The Boston Post.

If one wants to be glad he is alive, just journey down to picturesque Siasconset, on the high bluff of old Nantucket, rising straight up from the sea, and talk for two hours with Bertha Galland, the original lady of Make-Believe Land and a brilliant actress.

She has a remarkable power, this maid of the sunshine life, raising one above the routine world, so as they can see new colors and dream things that they never knew existed.

Mollie Make-Believe was a character of fiction; Bertha Make-Believe is the Mollie of flesh and blood.

And let us say at the start that Bertha Galland's hair is not red.

"You know simply because I have played many parts that called for an auburn wig I have always been known as one of the red-headed women of the stage," she was saying as she settled back in a great upholstered chair in the magnificent living room. "Now, is it red?" she laughed, as she leaned forward for inspection.

There is no question about it, her hair is dark brown. Her eyes—big eyes—are hazel; her round, attractive face we are forced to admit is the home of a near-saucy expression that is delightfully becoming.

Audiences of the past remember that expression. Well, Bertha Galland is quite the same off as on the stage.

Just why the reporter asked the question he doesn't know, but anyway he said:

"Do you ever make-believe things—do you ever play things all by yourself, Miss Galland?"

"Why, I make-believe most all of the time," she answered in pretty crescendo. "It is my principal enjoyment out of life. I play with the flowers in my garden; yes, I even call them by name. And, do you know, they actually nod back at me. I get little fairy wreaths of them all made up of mother flowers, father flowers and dear soft, pretty red and blue and pink children flowers—they are always so happy. Oh, the little optimistic yellow flowers, the daffodils and jonquils, tell me wonderful stories. You remember they used to be gray flowers hundreds of years ago and the sunshine one day kissed their petals and then forgot to go away. And how I laugh at the dignified bachelor's button; but he is such a gentleman that I love him very much indeed."

"And if their heads fall off," suggested the reporter.

"Oh, I am terribly sorry and I pick them up again."

"And which of them all do you like best?"

"The rose—the beautiful soft pink rose—there isn't a day, winter or summer, but I have at least 200 all about me."

There were in truth scores of them in every nook and corner of the room.

They were all pink—the color matching perfectly the pink of Miss Galland's silk stockings that peeked out between the hem of her white dress and white pumps.

"And is there anything else you make believe with?" asked the reporter, as his eyes travelled guiltily to the roses again.

"My autos," she answered. "I have named them both. You know Peggy is my athletic girl and she loves to run about here and there at a merry clip. And Mollie is more dignified and loves the opera and Fifth avenue. Both of them are like people to me."

"And you probably find a different kind of make-believe on Fifth avenue sometimes, don't you?" interrupted the reporter.

She frowned. "Yes, and it is bad and hideous," she answered. She paused as her mother—a dear type of old-fashioned mother, came into the room. Then she introduced her. They are great pals, Miss Galland and her mother.

"You asked me about books a moment ago," Miss Galland continued as all parties were seated. "I find that people of different talents are very contradictory. For instance, nothing

infuriates me more than to be reading a really delightful story and suddenly come across an illustration that pictures the heroine altogether different from my own conception. I just refuse to look at them, and go straight on, keeping my conception in mind all the time.

I think that in a majority of cases drawings in books are a great mistake. They disturb the artistic color scheme, so to speak—oh, you know my hobby is color scheme—I take more delight in arranging rooms in the home than anything else."

The artistic touches and perfect color schemes all about her backed up what she said.

"I think I should like to do summer cottages each year," she laughed.

"You think there is too little thought given the arrangement of a house?" interjected the reporter.

"In the main, yes. People have the tendency of making rooms a dumping place—I don't like the word very well—for their furniture."

"And what would you suggest for the summer home?"

"No carpets—just simple rugs, mostly little ones. Dainty little white fluffy nothings for curtains. Etchings and water colors on the walls and nothing else save perhaps a few photographs. Each room should have its own distinct color scheme. I should have a great big roomy attic where on stormy days one could gather with one's friends and I should want an old-fashioned organ in the corner."

And then Miss Galland began to show the reporter what she meant by showing him over the house.

The dining room resembled a soft restful grape arbor, the panels of heavily loaded vines being magnificently conceived. A huge overhead panel of grapes between the big beams over the table lent a most artistic effect.

"Now would you like to see my den?" she asked as she moved to a door to the left.

It was a revelation. One saw the great wide border of roses just above the plain Nile green paper first and then the furniture and pictures and the rugs. Up against the back wall was a large burnt oak settle upon the back of which were scores of framed pictures of the actress in her different roles.

"I colored them all," she explained. The eye roved from Lady Macbeth to Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall and thence to Isoult, her favorite role in the "Forest Lovers." And there were scores of others.

While the whole of the downstairs part of the house was artistic and magnificent the fairy artistry was upstairs. There was a blue bed chamber and a dainty pink one and a green one, while still higher up was the old fashioned attic with its romantic woody odor and the old organ in the corner.

"Oh, come here," cried Miss Galland, taking the reporter by the hand and leading him down the stairs toward the open room of a mammoth tiled bath. Just outside the door, she stopped, and with mock seriousness pointed to weighing scales in the corner.

"You see that," she cried. "Well, I fear that more than anything else in the wide world."

"Then lie," laughed the re-

35)
"But they're, I'm so glad," she sighed, keeping up her part.

Then she broke into a merry laugh and led the way downstairs.

The view from the veranda of Bertanna—for that is the name of the summer home, a combination of the actress' name and her mother's—is one of the most beautiful in all Nantucket.

"That is Spain over there," Miss Galland was saying as she pointed out across the sea to a point where the sky touched it.

"And there are castles there," said the reporter.

"Lots of them," she laughed. "It is too bad that the train makes it so you can't stop for dinner."

The reporter thought so, too.

Percy Haswell Fawcett.

With the passing of Percy Haswell Fawcett from this Island and from this world something of the high faith, of the unswerving courage, of the lovely gaiety that makes this world in spite of its tragedies a place worth living in, passed, too.

No one who knew her can forget the sound of her rich, calm voice, the deep serenity of her face, the lovely lift of her head, the light of her whole personality. I know of no one anywhere who did not admire her or, knowing her well, did not love her.

The first time I ever saw her was when she was playing the lead on tour with Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family." Through some happy legerdemain I, not long out of college, had been made the dramatic critic of the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette and had been sent to interview Miss Percy Haswell.

My heart beat with excitement as I approached her door. Never in my life had I spoken to an actress. I did not expect her to be a lady but I did expect glamour and mystery. She opened the door. "Come in! How do you do? Sit there—the bed is comfortable, the chairs are not."

I don't remember the substance of the interview but I remember how delightful she was, how we laughed—I, sitting on the bed, she walking about the room telling me the things I wanted to know. I remember how I knew almost at once that I was in the presence of not only a lady but of a rare human being who combined the glamour of the stage with the charm of a well-bred woman.

She lighted the dingy hotel room with her gaiety and sweetness. She lighted me, my head swam with happiness. I never forgot her. And when years later I met her again in 'Sconset, she was just as entrancing as I had remembered her.

One can read the facts about her—that she was born in Texas in 1871, that her mother was from Savannah, Georgia, her father from England; that Percy was a family name; that she was educated in the Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart at Washington, D. C., and started to study for the stage at the age of fifteen.

One reads these facts and cherishes them, but what one thinks is how beautiful she must have been—so golden, so blue-eyed, with that perfect nose, the queenly tilt of her head, her laughter, her courage, her quiet strength.

Like a steady march of triumph, the facts of her career present themselves. Her debut with Roland Reed. Then "Fanchon the Cricket," "Sweet Lavender," under Daniel Frohman, and other roles in and out of New York City. And the definite step up the ladder when she joined the Augustin Daly Company in 1893 and for three years played in New York and London—Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", Ariel in "The Tempest," singing the lead in "The Foresters" in London and in "The Geisha" in both New York and London.

Later she was leading-woman for William H. Crane in "David Harum," "The Club Friend" and other well-known plays.

In 1895 she married George Fawcett and became the star of the George Fawcett Stock Company in Baltimore, Maryland, and in Richmond, Virginia, and at the American Theatre in New York City, where her favorite roles were "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet," Rosalind in "As You Like It," Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" and Nora in "The Doll's House." H. L. Menken was critic on the Baltimore Sun at that time and wrote in his criticism of the play that Percy Haswell was "the best Nora he had seen." Frank Reicher, the director of the company, and others said of her Juliet, "She is the best Juliet I have ever seen."

After leaving Baltimore she starred, on tour, for H. B. Harris as the princess in a popular play of the time called "The Royal Family." Following this production she also starred on tour for David Belasco in "The Darling of the Gods." For one or two summer seasons at this same time she headed the well-known stock company at Elitch's Gardens in Denver, Colorado.

In 1909, she played the leading feminine role in New York and on the road in "The Honor of the Family" with Otis Skinner.

For the next six summers Miss Haswell headed her own Company at The Royal Alexandria Theatre in Toronto, Canada, where she was a great favorite and is still remembered. Here her most successful roles were in the modern comedies then made so popular by Marie Tempest in London. It was in Toronto that she, though she had not played Juliet in seven years, overnight took the place of Julia Marlow, who was ill, and played Juliet to E. H. Sothern's Romeo.

In later years Miss Haswell acted only intermittently. One season she was with Helen Hayes in "Bab." For another with Sidney Blackmer in "Scaramouche" in New York City. For a time she acted in motion pictures with Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers and Maurice Chevalier in "The Innocents of Paris."

After this she retired from the stage and screen to her home on Nantucket Island where she took an active part in the life of the winter colony, performing at benefits and starting the Nantucket Children's Theatre.

All this we who knew her read with interest, remembering how she grew in beauty, in power, in understanding. And now we think of her not as having passed "into the shadows," gone from the lighted stage into the wings, but that we the audience have been left behind in a darkened theatre, while she makes a triumphant entrance onto a larger, more lighted stage with a far better part to play than she knew here.

Maude Sperry Turner.



SOME OF THE SCENES AT 'SCONSET DURING CARNIVAL WEEK.

The larger picture shows the coronation party, the king (Frank Gillmore) and the queen (Blanche Bender Jefferson) in the centre, surrounded by the royal retinue. At the right—Master Trainer, winner of first prize in the dog parade. Lower left—Harry Jones as Davy Crockett, and Miss F. B. Andrews as Mother Hubbard, winners of first and second prizes respectively in the grown-ups class of the dog parade. Middle foreground, miniature fire engine 'Sconset Flood No. 1', winner of first prize for floats, with crew in white suits and fire helmets, including Elmer Watts, Alfred Watts, Charles D. Cushman, Jr., and George Rogers. Lower right—Miniature Sankaty light.

Use of above cuts through courtesy of New Bedford Standard.

"The Path Along The Bluff" at 'Sconset.

Some of the owners of property in 'Sconset, and many others who take delight in "the path along the bluff," are somewhat concerned as a result of two petitions filed in the Land Court affecting property in this section, fearing the possibility that the rights and privileges of the general public in this pretty winding path-way may be encroached upon. But in the petitions appears a clause reading:

Petitioner claims as appurtenant to the above described land the right to pass and repass over the 6 foot path running along the top of the cliff, from the village of Siasconset to or near the Sankaty Head Light House; and petitioner admits that said land is subject to the rights of those entitled to pass and repass over said 6 foot path at the top of the cliff aforesaid.

This clause may mean that the rights of the public in "the path along the bluff" are amply protected; but those who are somewhat disturbed over the possibilities would like to make sure that nothing goes through the Land Court which would in any way interfere with this little winding path, set apart in 1892 by the late William J. Flagg to be forever held in trust by the Proprietors and their successors, for the purpose of a way or foot-path along the bank.

It may be just as well for the Selectmen, as the guardians of the interest and welfare of the town and the general public, to instruct the town counsel to have the rights of the town and public fully protected when these cases come up in the Land Court on the 16th of April, which is next Monday.

The Selectmen have acted in the public's interests by instructing the town counsel to file an appearance in the Land Court and if necessary to take whatever other steps may be advisable in protecting the grant made so many years ago by the late Mr. Flagg, who realized the attractive features which the "path along the bluff" possesses. Those who are so deeply interested in this path-way do not want to take any chances of possible encroachment on the way as it now exists.

The true enjoyment of "the path along the bluff" is best expressed in a pretty little poem written several years ago by Mrs. Abbie Ransom, which reads as follows:

The Path Along the Bluff.

Have you followed the path along the bluff
When the sky is gray and the sea is rough,
When, shoreward thickening, the fog drifts down
Till homes are the wraiths of a phantom town?

Have your feet marked time with the martial surge,
Your gaze been fixed where the rider winds urge
Their swift horses on, unfettered and free,
Whipping the rack from the crest of the sea?

Do you know the path when the moon roams high
Her wonder course in a fathomless sky,
And her silver sheen on the sea is spread
Like lilies of love o'er the wave-tombed dead?

Or again when the moorlands stretch away,
In the golden glow of an August day,
When the very air is a rhapsody
Of the Past, the Now, and the Yet-to-be?

I have followed the path to Sankaty Light
When the moors were brown and the frost was white,
With the sun a ball on the ocean's rim,
Where the Indian summer breathed with him.
From the north to the south a circle swept,
On the far horizon a soft haze slept;
To the west the moorlands; above, the sky;
In all the vast silence, just God and I.

The 'Sconset Bridge.

The Selectmen have ordered the 'Sconset bridge discontinued for the use of the public until the town makes provision for rebuilding or repairing the structure. The 'Sconset committee and the highway superintendent agree that the bridge is unsafe and should no longer be used in its present condition. The sills have rotted and the frame-work is badly shattered, through years of exposure to the elements. The bridge is tottering and in order to prevent disaster and possible injury to persons, it has been decided to close the passage.

Most everyone who knows 'Sconset at all knows the bridge. It spans the gully down which most of the traffic goes to the bathing beach and the bridge is used as a short-cut between Broadway and Ocean avenue. It saves the long detour up around post-office square and for years has been a very popular thoroughfare, used by hundreds of people every day all summer long.

The bridge is unique. It is one of the few bridges in the country—if not the only one—that spans a cobbled-stoned road leading to a bathing beach. It should be replaced before next summer by a structure that does not squeak and totter even when a child runs across it. And of course it will be.

The 'Sconset bridge was first built forty years ago—in 1887—and it cost the town \$299.99 for the job, which was a very moderate price indeed in view of the fact that \$300 was appropriated for the work. Why the other cent was not used was not stated. Anyway, the job was done by Everett Gibbs and Daniel C. Brayton, Jr., and it was well done. To be sure, in the passing years the bridge has occasionally been repaired, but for forty years the structure has remained in practically the same form in which it was first built.

The Land Below 'Sconset Bank.

In the year 1886 a large tract of land below 'Sconset bank, extending between the North and the South gulleys, was ceded to the Proprietors of Common and Undivided Lands of Nantucket, by Henry Coffin, to be held in trust as cited in the quit-claim deed recorded at that time in the Nantucket Registry of Deeds, which reads as follows:

QUITCLAIM DEED.

Grantor—Henry Coffin.
Consideration—\$1.00 etc., paid by Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, of Nantucket, trustees.
Grantees—Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin.

Habendum to Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess, Robert B. Coffin, trustees, their heirs, successors and assigns.
Dower and homesteads by Eliza Coffin, wife of Henry.

Signed and sealed by Henry Coffin and Eliza Coffin.

Acknowledged by Henry Coffin, before George W. Macy, Justice of the Peace.

Description.

"A certain tract of land in said County of Nantucket, described by the Lot-layers of the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket in their return dated January 25, 1886, as follows:—
"All the common land in and near the village of Siasconset, whether above or below the bank, contained and enclosed within the limits of the map or plan herewith presented", (See Proprietors Records, Book 6, page 46, and also Book of Plans No. 2, page 44); meaning to convey hereby all the right, title and interest set off to me by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket, January 25th, 1886; to have and to hold the granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging to the said Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin and their heirs, successors and assigns forever, upon trust, to dedicate said land to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket and to prescribe the regulations under which such use shall be enjoyed, and in the execution of said trust the following provisions shall be followed, viz:

Firstly: The trustees shall allow no building or other obstruction of any kind to be erected or maintained on the premises, except bath houses, to be used as such.

Secondly: In case a vacancy occurs among the trustees, such vacancy shall be filled by the Proprietors of the Common and Undivided Lands of the Island of Nantucket at a meeting of said Proprietors duly called for that purpose, after ten days notice thereof by advertisement in some newspaper printed in Nantucket County."

Cycle Paths.

The work of completing a side path from Philips Run to 'Sconset will be commenced today, weather permitting, and be pushed to early completion. Permission has been given to pass through the lands of Mr. Levi S. Coffin and Mr. Sidney B. Folger, which will keep the cyclists' path clear of the carriage way the greater part of the distance. The dangerous place where the path now joins the main road at Philips Run will be fixed, and such other improvements made as funds will permit. 'Sconset summer residents (and not all wheelmen) have contributed liberally to the cause, and a few of the residents have also made donations. Mr. Charles H. Taber has engaged to do the work. The path will run through the Coffin pasture from Philips Run to state road, then from the eastern end of that road along the front of the Folger farm, on the south side of the highway, across the unfenced land of Mr. Folger's, following the south side of the highway, up Bunker Hill.

Cyclists about town are projecting a path to Surfside, and already there have been contributions offered therefor. Mr. A. G. Brock or Mr. Henry P. Brown will receive any donations for the purpose.

THE 'SCONSET MILESTONES.

The famous 'Sconset milestones were set out somewhere about the year 1824 by the late Peter F. Ewer. They have been removed twice since then; once over to the middle 'Sconset road which runs by Hensdale, and finally to the last road that was laid out. They are all at present accurately located except the seventh and the seven-and-a-half stones. The seventh stone should stand some little distance to the eastward of where it now is, and the seven-and-a-half stone should also be placed farther east and somewhere near the edge of the 'Sconset bank. There is a tradition in the Ewer family that the descendants of Peter F. Ewer, even to the fourteenth generation down, shall keep those milestones painted white.—Inquirer and Mirror, August 30, 1873.

Indignation at Siasconset Over Closing of School.

Siasconset, September 16.—Indignant is a mild word to express the sentiments of the parents of 'Sconset regarding the action of the School Board in closing the fine, new school building here and ordering all school children (of whatever age) to the Nantucket schools. From the viewpoint of these parents, their indignation would seem to be well founded, and they are already circulating a petition for signatures, protesting against the school department's action, which is being numerously subscribed to.

They claim they have been content with having the older children transported by bus to the town's schools, but when the order was given out for the wee ones to be included, it seems right that they rebel. In several instances there are families where four or five children, ranging from High School age to kindergarten, have to be made ready, given breakfast, lunches prepared, and rushed to the 8.30 a. m. bus—no small job for a mother to accomplish.

Then the little ones are left to themselves during the noon hours, and in inclement weather these little tots, of irresponsible age, are likely to get wet and have to sit out the afternoon school session and the late afternoon ride home of about eight miles. It does not seem right.

One little life lost through such conditions would leave a blot years would not eradicate; and hence, if it be a matter of dollars and cents that has caused the School Board to take this step, the sooner they abandon the plan the better, for there is not a tax-payer but would rather have a dollar or two added to his tax than that somebody's child should be lost or health ruined because of an effort to keep down school expenses.

Careful watchfulness of public expenditures is necessary and laudable, but it is harsh economy if it is to be secured through such family annoyance and possible danger to health as the plan promises. If more money is actually needed to keep the school here in operation, we feel sure the tax-payers will be ready to furnish it, for we never yet have known them to refuse any reasonable call for funds for the education of the island's children.

We understand there are about 32 children in 'Sconset, and about 9 of the number of the higher grades, leaving 23 from school age up through the lower grades to be cared for, and the splendid new school building, right handy to their homes, is where they should be taught. Let a teacher be provided and transported by the bus that comes for the higher grade pupils, and if a few dollars more are needed, we can safely predict it will be forthcoming; and the mothers who read these lines will appreciate what these 'Sconset mothers are up against, and as voters will give a mighty impetus to the effort of the parents here to have the school continued.

We believe the school board have taken the step for reasons they felt were necessary; but let the people assist them out of their financial dilemma, if that is, as is believed, the real cause.

Closing the 'Sconset School.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I would like to draw a comparison of the past and the present. I never had the benefits of an education when I came along, as the boys and girls do today. Nevertheless, I have lived to near the end of my time.

When I was a boy I walked three miles to a little school-house at Polpis, which today is no longer wanted. In 1846 or 7 I was educated at Siasconset. But that was long ago.

Since that time there has been built, through a very libera spirit of the tax-payers, a very modern school building in 'Sconset, up-to-date in every particular, with modern improvements.

Now I learn that this nice new school building is not wanted any more. Is it for lack of money that the 'Sconset school has been closed?

I have attended town meetings for many years and never, in my memory, has the appropriation been questioned for schools. The village of Siasconset has about thirty children, some of whom are not old enough to stand the cold and storms and make the long trips daily to and from town, to say nothing of walking from their homes to the conveyance in the morning and again at night.

The method of carrying the children from 'Sconset to Nantucket and closing the \$7,000 school building in the village, may possibly be economical, but dollars and cents should not be considered. I do not believe that either the people who live in 'Sconset or those who live in town approve of this idea.

What is the reason the School Board won't hire a teacher as in the past and keep the children of 'Sconset in their home village? If there was not a nice modern school building there it would be different, but there is, and the town never built it with the idea that it would not be used. It was built for the children of 'Sconset.

I know nothing about the arrangement the School Board has made, but the idea of carrying little children sixteen miles a day to school, when there is a nice school building near their homes, is all wrong.

How would the members of the School Board like it if the conditions were reversed and their own children were the ones to be transported, their own wives the ones to have the trouble and worry of sending their little ones out from their care and over-sight for five whole days each week? It would then be a horse of another color.

I have taken the liberty of expressing my opinions and I hope for the good of the little ones that something will be done.

R. E. Burgess.

School Board Explains Problem of School Transportation.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In reply to a petition signed by numerous residents of Siasconset, the school committee desires to correct certain misunderstandings that have arisen concerning the transportation of pupils, and to explain the reasons leading to the present arrangement.

There has been great difficulty in procuring efficient teachers for the Siasconset school, even before the present scarcity of teachers. During the past five years, had not Mrs. Swayze and Miss Bartlett, much against their expressed desire, consented to remain as teachers in the school, we would have been obliged to close the school and transport the pupils several years ago. The scarcity of teachers is not quite as great this fall and there is a possibility that a satisfactory teacher may be obtained for the lower grades.

The Superintendent of Schools has made a canvass of the village of Siasconset several times and has not been able to find any one who was willing to take the teachers to board. If the children are to be educated, the parents of those children must be willing to provide some suitable place where the teachers may live.

At the present time the School Committee desires to hear from some one who will be willing to take her to board, should they be able to procure a suitable teacher. It is possible that the teacher could be transported to and from Nantucket each day; but this arrangement would cost the town approximately one hundred dollars more than the other arrangement.

The transportation of the higher grades was accompanied with such satisfactory results that the School Committee desired to ascertain if the same good results could be attained for the lower grades. It has never been the settled intention of the Committee to transport the lower grades throughout the entire winter, but to try it out during the first term and watch the results.

The Committee feel that the written expression of the desire of so great a number of the citizens of Siasconset should receive their careful consideration, and as a result have voted to re-open the Siasconset school for the first five grades as soon as a suitable teacher can be obtained and other arrangements perfected, probably about November 1st.

There has been so much misunderstanding in regard to the arrangements made to care for the children transported to the village schools, that the Committee takes this opportunity to say that a teacher is on duty throughout the entire noon period, and a set of rules has been adopted for the care of these pupils.

The pupils must take a proper amount of time in which to eat their lunch, and must go out of doors and remain for a time afterward. In stormy weather the teacher in charge will, of course, use proper discretion in enforcing this rule. Pupils will not be allowed to wander about the town and must have the permission of the teacher in charge if they desire to leave the school premises.

Hot cocoa is to be provided for all pupils who eat their lunch in the school buildings, at no expense to the pupils. All these arrangements take time to perfect, and we are not yet serving the hot cocoa, but hope to get all ready to begin on Monday, Sept. 26.

The School Committee desire the citizens of Nantucket to realize that they are working earnestly for the best interests of all the pupils in the public schools, and that any communication properly addressed to them will receive prompt and courteous consideration.

M. W. Boyer,
Secretary School Committee.

Siasconset!

It is found necessary to provide another teacher for the Siasconset School. In order to do so some proper place must be found where she may live.

Are the people of 'Sconset willing to co-operate with the School Committee in making their school what it should be?

Any one willing to take a teacher to board will please communicate at once with the Superintendent of Schools, giving terms.

E. S. TIRRELL,
Supt. of Schools.

It

School House at Auction.

No satisfactory bids having been received for the 'Sconset School-house, it will be sold at Public Auction in front of Geo. E. Mooers' mart, Main street, at 10 a. m., on Wednesday, Nov. 8th. Terms and particulars stated at time of sale.

By order of the School Board,
E. B. Coleman, Chairman.

The 'Sconset School.

There is lots of trouble at the village school, which opened with over thirty scholars, of which number were three or four pupils who were in an advanced grade, making eight grades, which were more than the teacher could possibly look after. No provision could be made for an assistant teacher, and the advanced pupils were informed they would be obliged to go to the town schools to continue their studies. How they are to get there and back is a problem the parents have been studying hard on, and viewed from whatever point, it is a perplexing question. To cap the climax, Tuesday morning school was not called in, for Miss Williams, the teacher, had developed a case of measles, and until a substitute can be supplied, Young America will be losing time in educational lines.

Siasconset Christmas Program.

The following Christmas Program, sponsored by the Siasconset Community Club, was held at the School on Sunday evening, December 21st:

Welcome Song, Chorus, Older Pupils
 Recitation, "Welcome"—Earl Blount
 Recitation, "My Friend, the Alarm Clock"—Francis Santos
 Recitation, "Two Words"—Joan Davis
 Recitation, "Christmas"—Julia Mauldin
 "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear"—Chorus, Older Pupils
 "Christmas Dolls"—Mary McCall
 "On the Christmas Tree"—Fred Holdgate
 "Christmas Wishes"—Edward Davis, Nelson Eldridge
 "Silent Night"—Chorus—Older Pupils
 "Presents for Santa Claus"—Santa—David Holdgate
 Brownies—Kathryn Morris, Shirley Davis, Geraldine Santos, Everett Watts.
 "Why Wait"—David Watts
 "My Wish"—Bruce Watts
 "Our Christmas Wish"—Kenneth Holdgate
 "Holly Wreath"—Robert Coffin
 Song, "Up on a House Top"—Peggy Davis—Chorus, Older Pupils
 "Presents"—Gerald Eldridge
 "Mother's Christmas Hymn"—Mother—Mary Ellen Santos
 Children—Shirley Davis, Patricia Santos, Betty Santos, Marilyn Bunting.
 "Thankfulness"—Chorus, Older Pupils
 Song, "Santa Claus Comes"—Marilyn Bunting, Patricia Santos, Everett Watts, Shirley Davis, Kathryn Morris.
 "In Closing"—Earl Blount
 Distribution of Gifts—Santa Claus

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

Siasconset School—Miss Lizzie Coggeshall. Number of scholars at commencement of spring term—19. Number of scholars at commencement of summer term—31. Number of scholars at close of summer term—33.

Miss Coggeshall, who has been a popular and efficient teacher in this, as in other schools, resigned her position in December last. The school, composed as it is of many grades, requires a skillful teacher for its success, and such an one, we have reason to believe, has been secured for that vacant position. Miss Lizzie Thomas entered upon that field of duty January 1, 1876.

March 17, 1951

The Entertainment at Siasconset on Saturday evening was eminently successful, and highly pleasing to the denizens of that village. The school house was filled to its utmost capacity, a large number of townspeople being present. The exercises opened with a Prologue by one of the scholars of that School, followed by Singing, Recitations, Dialogues and Tableaux. The children acquitted themselves finely, and much credit is due their instructor, Mrs. Benjamin T. Wood, for the happy manner in which the affair was conducted. It was a beautiful, moonlight evening, and the visitors from Town had the double enjoyment of a fine entertainment and pleasant ride.

Jan. 26, 1858

Nantucket Bicycle Path Opened By Dr. White Wednesday.

A hope that other communities will follow the example of Nantucket and secure construction of bicycle paths and that they will be extended throughout the nation much like our superhighways was urged by Dr. Paul Dudley White, famed heart specialist and an avid bicycle-riding enthusiast, at the ribbon cutting and dedication exercises Wednesday noon opening the first section of the first bicycle path in both the state and nation.

The ribbon cutting and dedication of the path was the main feature of a 14-mile bicycle ride to Siasconset and return which was arranged by the Committee for Safe Bicycling, Inc., headed by Dr. White and by State Representative Robert F. Mooney, who introduced the act in the legislature authorizing construction of the path that will eventually be extended to Siasconset.

Later, during a luncheon at the Chanticleer Restaurant in Siasconset, Representative Mooney announced that he had been informed on Monday by Commissioner of Public Works Anthony DiNatali that bids would be sought within a week for construction of an additional 4200 feet of the bicycle path which will carry it to the Nobadeer Farm Road, leading to the airport. The contract should be awarded in about two weeks and the cost of the second section should be a lot less than the first section the Representative told the group at dinner.

There were 25 bicyclists who assembled at the Chamber of Commerce and the Public Relations Committee's office on Broad Street shortly after 11 a.m., to line up for the ride and to be greeted by John Golden, Chamber and Public Relations secretary.

That Dangerous Curve in 'Sconset.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

As you see by the date of this letter, my paper comes in remarkably short time, as the issue of the 19th was received today. Among the many interesting items contained therein is one that is important to all of Nantucket—namely, Mr. Burgess's article about that extremely dangerous point in Siasconset at Broadway and Sankaty avenue.

It is very bad even if all drivers and pedestrians used care, but unfortunately a great many do not. The entrances are supposed to be "one way." It is a most common thing for out-of-the-village cars to enter the "one way" streets at the wrong end and by only a miracle has loss of life been averted.

Coming out of Broadway on the next parallel street, (I think the name is Centre) I frequently meet cars coming in head on. Worse than that, as a rule, every day cars are parked just around the bend on Sankaty avenue so that a car coming from Broadway into Sankaty, in avoiding running into their rear end, must swing over so far to the west side of the road as to be in grave danger of meeting head on, the fast traffic coming down Sankaty avenue.

I am as careful a driver as any, yet have had so many narrow escapes there through the careless driving of others and inability to see either way, that I've come to dread that place, yet must use it daily.

Certainly a part of that property should be taken before a terrible accident occurs there, of which there is increasing danger.

I hate to break into print, but Mr. Burgess's letter is so important I, too, feel something should be done at once.

Respectfully yours,

Clarence White.

Los Angeles, Cal.
 February 24th.

1927

Patrolman Charles Feeley of the Newton Police Department who is safety officer of the bicycling committee, gave the group safety instructions and led them through the town streets to the bicycle path on the Siasconset Road, where a stop was made to hold the dedication ceremonies. Through all the riding Dr. White followed close on the heels of Patrolman Feeley with Representative Mooney behind the doctor and the rest strung out in a long line.

Before cutting the ribbon, Dr. White gave a brief address stating: "It is a privilege and a pleasure to dedicate this pioneer achievement that provides for the people of Nantucket what will be a safe bicycle path."

"I hope that every community in Massachusetts will follow the example of this community and provide similar paths for safe bicycling and that they will extend throughout the nation so they will form a network similar to our superhighways.

These bicycle paths should be of inestimable value for the health and safety of the people and a boom in the economy of the nation.

"I want to extend thanks to Representative Robert Mooney for his efforts in making this bicycle path possible."

(Continued on Page Seven)

Aug. 15, 1958

Dec. 27, 1947

School Will Re-open.

In response to a petition from 'Sconset residents, the school committee have decided to re-open the school in that village at the commencement of the winter term, and have engaged Miss Grace B. Gardner as teacher. The school has been closed for some time owing to an insufficient number of pupils, but at present there are enough there to warrant holding sessions. The school building is sadly in need of repairs, which will be attended to before school is opened.

Nov. 4, 1899

SIASCONSET SCHOOL.—From a report of the Secretary of our School Board, we learn that the present condition of the school in the village of Siasconset is excellent. Miss Lizzie Coggeshall, the Principal, is faithful in her work, and the pupils give ample evidence of advancement under her thorough teaching.

Oct. 21, 1874



SIASCONSET CASINO.

The furniture for the Casino has commenced to arrive. On Wednesday there was an invoice of 250 chairs, and a like number of folding chairs is to follow. The ladies' room is to be fitted up with fancy rockers, easy chairs, rugs, etc., the gift of Mrs. R. H. Fyfe, of Detroit. Mr. S. M. Mitchell will give and install the toilet fixtures. Much of the furniture has been purchased through the New Bedford Furniture Co., who have a branch on Main street, Nantucket. The lighting of the Casino has been and is yet a mooted question with the committee, who will await an investigation of the acetyline plant Mr. S. M. Mitchell is installing in his cottage before making their decision. It is estimated that between 70 and 80 lights will be required.

June 30, 1900

The casino was informally opened. Wednesday evening, and a general invitation was posted for all—residents and cottagers—to attend, nearly 200 accepting. The room was lighted by lamps and house lanterns, which were barely equal to the occasion, although twenty or more were in use. Nevertheless, this did not detract from the sociability and enjoyment, and the young people made good use of the splendid floor surface for dancing, several ladies taking turns at the piano. Late in the evening Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chittenden led off in a Virginia reel, in which young and old participated. Some of the audience who had gone home and retired, arose, dressed and returned to witness the festive scene. Among the guests present was Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the well-known actress, who is stopping with Mr. George Fawcett, No. 1 Bank Edge. Mrs. Gilbert has attained her 80th year, and is the oldest actress in actual service on the American stage.

July 14, 1900

41)

OLD 'SCONSET BEFORE THE CASINO WAS BUILT



July 28, 1934

'Sconset Heyday.

(The first of three articles about the Theatrical Colony in Siasconset in the early nineteen hundreds.)

By Margaret Georgia Fawcett

To begin with, in the early nineteen hundreds, the journey itself from New York City to Nantucket Island was an adventure. You took the Fall River Boat, S. S. Puritan or Priscilla, of the New Bedford Line if it were after June 15th. In either case you took a boat, going to a pier in lower New York, the same kind of pier from which you would be embarking on a trans-Atlantic voyage; same warehouse smells, same bustle of importance that always accompanies the departure of a steamer, large or small.

"All ashore that's going ashore!" and then the gangplank was raised, releasing your over-night home, giving it that separate entity feeling you attained, even to a greater degree on that far off Island, for which you were headed.

Leaving the skyscrapers of Manhattan, then only of circumspect height, floating like a mirage in the glow and shimmer of a setting sun, the steamer's prow slid through the channelled intricacies of Long Island Sound, while an exuberant band played determinedly in the stern. You, meanwhile, descended to the dining saloon where the friendly greetings of the Negro waiters, all of whom, it seemed, were tall or large and of a beneficent nature; and where family groups of various sizes were seated at round tables with immaculate white cloths.

Some of these fellow travelers you recognized as friends whose destination was the same as yours. On faces were beams of delight at the anticipation of the long holiday to come, and at the immediate prospect of a menu that encouraged the consumption of a ten course dinner, by not having any alternative.

Excitement subsided slightly as the continual throb of engines of the commodious steamer lulled city-weary nerves, and cool air rushed into state-rooms where, as you went to sleep, you sent up a prayer that you wouldn't be seasick going "around Point Judith". All winter long, in your dreams of returning, this point of land on Rhode Island's shore, loomed large as a hazard because unavoidable cross-currents would almost certainly buffet the steamer, rocking and pitching it long enough to upset even the least squeamish. And invariably, on arrival, your solicitous friends would inquire "how was it going 'round Point Judith?"

Early next morning, after debarking at Fall River, you took a train. Your object was to reach New Bedford, a matter, today, of a half hour's ride in a car. But then, a sojourn of at least two hours, and not on one train, but two. You changed at Myricks. What a mystic aura still clings about that strange sounding word! When you and the few others headed for New Bedford, were unceremoniously left by yourselves on a platform, with the only building in sight a locked baggage shed, in the cool dawn of a clear spring day, you felt abandoned, but delightfully so.

Fields all about were in early green, and when out of the hush came the ringing notes of a meadow lark, startlingly clear, you might have been a pioneer left alone on uncharted shores, hearing a first note of welcome, so far away from the present-day world did it seem.

Excitement stirred in the sleepy recesses of your mind at this first sign that city streets and icy winds were left behind, and country roads and mellow days not far off. And, when the dock at New Bedford was finally attained and you had breathed the penetrating pungency of salt sea air, if you didn't feel in heaven yet, certainly you were half way there.

Final step in the involved journey was to board the boat for the Island. Probably the *Uncatena*, a paddle-wheel vessel, more like a large mother duck, brooding over its charges as it waddled through the ruffled waters. Thump, swish, thump went the wheel, and the smell of constantly damp canvas and paint mixed with that of the open sea, coming closer with each turn of the wheel, all but converted you to a permanent nautical life.

The enthusiasm at sighting Cross-Rip Lightship was topped by breathless suspense at watching a few daring souls, who, standing at the stern as the boat swung past the lightship, wildly tossed well-tied newspapers and magazines over the side, vaguely hoping they might land on the deck of the other ship. Most of them, merely reaching the water, would be fished out by the crew of the lightship with nets on the end of long poles. Aside from their monthly supply boat, these well-soaked periodicals were their only contact with the outside world.

Now, the steady thump of the revolving wheel and the cry of gulls were the only diversion as the bow cut into open ocean. Was that flat strip of sand and bayberry bushes still there? And, if so, would we find it? Then at last, with nearly as much wonderment as Columbus' first sight of land, our particular Island came into view. First the water-tower, and then Great Point Light, or other way about, depending on fog-banks, as happens today.

Sea and land-marks have not changed, but the greeting at the wharf has. No more do bell-boys, at the gangplank, sing out in rotating calls: "Point Breeze Hotel!"; "Sea Cliff Inn!"; "Ocean House!"; etc., as they stood ready to claim expectant guests, adding greatly to the delightful commotion of the steamer's arrival.

The journey had not yet reached its culmination, however, for the deluded few who were making the circuitous way to the village of Siasconset. (To a Nantucketer, who but the "deluded" would continue on to Siasconset when already in the Town of Nantucket?) There was Jamie Coffin, waiting in his surrey to drive you across the Island, and Frank Holdgate, with a wagon, for the luggage. This meant you were almost home, for these were your 'Sconset friends.

Sometimes you took the train, if it were running, but it was pleasanter to have the surrey waiting on the dock, and to drive through the

outskirts of the Town, scarcely noticing it (to a 'Sconseter, Nantucket rated no more than a backward glance). You drove past the cross-eyed house at the fork of the road, and then headed due east. The dirt road was flanked by the same pines and huckleberry and beach plum bushes as today, but then you were ambling at a sedate pace, and every bush and wild rose and daisy was noted, as you counted off the large white milestones, while the surrey swayed with a sea-going roll.

You finally reached Bean Hill, and there in the distance was the village of Siasconset, with its low cottages strung along the bluff, like beads on a string. Beyond the village was the sea, and beyond the sea, 3,000 miles of it they told you, was Spain.

Here was land's end indeed! Where you were to be free; free to go and come as you pleased, where the air was so sweet-smelling poems were written about it, and where the buttoned-up winter community unfolded each summer to let you in. Here it was, at long last. The horse knew it, too, as he ran down the one hill, gathering speed for the last sprint up the next rise, before reaching the cluster of cottages. And then, you were home!

The house, to be sure, seemed smaller each year, you have grown taller; but that smell of sea-dampness, in a house closed for the long winter months, and that feeling of renewed acquaintanceship with your own possessions was exactly the same. The neighborly Mrs. Holdgate would have a fire going in the coal stove, and a fish dinner on the top of it, and if you were the child of a theatrical family, as some of us were, and had only a boarding school or boarding house for your winter living, this was home with a capital H.

After dinner, investigation of every corner of the old house began. These walls, that spelled out a home, had had a hundred years of sporadic living in them, and had definitely housed happiness, which you felt, without knowing why. You rambled through rooms, some with such low ceilings you might be on a ship; you mounted stairs so steep they must have been patterned from a ship's companion-way; all connected by passage ways so rambling a stranger would need a map to find the way about.

A sense of mystery hung over one remote room, where a secret staircase led to an upper bedroom. The story was that it had been built behind the fireplace for the purpose of escape from Indians. This unlikely tale was not taken very seriously, since Indians, or any other form of danger, seemed too detached from the placid village of Siasconset to be formidable.

Outside, back of the house, was a windmill, our pride and joy as it gave us running water when there was no public water system, and privys were prevalent. If you were sent out "to turn on the mill" you pushed up a stick, loosening an attached wire connected with a large fan-like wheel 30 feet above, which at once revolved into the wind, with a clump and whirring sound, spelling

out a comfortable and reassuring rhythm. Sometimes, though rarely, there would be no wind, and the prospect of an empty tank would be ominous. And, there had been occasions, in a nor'easter, when the wind blew so hard you didn't dare to let the huge fan loose. Once, when it did slip its moorings in a storm, before anything could be done it had snapped off and lay useless on the lawn, while the disconsolate household stared down at it, with no water, and workmen scarce.

But, on that first day of the new season, with memory of disaster dim, and before more duties caught up with you, you were off to roam stockingless—a great concession in those days. To amble through the cozy village, greeting old friends over fences, then along rutted roads, crushing bay leaves and sweet fern in your hand, as your grandmother had taught you to better smell their sweetness; sitting on your favorite stile, nibbling ends of grasses, coming onto rings of scrubby growth, almost symmetrical, "fairy rings" you called them. Eventually you reached the beach, sinking well into the comfortable sand and taking long looks at the sea, wanting to be in it, not gazing at it, but that would come later, when the warming influence of the Gulf Stream overcame the icy currents from the north.

First flush of renewal over, there must have been chores at home. Certainly for the older folk there was much hanging of curtains, putting down of rugs, unwrapping this knick-knack, and unfolding that drapery and washing and polishing everything in sight. But, that all melted into the fun of being alive in the place you loved most, when the summer routine got under way.

"Uncle Sam", one of our favorite villagers, would arrive at an early hour in the morning, and in stentorian tones call out: "You up yet, Percy?" My mother, with golden hair and sleepy eyes, would appear in the kitchen and greet the handsome white-haired, white-mustached man, who could well have been a counterpart of the original picture of "Uncle Sam", not only in looks but in the forthrightness and integrity he stood for.

Sam Pitman brought the milk, and had in his wagon any of the season's vegetables grown on his farm, just up the road. On this farm he also had a flock of leghorn chickens, as white as his mustache, so white in the sunlight they looked scrubbed daily. And he approved my mother, in spite of her habit of sleeping late, well ingrained from her years of acting.

Next to appear might be Billy Bowen, who would sit in our kitchen having large cups of coffee, while reminiscing of his whaling days at sea. Some of his tales, whether "tall" or not, no one could verify, had to do with the Fiji Island maidens, and little girls were discouraged from listening when he came to this point. But the picture is still vivid of him, with a glint in his eye, gleefully launching forth on the Fiji tale. A short, compact little man with gray side-whiskers, he wore a small flat straw hat most of the time, lived alone in

a small house down the lane, and told one of the neighbors that all he had in it was "a cot and a pot!"

The summer well launched, with these and many other renewed friendships piling up more and more memories for the future, the days drifted by as casually as the fog banks that came and went, with many a blue-and-gold day for contrast. The days were warmer now, and you were learning to swim; held firmly by the back of your bathing suit, in the rough breakers, by the long strong arm of the tall handsome Jamie Coffin, with eyes as blue as the sea. It was those same strong arms who held my grandmother, when she lay dying, with none of her family near enough to reach her, and I, too young to be of any help, had been sent across the road to stay with a kind neighbor. And when I had noticed the shades had been drawn in our front windows I was told what had happened, and have never liked drawn shades since.

That was a summer when the days did not speed by. But the warm moor wind and soft spoken surf slowly spread their healing comfort.

On Sunday walks to Sankaty Light, by the path made famous by Bliss Carmen's poem "The Path to Sankaty", you strolled along the North Bluff, past cottage after cottage, with friendly nods from porch or rocker. While off to the right, more and more green-blue sea, as the imperceptible ascent mounted. Until, after winding through open moorland for almost a mile, you reached the peak, and the red and white tower, with its incandescent light apparatus dominating the scene. This beam, at present even

stronger, penetrates fog and mist, and circles the village with a shaft of light as it revolves. The summers, when the days did hurry by, and there was no hanging onto them, you found that just about as you had every one greeted, leave-taking time had started, and the goodbyes had begun. The disconsolate feeling that all these close ties of home and friends were once more to be broken gradually seeped into everyday doings, until, like a pall hanging over the household, the realization that the time to prepare to get ready to leave yourself had come!

The breaking up of the house began. Not literally, with hammer and tongs, but somehow it managed to achieve that look. All the Victorian knick-knacks were put away again. All pictures were covered with newspapers, and great wads of newspaper stuck behind each picture left hanging to avoid dampness from plastered walls. All books were wrapped in newspaper, rugs rolled with moth balls and put on shelves. Pillows perched on backs of chairs or bed posts, to prevent rats from nesting. And, last of all, the curtains taken down.

By this time it looked as if a plague had hit the house and it was being readied for fumigating. Some did fumigate, I believe, to discourage rats and mice. Rats, mice, and dampness were the great enemies that might take over your treasured haven for the eight months you were gone. No airplaning back and forth then, to see how things were getting along. And boat and train trip in winter was even more complicated than in summer. So, when you were gone you might as well have been as far off as Asia.

Finally the day of departure loomed before you. Farewells had been said. Whoever helped with the cleaning had departed, having been given all leftovers, "menevolans" they called all odds and ends of sugar, flour, cat-sup, etc., too good to be thrown away. Jamie Coffin had come with a load of seaweed, called kelp, to put around the hydrangeas, to keep them warm and encourage blueness of blossom with the iodine it contained. Frank Holdgate had put up the storm doors, which gave a boxed feeling to the house that was almost coffin-like, and you sat at the front window for the last time watching Mr. Holdgate light the kerosene street-lamp on the corner, reminding you always of Stevenson's "Lamp-lighter".

It hardly seemed worthwhile going to bed because you must get up in the middle of the night to be ready for the carriage at five-thirty, which allowed an hour and a half to drive the eight miles to Town for the seven o'clock boat.

In the darkness the surrey came to the gate with its carriage lamps lit. One last glance over the house; checking windows, doors, you went through the ghoulish-looking rooms, the furniture covered with old sheets, and all windows shuttered, and your elders vowing every year, they would never go to all this trouble another fall. But they always did!

Enough fire had been left in the coal stove to make toast and a cup of coffee for the grown-folks, and warm milk for you, but, no crumbs could be left anywhere, not a dish unwashed. This was the rule. Why no one was delegated to go in and do all this after you left, as happens now, has never been divulged. But it was certainly the custom then, to leave everything as if you might never return, and that was the feeling that came over you, as sleepily and morosely you departed in the swaying surrey.

Half way across the moors, over the horizon ahead, the dawn would begin to break; a cold one, greenish yellow in color, no pink blow of warmth, just an endless void of slow light, as it might appear at the ending of the universe, which too easily brought this dismal prospect to mind. For your particular happy world was ending, at least for the time being, and the empty feeling inside you was all but overwhelming.

Supposedly, you revived before the long five or six hour boat trip to New Bedford was over, and, by the time you had reached hurly-burly city streets there had been a normal adjustment to the confusion. But from that moment on, in back of your mind was the inevitable prospect of another summer yet to come. And so—hail and farewell to Siasconset 1905!

'Sconset Heyday

By Margaret Georgia Fawcett

My father's first arrival on Nantucket Island was far from auspicious. He had taken the long trip from New York City by boat and train, and somehow managing to miss connections at New Bedford, had to wait over for the afternoon boat, which landed him at the wharf in Nantucket in the early evening. It had rained all day, and was still doing so.

He was aiming for Siasconset, where his family was already ensconced, and he had been told that you engaged a conveyance at the wharf for the eight-mile trip across the island. Going to a surrey standing nearby, he lifted the wet flap of the shiny black carriage curtains, and a long thin face, with a gray beard, peered out at him.

On inquiring how much the driver would charge to take him to Siasconset, my father was slightly taken aback when the reply was "five dollars"; for he had paid no more for his ticket from New York to the Island. However, there being no alternative, as the train for 'Sconset had not started running for the season he climbed into the vehicle, the flap was buttoned down, and they started off. For over an hour he lurched and joggled along in the dark, with no exact idea where he was going, enclosed in dank gloom with a laconic Islander, who showed no eagerness to exchange pleasantries with a stranger.

Eventually deposited at the door of the rented cottage, he was greeted exuberantly by his family, which consisted of wife, very small daughter, and mother-in-law, who, in spite of the vagaries of a coal-stove had a hot meal waiting for him, but, even so, by the time he retired there were reservations in his mind as to the feasibility of wasting a whole summer in such a remote spot, where winds whistled through unplastered walls and a clammy chillness crept into bed sheets.

By next morning, although the rain had gone, a gray cotton-wool-like fog was wrapped around everything. Not even the ocean was visible, although the dull thud of a muffled surf on the beach, below the cottage, could be heard. All that could be seen, as my father peered out the window, was an abandoned gray row-boat, several gray shingled cottages, not abandoned but certainly not yet occupied, and strewn about the surrounding grounds, the huge gray vertebrae and ribs of the leviathan of the deep.

These weathered relics of the whaling era, when the Island was prosperous and independent of summer visitors, were considered decorative as garden ornaments, but on this gloomy morning could only have added grimness to the aspect. Also the fog had increased the dampness, which by then, had penetrated to the marrow of the bones.

In consequence my father, with an authoritative finality, told my mother he had decided they would leave the baby with her grandmother, and take a boat for Europe where they would spend the summer. Nothing loathe to please her spouse, my mother sounded out her mother on this proposition at the dinner table, whereupon my grandmother replied, in nothing-if-not firm tones, "You will not go off and stay

away for the summer, with a child to look after, and several invited guests coming!" And that was that; since my father was devoted enough to his mother-in-law to have invited her on the honeymoon, and since he now had to admit her argument was justified, he accepted her decision.

And then, low and behold, the very next morning, the sun was out! Only a 'Sconseter knows what luminous magic is created by sunshine on the Siasconset shore. Air washed clean by miles of open ocean on three sides seems so translucent as to be "heady", and "Air-like-wine" is the favorite expression. In fact, for the rest of my mother's life, wherever she might be, in France, Italy, or California, on any exceptionally bright day, a nostalgic look would come into her eyes, and, glancing heavenward, she would exclaim, "a typical 'Sconset day!"

Good weather having weaned my father from his mournful mood, the witchery of the place started its work. For one thing, the sensation of living on ship board was ever present, with the encircling ocean continually making its nearness heard, and with ties to the "Continent" all but severed, due to erratic transportation and slow communication. Just as, on a long sea voyage, you are able to detach yourself from pressing problems, so, in Siasconset in the early 1900's, you were cut-off enough to feel disassociated from reality.

This was conducive to a special brand of casual comradeship. Ambling along narrow dirt paths, you stopped to visit with friends, leaning over picket fences, or sitting on porches, passing the time of day.

Ladies and little girls wore cotton dresses and frilly sunbonnets, or mid-die-blouses and skirts. The only variety to this latter outfit being a black or red silk square, tied around the collar in such a way as to hang down the front in a bag-like effect, making no sense at all. Men were comfortable in unpressed trousers, unstarched shirts, with bandanna handkerchiefs about their necks, in contrast to the stiff collared fashion of the day.

As most gatherings were impromptu there was little or no occasion to dress up; a welcome relief to player-folk who spent all the winter months in and out of costumes and being "on-show". And, as this was before the day of tourists, there was no need of being on show here, especially since the villagers and other summer residents, having decided these stage people were a harmless but incomprehensible breed, had settled down to accepting them as such.

So, with pleasant tolerance on all sides, you drifted along in the summer sun and foggy haze. If you wanted some meat for the mid-day dinner you strolled down to the end of Broadway to the market, where Mr. Burgess, a kindly man and a butcher of integrity, sold meat that came up to the best standards of any in the country, according to his much-traveled customers. And where, as you entered, on the left, sitting on a high stool, in the whitest of starched dresses sat Miss Maria Folger, with the pleasantest smile and the pinkest cheeks possible. "Miss Maria" was the cashier and her forthright greeting and her clean-cut charm still cling to anyone's memories of early 'Sconset days.

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Of, if you were a little girl, with a penny to spend, you went across the street to where "Miss Cora" with her ever-pervading cheerfulness and patience would let you take a half hour to make a choice for your large purchase of penny candy, while pressing your nose against the glass case and asking innumerable questions. This first venture of Miss Cora Stevens in

shopkeeping has led to a long career as one of Nantucket's foremost merchants, and she greets her customers today with the same bright cordiality as she did then.

If it weren't candy or notions you wanted, but a piece of fish, you would around the path to the bluff road and then down the steep incline to Codfish Park. Well named; for there, spread out on racks, or on the roofs of shacks, were the codfish drying in the sun. Mr. Cash and Mr. Thomas, the reliable and affable fishermen of the village, had their sheds nearby where you could buy their latest catch, cod, flounder, small succulent sanddabs, or butterfish and blues, in season. Or, you might be lucky and arrive at the time when they were bringing in their catch, and you could buy it from the boat on the beach.

Any day, off the 'Sconset shore, facing Spain, when the fog was not too thick, you could see a line of four or five dories, riding the waves, about a mile out in the open ocean, where the men of the village were anchored on the rip, fishing (or with their nets overboard for fish). If it were bluefish they were getting, they stood in the bow, twirling a large dail on a long line about their heads, and flinging it far off into the ruffled water, as the tide was changing.

And after they had rowed back to shore, it was exciting to watch them bring there heavy dories in through the pounding surf and land them on the beach. It was always a tussle to land without capsizing through this line of breakers, where they had little or no foothold, due to the abrupt shelving off of the beach into deep water.

They would run the prow into the high curve of the breaker, then jump ashore, in their rubber hip-boots, getting what foothold they could before the backwash sucked them down, and with a mighty heave, propelled by the roller, they shoved the boat up the sands. It was a matter of timing, and, if the wave was not big enough to get the boat any distance, back they had to come and do it all over again, until one of the three large waves came along that could send them far up the sands.

It wasn't the custom for any of the summer folk to take part in this hazardous mode of fishing. They just watched, and, for a quarter or fifty cents bought their fish, trudging home with it, flapping at their ankles.

All this naturalness caught my father up in its spell, and began to enchant him. Then came the chance to play golf. Three summer residents, not of the theatrical colony, Mr. Jonathan Grout, Mr. Thomas Galvin, Sr., and Mr. Murray Mitchell, had decided to start a golf club and had picked out the sight of Bloomingdale Farm, high up, off the main road, with a spectacular view of the moors and sea beyond, and rolling fields in all directions.

Meanwhile, my family, by this time having made up their minds to purchase a summer home in Siasconset, had been considering this piece of property. But when my father was asked to reconsider, and to look for another house, he was glad to cooperate to further the cause of golf. And in due time the 'Sconset Golf Club was established, and became the center of much summer activity. And my mother spent the rest of her summers as golf widow.

Although not the first of the stage people to come to Siasconset, we were one of the first of the theatrical families to have a summer home there, and my mother's and father's enthusiasm became contagious. Around the Lambs Club, in the midst of New York's bright lights, my father would expatiate to his Broadway companions, on the charms of a remote village on a small island that contrasted so completely with the busy street where this famous club for actors stood. By summer time, those members who were fed up with hard hot pavements, found their way to this privileged haven.

And my mother's glowing accounts of the island's tranquility and beauty permeated Albaugh's Theatre in Baltimore, where she and my father headed a stock company. Also, other Baltimoreans caught the contagion, and before long, not only the Gillmore family, and Regan Hughston, from the stock company, but the Penroses and others were making the long trip by trains and boats, carrying special cases of Walker-Gordon milk for their babies. One of those babies was Margalo Gillmore, the well-known New York actress of the present day, and she and her family spent their summers in their home on the North Bluff for all of her girlhood years.

Among other noted theatre folk of that day, who had long vacations to spend in Siasconset when hot city theatres had to be closed, were Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, DeWolf Hopper, along with his mother, and later with his wife, today's columnist, Hedda Hopper; also Isabel Irving, with her husband W. H. Thompson, and many others.

"Grandma Gilbert", as she was known, was the expert character comedienne of the Augustin Daly Company, who was so beloved in this country and England. She spent her summers with us, as did Mrs. Hopper. These two elderly ladies, with my grandmother, made a triumvirate that ruled the household. And, as "Grandma" Gilbert brought her own special English breakfast tea, and Mrs. Hopper her own imported China tea, and the rest were satisfied with the local variety, there were always three tea pots on the dinner table. Also, to my mother's dismay, Grandma Gilbert, even when in her eighties, never allowed anyone to wait on her. Always immaculately dressed in black, with a lace cap on her head, her thin frame erect, she would mount our particularly steep stairs, to what is still called "Grandma Gilbert's room", with an elasticity of step that exemplified her British independence, to the very last summer before she died.

And, on our porch, of a summer evening, my father's devoted friend DeWolf Hopper, he of the "Casey-at the Bat" fame, with long mask-like face and comically deep voice would roll out convulsive anecdotes which enchanted his hearers, as he was not only one of the cleverest comedians on the stage, but a famous raconteur as well.

Also, dear to my family's heart was the friendship of the William Thompsons. Mrs. Thompson, the beautiful Isabel Irving, well known for her playing of leading roles with John Drew, had an elusive charm that clung even through her latter days. When well on in years, with gold still in her hair, and with a mocking gleam still in her gray-blue eyes, she sat in a green wing chair before our open fire, and using her shapely hands for emphasis, she brought to life her early days in the theatre, a long tour with James K. Hackett in "The Sign of the Cross" being one of the high lights.

In complete contrast to her was "Uncle Billy" Thompson, who, with a voice almost like a growl, endeared

himself to many and especially to his golf caddies, by his gruff affability and his generosity. And when he and my father played golf together, competing and arguing over their scores, it was as if a couple of large Newfoundland dogs were mauling and badgering each other.

Although the Thompsons first stayed on the main road at Mrs. Oar's boarding house (a large neo-Greek house now turned sideways and made into a summer home for the Roy Larsens) it was the sea view of the North Bluff that cemented the final tie to the island for them. They forthwith decided to build there, and by the next summer a high clapboard house had been erected and named "The Captain's Cabin", so called because on top of the roof was a cupola room, outfitted like a ship's cabin, portholes, bright-work included, where "Uncle Billy", having never been to sea, could act out the role of a ship's captain with as much enjoyment as he did his part on Broadway of, for instance, one of the Elders in Maude Adams' production of "The Little Minister".

There were many other delightful and enchanting personalities of the stage who peopled the village of Siasconset in those days: Joseph Jefferson's three sons, Frank Jefferson and brother Willie, and Joe, Jr., with wife and two children; blond wavy-haired Harry Woodruff, a popular matinee idol, who having spent a year in Hawaii transplanted the idea of an exotic Pacific island dwelling to this island in the Atlantic. This house, now owned by the Huttons, stands in a field off Morey Lane. And Bob Hilliard, the imposingly handsome New York star, whose sartorial perfection, when seen along the dusty by-ways of 'Sconset, was a revelation!

Other ladies of the stage who came in the early days were Lotta Linthicum and Annette Comstock and Agnes Everett, the latter a much beloved home owner of the village today. And later came Anna Wheaton, of musical comedy fame; and Dick Barthelmas, when a boy actor, before his movie career. Milton Sills, the popular movie star came also to revel in the contrast to Hollywood living. The lady who upholds the tradition of the Actors Colony today is Patricia Collinge; she of the lilting voice and illusive smile, who intrigues modern TV and film audiences, and who, with her husband, James Smith, has a summer home on the South Bluff.

Many of these former well-known personages were on hand to greet their even better known and beloved "Queen of the Stage", Lillian Russell, who, when she had retired and was married to Alexander Moore, made a visit to this out-of-the-way stronghold of her comrades of her theatrical days.

Many, too, were on hand when benefits were to be given for the prospective Casino, being planned in the early 1900's as a gathering place for the village social and sports events. They gave of their time and talents for these benefits, first held in the railroad station, below the bank, where the main road meets the seashore.

Later, when the Casino was completed, but not yet paid for, these benefits became the event of the summer season, and groups from Nantucket Town drove over the moors in three-seater surries to see these Professional Entertainments, or came in the special train run for the occasion. These performances consisted of one-act plays, musical numbers, solos and monologues, anything of the sort already in the repertory of these actresses and actors.

Bob Hilliard could be counted on for a vivid rendition of "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor", and DeWolf Hopper's recital of "Casey at the Bat" was always welcomed. One summer my father was prevailed upon to do a scene from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", although the gruesome transition from the good Dr. Jekyll to the horrible Mr. Hyde was scarcely light summer fare.

Later, these conglomerate performances were replaced by musical comedy reviews by the Webb Brothers, Kenneth and Roy, who wrote the lyrics and music especially for these occasions. One of their most popular songs, "My Siasconset Maid", was sung by my mother (whose stage

name was Percy Haswell) with popular Broadway actors in the chorus line. These musicals were elaborated and went on to delight audiences elsewhere, and the Webb boys went on to further fame in movies and radio.

Not to be out-done by our elders, and since most of us belonged to theatrical families, we children decided to put plays on as well. Our idea was to raise money for the Chapel Fund, or the New York Herald Fresh Air Fund, or some such worthy cause. And since we had no play to give, the job of writing one was given to me, and a member of the cast, Margalo Gillmore, has since then, accused me of insisting it be a Fairy play, so I could play the Queen!

Be that as it may, we took over the stage of the Casino, and when the opening night came, "Queen Nasturtium" (named for 'Sconset's most prolific bloom) reposed on a "mossy bank" of mealy-plum vine and bayberry bushes, receiving her court of other nine and ten year-olds, among whom were, Natalie Brush Gates, Katharine Stanley-Brown, Dorothy Caracciolo, Margalo and Ruth Gillmore, Jack Grout, Alden Buttrick, and others.

But, to the crowded audience of mothers and fathers and friends the most entertaining feature of the performance, was the unrehearsed competition of the players for the most number of bouquets being handed over the footlights, as was the custom in those days.

Ruth Gillmore, the youngest of the troupe, had to be bodily restrained from dashing onto the stage before her cue, so fearful was she the bouquets would give out before she made her entrance. And it was said the many seasoned veterans of the New York stage, viewing this earnest and unrestrained band of thespians, rocked with laughter.

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And so, the casual days of July became busier in August, and then came the weeks of farewells, and all the promises to re-unite or communicate during the winter months: for to be a 'Sconseter, in those days, was like belonging to a club, and you had to keep up your membership, on or off the Island. In those untroubled years of the early part of the nineteen hundreds life was as simple as that, and the memory of it now seems not quite real.

Feb. 16, 1957

Dedication and Thanksgiving Service at Siasconset.

On Wednesday evening, August 30th, the residents and summer visitors of Siasconset, young and old, assembled on the plot of ground which has been donated by Horatio G. Brooks, Esq., of Dunkirk, N. Y., for the purpose of building thereupon a Union Chapel, which shall be for the use of all denominations, and dedicated the land thus generously provided for that purpose. At the same time a service of thanksgiving was held in view of the rescue from watery graves of Miss Charlotte Garrison, (a teacher in Washington, D. C.) and Rev. George D. Johnson, who went to her assistance and nobly perilled his own life in his successful effort.

The hour for service was 8½ o'clock, and by the light of the moon, just past her full, and two reflectors placed upon the little organ, which had been brought from the schoolhouse, and a lantern held by a friendly hand, the unseated audience united in their first service upon the new consecrated ground.

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford announced the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," which was then sung by all, led by a choir composed of Mrs. Correy, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Brooks and others, Mrs. Ingalls presiding at the organ.

Prayer followed by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford—a prayer of dedication, and an expression of thanksgiving for the fulfilment thus far of the cherished hopes of many in regard to a place for worship at Siasconset, and also an utterance of gratitude that the occasion was one free from the sorrow which was narrowly escaped, and full of the gladness which the remembrance of the unbroken circles could but give. At the close of this prayer, the hymn "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" was sung. Mr. I. Ormond Wilson, superintendent of schools in Washington, D. C., then read the following:

"Miss Garrison desires to express publicly her gratitude for her rescue from death: first to God, then to the Rev. Dr. Johnson, who so nobly went to her rescue and brought her to land, and to the more than brave lady, his wife, who, entirely forgetful of herself, urged her husband forward in the face of death; then to the ladies who so ably and tenderly brought her back to consciousness and health; and particularly to Miss Tislington and Mrs. Burbank, without whose aid she would hardly have recovered; and finally, gratitude and acknowledgments go to the whole people of Siasconset, for their interest and many manifestations of regard and kindness."

Rev. Mrs. Hanaford then addressed the assembly. Referring to the matter for special thanksgiving which was in all hearts, she presented, in fitting language, a beautiful wreath formed of grasses and "life everlasting"—(emblems of the Gospel Mr. Johnson is called to preach, and which he nobly exemplified by his heroic act,) to Mrs. Johnson for her husband, expressing the admiration of all for the union of self-sacrifice, which made the wife urge her husband to a service he was so ready to perform, both knowing that in that angry sea his life also would be imperilled. (The wreath was made by Miss Ellen E. Miles of Jersey City, to whom the credit of this pleasing episode in the service belongs). Mrs. Johnson gracefully received it, and at the close of Mrs. Hanaford's address responded with an audible "Amen."

The speaker then went on to refer to the fact that all hearts were united in gratitude to those whose generosity had secured this piece of land for future use as the ground for a Union Chapel, and closed with the following lines, written by her for the occasion:

We dedicate to Him who is "Our Father"—
The Friend and Father of each human soul—
This plot of ground whereon tonight we gather,
With glad emotions we can scarce control.

Rev'rent we bow, with but one common feeling
Of deep thanksgiving that those lives are spared,
So lately to our sympathies appealing—
The one in peril,* and the one who dared.†

Wildly the waves upon our white sands breaking,
May send abroad their ceaseless, solemn tones,
But we, the echoes of the heart awaking,
Sound our *Te Deum* for the rescued ones.

And when, in days to come, Thy children gather,—
Of every name, in one dear Name made one,—
Within the temple here to stand, Our Father,
May praises rise in union as begun.

And Thou Great Helper then, as now and ever,
Give all the victory in each trying hour,
Till safe, where no dividing waves may sever,
They stand, death-freed, upon the heavenly shore.

Rev. George D. Johnson of New Brighton, S. I., then read the *Te Deum* and several appropriate collects to which the proper responses were made, and the interesting services closed with singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Johnson.

It will be seen that the first service on this ground was thus a union service, ministers of two denominations being present, and all hearts united in sentiments of thanksgiving and christian fellowship and good will.

*Miss Garrison who was swept off by the surf.
†Rev. G. D. Johnson who risked his own life to save a drowning stranger.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

NUPPIALS IN SIASCONSET.—For the first time in its history, Union Chapel, in the village of Siasconset, is likely to be the scene of a wedding ceremony, which will take place next Tuesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. Invited guests in town will be enabled to go by train, as Mr. Stansbury proposes to run an "extra," leaving depot at 6 P. M., on the evening in question, and it will give others an opportunity for an evening ride.

Oct. 3, 1885
Phebe Pitman and
Andrew Swain

CHAPEL IN 'SCONSET.—An effort is being made by parties in 'Sconset, which will doubtless prove successful, to secure a sufficient sum with which to build a chapel in that village. A committee has been appointed as follows, to investigate the matter: H. K. White, chairman; H. R. Tucker, secretary; Robert B. Pitman, treasurer; William Ballantyne, H. M. Cutcheon, W. J. Flagg, Levi S. Coffin. These gentlemen have already secured \$700 towards the project, and have selected a site on Sunset Heights, adjoining O. F. Hussey's property on the west, for the proposed building. Contributions sent the treasurer will be gratefully received. The chapel, it is thought, will cost about \$1100.

Oct. 13, 1882

Altar Dedicated to Memory of William J. Chittenden, Jr.

At an impressive service, held at 'Sconset's Union Chapel on Sunday morning, August 19, a new altar was dedicated "to the glory of God and in loving memory of William Jared Chittenden, Jr.," who died on July 25, 1950.

The sermon was titled "The Altar of God," and was delivered by the Rev. Melville B. Gurley, of St. John's Episcopal Church, Cynwyd, Pa. An offertorium, "Intermezzo" by Brahms, was played by Frederick Schauwecker, pianist, of Chicago, Ill. Miss Grace McCleary, of Belmont, Mass., the Chapel pianist, was the accompanist for the hymns.

Mr. Chittenden had spent sixty-nine summers in 'Sconset, and was well known for his dignity and kindliness by a wide circle of friends. For many years he was a nationally-known hotel executive in Detroit, Michigan.

Aug. 25, 1951

SIASCONSET UNION CHAPEL.—Pursuant to the application of the several subscribers to the Siasconset Union Chapel, a warrant in due form was issued by Allen Coffin, Esq., as a Justice of the Peace, warning the subscribers to assemble at the School House at Siasconset, on Wednesday, Aug. 23, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Justice was present and presided during the preliminary proceedings, H. Kirke White, Esq., being chosen temporary clerk.

After the by-laws had been adopted, a board of trustees was elected by ballot as follows: Sullivan M. Cutcheon, H. Kirke White, Oliver C. Folger, George F. Coffin, Robert P. Pitman, William Ballantyne and Horatio G. Brooks.

The board of trustees subsequently chose Sullivan M. Cutcheon, Esq., of Detroit, President; H. Kirke White, Esq., of Detroit, Clerk; Robert P. Pitman, of Siasconset, Treasurer; Oliver C. Folger, George F. Coffin and Robert Pitman were chosen the building committee.

It is understood that the most favored site for the chapel is near the proposed new cross street from the Main street to the more northern road, an advantageous offer of a desirable building lot having been made. When specifications have been made for the building a contract will be let to the lowest bidder.

Aug. 24, 1882

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

DEDICATION OF 'SCONSET'S CHAPEL.—On Thursday afternoon occurred the formal dedication of the little chapel which is the pride of every loyal 'Sconseter's heart. The building was well filled, and the town's-people showed that interest which they never relax, by being present. The services opened by the singing of "Doxology" by the congregation. A short prayer was then delivered by Rev. Mr. Wilson, and the congregation again joined in singing "Draw me Nearer." Then followed the reading of the Scriptures, by Miss Baker, of Nantucket. She read that beautiful prayer from the 4th chapter of Kings, in her full, rich voice, very effectively. Rev. Mr. Eastman delivered an earnest prayer, at the close of which the congregation joined him in repeating the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Cutcheon presented a statement of the promising state of the finances of the chapel. This gentleman, with Mr. White, of Detroit, and Mr. Ballantyne, of Washington, are the trustees of the chapel, and last summer were untiring in collecting funds for the erection of a church. Money enough was collected by subscription and entertainments to pay all but \$350, which Mr. Cutcheon suggested should be immediately cleared. This sudden proposition rather startled people at first, but in the collection which soon after followed, they contributed generously, \$155 being donated, besides a silver collection, the amount of which we have not learned.

All were glad to listen to Rev. J. A. Savage, who expressed in behalf of his congregation, the gratitude which he considered due from Nantucketers to those whom they often call strangers, but who, after the kind help they have given towards the chapel, should rather be called friends and brethren. His fine remarks were followed by a short address from Rev. Mr. Eastman, of South Framingham, who spoke as all 'Sconset people like to have off-islanders speak—of their quaint little village and prized chapel. Rev. P. A. Hanaford was then introduced, and as is her custom, had a good word to say for her fellow-citizens, stating the reasons why a chapel had never been built in 'Sconset before, lest strangers should think that Nantucket people were wanting in devotion. The services closed with a benediction by Rev. Levi Boyer.

One of the pleasantest features of the occasion was the responsive echo of Mrs. A. G. Tyng, of Peoria, Ill., to a call of the chairman for subscriptions, who, although her interests are more with the town proper, headed the list with the gift of \$25, while several of the 'Sconset visitors increased their already liberal donations.

July 28, 1883



UNION CHAPEL IN SIASCONSET

1952

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1887.

SIASCONSET UNION CHAPEL.—The first movement toward securing a place of worship for this ancient village was made in August, 1882. Application was then made for a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Massachusetts which was duly accomplished and the Board organized. They however proceeded to solicit contributions and an amount sufficient to justify getting a plan and making a contract was secured by the summer of 1883. The chapel was ready and opened for divine service, and it answered the purpose for a time. As the village grew it became too small, so that last year it failed to meet the requirements, and the trustees resolved to enlarge it to double its former size. They procured a plan and made a contract with William B. Gardner who has completed the work to the satisfaction of the Trustees, and the visitors have this year enjoyed an ample, pleasant, airy and convenient place in which to worship. The entire cost of the enlargement has been \$1303, which has all been paid except \$200, which will be left for next season's visitors to pay. The village and friends have done nobly this year. The pulpit has been ably filled by visiting clergymen who have given their services gratuitously.

OPENING OF 'Sconset's New Chapel.

The tasty chapel at 'Sconset was opened Tuesday evening, for its first public entertainment, and the villagers were in a state of quiet excitement over the event. To Mrs. Priscilla M. Almy belongs the credit of arranging the details of the affair, which was in every way a success, a snug sum being realized towards the purchase of a piano for the chapel, for which purpose it was given. The resident villagers contributed largely to the programme, and the audience was large, (filling the little edifice to its utmost) besides being warmly appreciative, and the parties who participated were heartily greeted. Among the audience were a number of our townspeople, attracted to the spot by the announcement of the entertainment, and not one we feel regretted his long ride, the excellence of the entertainment fully repaying them for their tedious journey.

Miss Lottie King opened the programme, playing finely a selection for the piano ("Tarantelle") with pleasing touch, eliciting hearty applause from her auditors. Miss Lottie Chase made a decided hit in her artistic rendering of a difficult violin solo, in which she exhibited marked ability in handling the bow. The audience evinced their appreciation of the young lady's performance by a storm of applause. Miss Annie Coffin gave a recitation "Baptism Defended," in which she displayed a really wonderful versatility of talent, both in enunciation and gesture. She has a clear, musical voice and pleasing presence, and in this recitation as well as those subsequently rendered, it was clearly evident that the young lady has been richly endowed by Nature, which endowment she has supplemented by a very generous culture. She was called out by a prolonged *encore*, responding with the selection "Lanty Leary." Mrs. T. L. King sang very sweetly "Take Me, Jamie, dear." Mrs. King has a voice full of rich melody, delightful to listen to, and the *encore* which followed was but a natural compliment to such a well-rendered selection. Mrs. King responded with the song "Supposing." A duet for the piano by Misses Hopper and Pinney was beautifully executed. Miss Annie Coffin recited "The Rescue from Christie Johnstone," in the stirring passages of which she was immense. She responded to an *encore* with the pretty selection "Master Johnnie's Next-Door Neighbor." "When the Flowing Tide Comes In" was the title of Miss Emma Cook's selection, which she rendered charmingly, her rich, sweet voice never being heard to better advantage. In response to an *encore* she sang "No, sir!" A duet, "Angels," by Miss Penfield and Mrs. Doubleday, was very beautifully sung and warmly *encored*. Miss Nellie Williams played an instrumental selection to the delight of all. Mrs. Doubleday followed with the solo "Some Day," which was sung with brilliant effect and easy grace, the lady being recalled, rendering "Pussy and the Owl." A quartette, (Misses Penfield and Freeman and Messrs. Strellinger and Cambell) sang very finely "Hush My Baby." A well-played duet by Misses Brock and Glenn followed, when Mrs. King again favored the company with a vocal selection "Waiting" responding to an *encore* with a happy little piece.

Miss Susie E. Brock, pianist, deserves special mention for the excellence with which she played the difficult accompaniments of the evening, many of which were new to her and undertaken without preparation. Her superior talent was recognized by all present.

The piano used was kindly loaned by Mrs. S. J. Clute, who was subsequently donated the beautiful floral mound which graced the platform. The affair may be characterized as a grand success.

Siasconset Chapel.

The services in the Union Chapel last Sunday were of unusual interest, Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., of Worcester, preaching to a large and appreciative audience. At the close of the sermon, E. A. Lawrence, in behalf of the trustees, referred to the fact that an appropriate memorial tablet had been placed in the building to the memory of one of the founders of the chapel, upon which was the following inscription: "In memory of William Ballantyne, entered into the life everlasting, July 7, 1906. Senior Trustee of the chapel from its incorporation 1882."

Mrs. S. T. Mather of New York has for many years maintained a circulating library in her home in the village, for the benefit of the chapel, and largely through her liberality and interest it has been possible to place the tablet here. Mr. Lawrence briefly reviewed the history of the movement, commencing with the meetings held in the school house previous to the year 1880, when services were held as often as possible, during which time the sum of \$40 was collected towards the erection of a chapel.

The school house proving too small, meetings were held for a time in the parlors of the Atlantic House. Mr. Ballantyne interested himself with others in securing additional funds, and they were much encouraged by the gift of a suitable lot upon which to erect a chapel, by Mr. Horace G. Brooks. The building was erected, and the first service held on Sunday morning, July 15, 1883, and the chapel was dedicated July 26th.

There is no church organization, the property being held by a board consisting of seven trustees. It was the desire of those who from the first were identified with the movement, that it should always remain a union church, not only in name but in reality. This plan has been followed with marked success, and so much so, that the chapel holds an unique place not only in the town but elsewhere. It is doubtful if another such instance exists in every particular.

Services are held during the months of July and August, beginning with a Roman Catholic service in the morning, followed by a union service in which all denominations unite. A Sunday school is held in the afternoon, and an evening service when it can be arranged.

Mr. Lawrence said he would be glad to refer in detail to Mr. Ballantyne as a successful business man, having established the largest business of its kind south of New York, and now carried on by his sons; also with reference to his connection with the Christian Commission during the war, associated with General Howard and William E. Dodge. He was also an elder in the Presbyterian church in Washington and for a number of years its treasurer. Special emphasis was laid upon his long and faithful services as senior trustee of the Union Chapel, to which he was greatly attached, and to him perhaps more than to any one else was due the success of the movement.

Mr. Lawrence closed his remarks by reference to his personal relations with Mr. Ballantyne, with whom he had been associated for many years as one of the trustees and superintendents of the Sunday school.

He said that he felt he had lost a personal friend and wise counselor, and expressed the hope that others might be found to take up the good work in the coming years.

A fitting event of the closing days of one of the gayest seasons, socially, that 'Sconset has ever known, was the wedding solemnized in the little Chapel, Tuesday evening, when Miss Lottie Gibbs Pitman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Pitman, residents of the village, was united in marriage with Walter Everett Douglass, of New Haven. It was an exceptionally beautiful affair, to which the island's moors and swamps contributed largely of their flora for decorative purposes, while the modest auditorium was filled with guests, including a delegation from Island Rebeccah Lodge, of Nantucket, and a large portion of the summer colony here.

The walk from the street to the church entrance was bordered on either side by a low hedge of goldenrod, and Chinese lanterns were strung across the front of the building. On entering, the spectacle was entrancing. The profusion of hibiscus (marshmallow) from adjacent swamps was a revelation to a large portion of the guests. It entered largely into the decorations. On the arm of every seat down the centre aisle a large bunch of the beautiful blooms and foliage was fastened, with large pots of the same, sweet peas, wild carrot and hydrangeas artistically arranged at the altar, the chandeliers being entwined with green. The effect was beautiful and many lingered after the ceremony for a closer inspection of the floral arrangements and to congratulate Mrs. S. M. Roberts and Miss Roberts, who superintended the decorations.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the groom, accompanied by his best man, Louis Coffin, entered from the vestry, the ushers, bridesmaids, and bride leaning upon the arm of the maid of honor, (Miss May Douglass, sister of the groom) passing down the main aisle to meet him, to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march. Rev. G. Herbert Patterson, of St. Paul's Church, Nantucket, officiated, and made the couple man and wife after the beautiful rites of the Episcopal church.

The bride was handsomely but simply attired in a gown of white organdie with lace, without veil, wearing only a white rose in her hair. Instead of a bouquet, she carried a white prayer book. The maid of honor wore white, and the bridesmaids were also in white. The latter were Miss Ethel Clapp, of New Bedford, Miss Belle Thomas, of Middleboro, Miss Hattie Folger, of Brockton, Miss Edith Hussey, Miss Lola Holdgate, of Nantucket, and Miss Maria Folger, of 'Sconset. The ushers and groomsmen were Louis Coffin, of Boston, William G. Remsen, of South Boston, Stuart Douglass, of Meriden, Chester Weeks, of Bourne, George W. Stevens, of Nantucket, Albert B. Pitman and Oscar Folger, of 'Sconset.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Douglass held an informal reception at the home of the bride's parents on School street, leaving later for Nantucket, where they took the morning boat Wednesday for a short wedding trip, before going to New Haven, where they will reside. They were recipients of many gifts from a wide circle of friends.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. God's Word at 'Sconset.

Messrs. Editors:—Sunday morning the villagers of Siasconset were all alive with the glad news that Rev. Howard A. Hanaford would preach to them, in the afternoon, at the Schoolhouse, at the usual hour of Sunday School service. His arrival was announced by the ringing of the bell. Soon were seen old, middle-aged and young turning their steps thither, eager for the "bread of life." With but three exceptions, every family in the place was represented, making in all forty. This was a large number, counting the present residents. The speaker read from the 32nd Psalm and the 15th chapter of Luke. His voice was loud, clear, and pleasant to hear. After the usual singing, he led his hearers to the mercy seat, leaving none out. As we felt the "cooling sprays of God's Love" fall upon our fainting hearts, we felt refreshed, and ready to enter into the feelings of the returning prodigal, which subject was soon presented to us from the 15th chapter of Luke, 18th verse.

One thing at the beginning is deserving of more than a passing thought, for out of this is the secret of the preacher's success. He brought before his few hearers the same discourse that he would have delivered to a larger congregation, thus showing that it was not a mere human production, not simply eloquence for the gifted hearers, but a message out from God's great store-house of infinite truth supplies for human need.

Beyond the preacher's eloquence, his natural ease, well-modulated voice, one could see in the mirror-like presentation of the truth, the Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." We felt as the speaker, that we were all prodigals; and although some were afar off, and some nearer home, yet, through our tears, we could, in returning, see our father running to meet us. In the closely woven net of thought by which he sought to draw his hearers in, there could be found no glittering tinsel of pride, but the "scarlet cord" of God's redeeming love, radiant with the glimpses of the celestial city, and we longed to be sheltered by it, and forever held in its protection.

We feel that thanks are due Rev. Mr. Hanaford for the effort made in coming to us, in addition to his other labors on this Sabbath. A feeling of gratitude seemed to fill all hearts for the privilege of listening to the Word, and of welcoming him, under such pleasant circumstances, to the home of his mother.

A HEARER.

Sept. 6, 1902

July 21, 1883

July 27, 1907

Fortieth Anniversary Service Of Union Chapel.

The little 'Sconset Chapel was the scene of a most interesting service last Sunday morning, its capacity being taxed to the limit, the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of the Chapel. The little church building was prettily decorated for the event, with a bank of green foliage beneath the words "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity," at the rear of the altar and the dates 1883 and 1923 standing forth in white, with a cross between, while flowers were in evidence everywhere.

Long before the hour of service the auditorium was filled, many persons driving out from town to attend. Rt. Rev. Frank Hale Touret, D. D., Bishop of Idaho, officiated, the service being as follows:

Hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers." Responsive reading.
Psalm, "Thou Art My Shepherd," followed by the "Gloria."
The Lesson.
Hymn, "Ancient of Days, Who Sitest Throned in Glory."
Anniversary Sermon.
Hymn, "O Master Let Me Walk With Thee."
The Apostles' Creed.
Prayer.
Offering.
Anthem.
Benediction.

Bishop Touret's address was a very interesting discourse. He took for his text a part of the 10th verse of the 62d Chapter of Isaiah, "Lift Up a standard for the people," and said in opening:

"This charge of the old prophet was heard in 'Sconset forty years ago. Hardly had off-islanders discovered the rare charm of the ocean side of Nantucket and begun to settle down for the summer in this quaint little fishermen's village when an earnest group of men and women said: 'We must not live here without religious worship. We must keep our ideals high. We must ever have lifted up a standard for the people. And that standard must be the standard of the Christian church.'"

In the public school-house on August 6, 1882, a meeting was called to take some steps toward securing contributions for erecting a chapel. The movement was started in 1875, when \$138 in cash was contributed, and the sum of \$66 was also secured as the proceeds of two entertainments. Seven years then elapsed before the movement to build a chapel was revived.

The first board of trustees were William Ballantyne, Sullivan M. Cutcheon, H. Kirke White, Horatio G. Brooks, Oliver C. Folger, George F. Coffin and Robert P. Pitman.

The first gift to the chapel was a lot, which was donated by Horatio G. Brooks. The building was erected by Charles H. Robinson, and at the anniversary service last Sunday among those attending from town was Horace L. Gibbs, who was foreman for Mr. Robinson at that time and had charge of the workmen. The church building cost \$1,680.00.

The first religious service was held in the Chapel on the 15th of July, 1883, the formal dedication being on the 26th of July, with clergymen from Nantucket, as well as ministers sojourning in the village, in attendance. Following the dedication the Chapel gradually acquired its furnishings and equipment, many gifts of necessary articles being received.

Each summer both Protestants and Catholics hold services in the Chapel, and for a number of years a Sunday School has been conducted there.

The sermon was listened to with close attention throughout. Bishop Touret had made a careful study of the history of the Chapel and wove it into the anniversary sermon, making an address that befitted the occasion in every way. It was a most interesting discourse.

Mrs. Henry L. Newman was in charge of the music, which was excellent and would have done credit to many a city church.

Aug. 25, 1923

The Union Chapel.

It is with sincere regret that the Board of Trustees of the Siasconset Union Chapel announces the resignation of Dr. Arthur Dumper, who has served as a faithful Trustee for many years and as the Board's able chairman for the past two years.

At the Board's recent meeting, Philip Glazier was chosen to act as chairman, and Henry L. Newman, Jr., elected to fill the vacancy caused by Dr. Dumper's resignation.

Mr. Newman's mother, the late beloved Mary Chittenden Newman, served as trustee, pianist and choir director for many years. The Chapel's bell is dedicated to her memory.

Members of the present board of trustees are: Miss Anne Wilson, Mrs. Joseph D. Potter, secretary; C. Warren Rogers, treasurer; Mrs. C. Raymond Hanlon, Mrs. Philip Morris, Philip A. Glazier, chairman, and Henry L. Newman, Jr.

The Board wishes on this occasion to thank all those who have helped in making this year's season so successful, especially the Clergy, Miss Grace McCreary who has had charge of the music, Miss Enid Wilmerding, and those who helped in being responsible for the flowers each Sunday. At the same time the Board wishes to express appreciation for the generous response to the appeal for donations to the Chapel Repairs Fund. Those who plan to contribute and have not yet done so may make their checks payable to Siasconset Union Chapel and send them to C. Warren Rogers, Treasurer.

Mrs. Joseph D. Potter, Sec'y.

Sept. 18, 1948

For the Inquirer and Mirror. SUNDAY IN 'SCONSET.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY,
AUGUST 9th, 1874.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—For the benefit of those of your readers who have visited "the bank," years heretofore, as well as those native to the "manor born," I have thought it best to write you as to how the residents and visitors spend their Sundays there, this season, and if to-day be a fair criterion, then there must be no cause of complaint but rather one of congratulation and satisfaction.

Of course, it is a well-known fact that we have to depend upon the pleasure of any clergyman sojourning here, for all our religious services. To-day, Rev. Charles A. Holbrook, of Brighton, Mass., officiated, and to the satisfaction of the entire congregation. Mr. Holbrook is a ready, practical speaker, and advanced his ideas, taking from that portion of the epistle appointed for the day,—"Concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant,"—with marked ability.

I must not omit to make mention of the really fine music we all so much enjoyed. The music as rendered this morning is what is known as a full choral service, and is under the direction of a Mr. D. Webster, of Providence, R. I.; and since it may possibly interest many of your musical patrons, I enclose you a copy of the order of music for this morning:

Voluntary.	Mendelssohn.
Anthem, "To God on High,"	Tallis.
Versicles.	Dr. Boyce.
Venite.	Dr. H. S. Cutler.
Psalter, (Trinity Psalter.)	Mendelssohn.
Te-Deum.	J. Robinson.
Jubilate.	Dr. Cutler.
Apostles' Creed, (music.)	"
Litany Hymn.	"
Responses to Litany.	"
Hymn 303, (Hymnal.)	F. Cruger.
Responses to Commandments.	Dr. Cutler.
Hymn 301, (Hymnal.)	Venna.
Offertory, "O, Lord my God,"	S. C. Malan.
Offertory Sentence, "We thank thee,	Dr. Cutler.
O, God."	P. Fussell.
Magnificat.	"
Nunc Dimittis.	"

The Sunday School has now secured a very fine Mason & Hamlin organ, and every Sunday evening is devoted to the service of song. This evening the Rev. James K. Mendenhall, of Pittsburg, Penn., made some very appropriate remarks suited to the time and occasion. And thus ends this Sunday—one of the pleasantest I have enjoyed for many a year. Yours, Respectfully,

S. A. K.

For the Inquirer and Mirror. Annual Report.

Mr. Editor:

The Annual Meeting of the board of trustees of Siasconset Union Chapel was held in the Chapel August 3rd. Present Messrs. Wilson, Coffin, Pitman and Ballantyne. Mr. Wilson was called to the chair. Mr. Ballantyne submitted the treasurer's report showing an income from Sabbath Collections of \$211.92; and from the Sabbath School \$11.05; Total \$222.97. This was expended as follows: For Pulpit supplies \$33.00; for care of Chapel \$21.47; for two stands for pulpit \$16; for in part payment of New Fence \$25; for insurance and incidental expenses \$31.11; Balance on hand \$101.39; Total \$222.97. There will be due for the new fence and for painting the Chapel when completed \$190, leaving a balance to be raised of \$88.61, which we feel confident will be secured before the close of the season.

The Chapel is now in most perfect order, the most conspicuous object in the village, and has been a source of great enjoyment to the summer visitors to this delightful resort. Regular services have been held during the season, which have been remarkably well attended, and also a Sunday School held every Sunday afternoon.

The trustees desire especially to acknowledge their obligations to Miss Davis and those who have so kindly aided her in leading the singing, and also to the clergymen who have with so much acceptance filled the pulpit. The truly Catholic character of this enterprise is best illustrated by the fact that in the last five Sabbaths, ministers of six different denominations have preached in the Chapel, and all cordially unite in the worship of the Living and True God.

Christmas at 'Sconset.

The annual Christmas exercises of the 'Sconset Sunday School were held in the school house, Saturday evening, December twenty-third at seven-thirty o'clock. The attendance though not large, was appreciative. The following programme was carried out by the children:

Song "Christmas Gladness," by the school; recitation, "A Story for Children," by Mildred Morris; "A Little Mite," by Elma Watts; duet "Merry Christmas Time," by Ethel Watts and Lillian Coffin; recitation, "Santa Claus' Post Office," by Ethel Watts; "Daisy," by Wilhemina Rogers; "Christmas Everywhere," by Francis and Margaret Coffin; song, "The Wonderful Child," by the school; recitations, "Santa Claus," by four boys and girls and "Guess," by seven small boys; solo, "His Peace He Brings," by Ethel Watts; recitations, "Poor Papa," by Ida Coffin, and "Christmas" by Freddie Pitman; song, "Who is Santa," by six girls; recitation, "Supposition," by Blanche Rogers; song, "Preparing for Santa," by Marion Coffin and chorus; recitation, "Christmas Tokens," by Marion Coffin; song, "Where is Santa?" by Lillian Coffin and chorus. At the conclusion of the exercises, Santa Claus distributed the gifts from the heavily-laden tree.

The village Sunday school is in a most flourishing condition at the present time, and through private subscription and the donation of \$15 from the trustees of Union Chapel, a small organ has been secured for the use of the school.

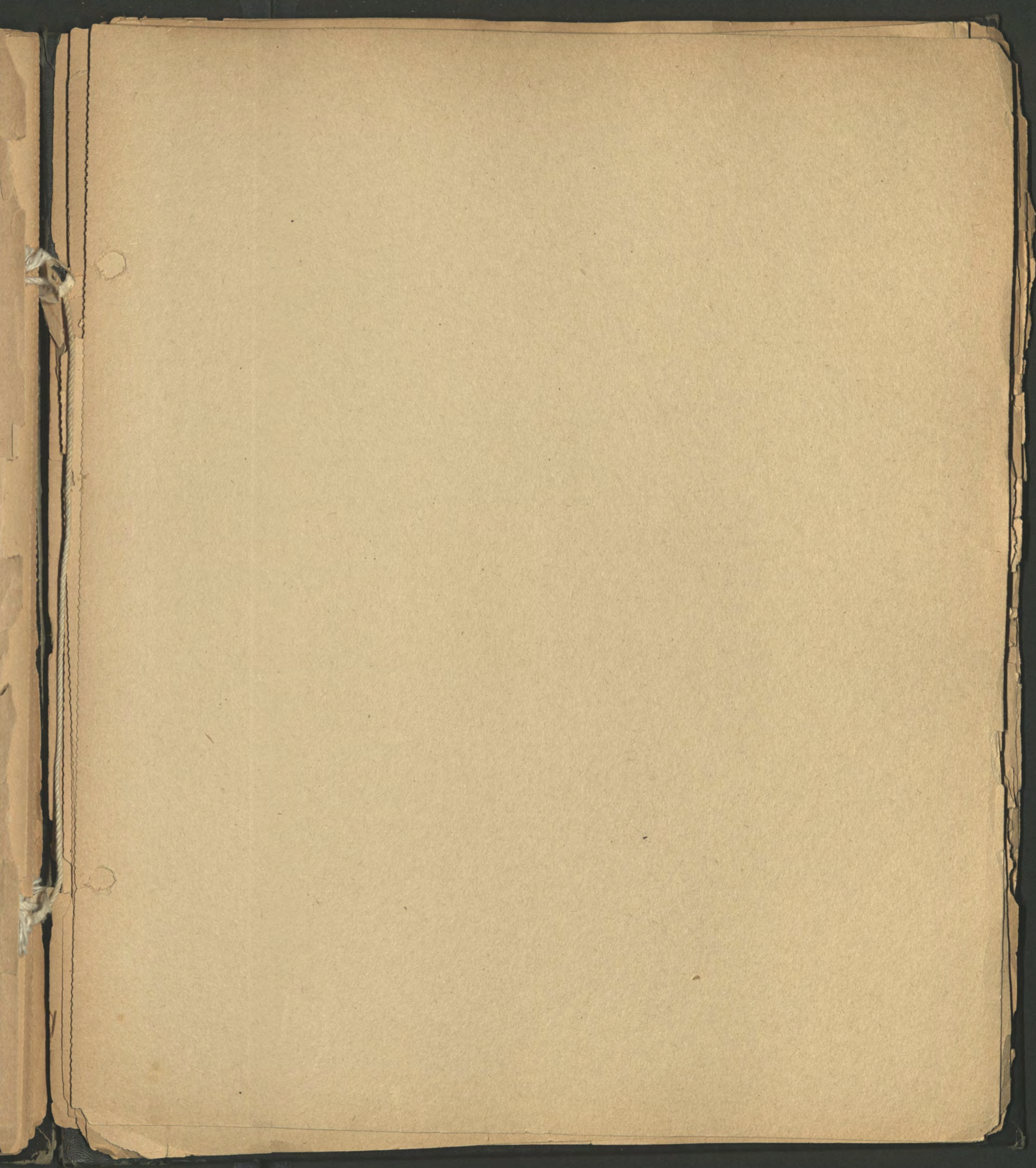
SIASCONSET.—Those at home and abroad, who are interested in the Siasconset Sunday School, will be glad to learn of its progress. Mrs. Samuel Pitman, one interested in the work, has been chosen superintendent. Assistants, when needed, are in reserve. Parents manifest great interest in the spiritual culture of their children. There is not only a desire, but a determination to carry on the school not for a few weeks only, but during the year as a fixed institution. Funds sufficient to keep the building warm are in the hands of the treasurer.

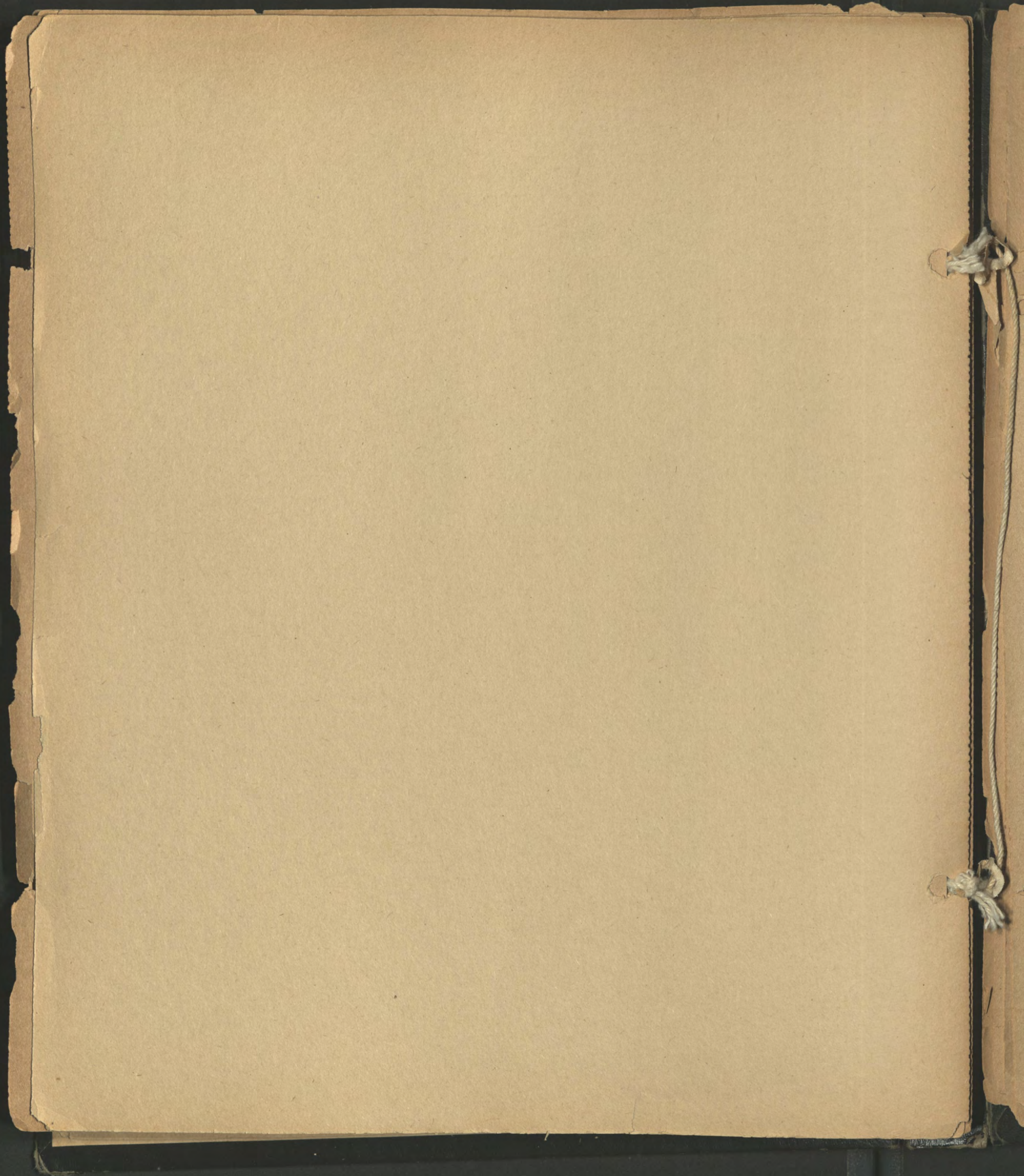
A Bible class has been formed here, and there is a growing interest in the study of God's Word. Music, vocal and instrumental, blend with the service for the hour.

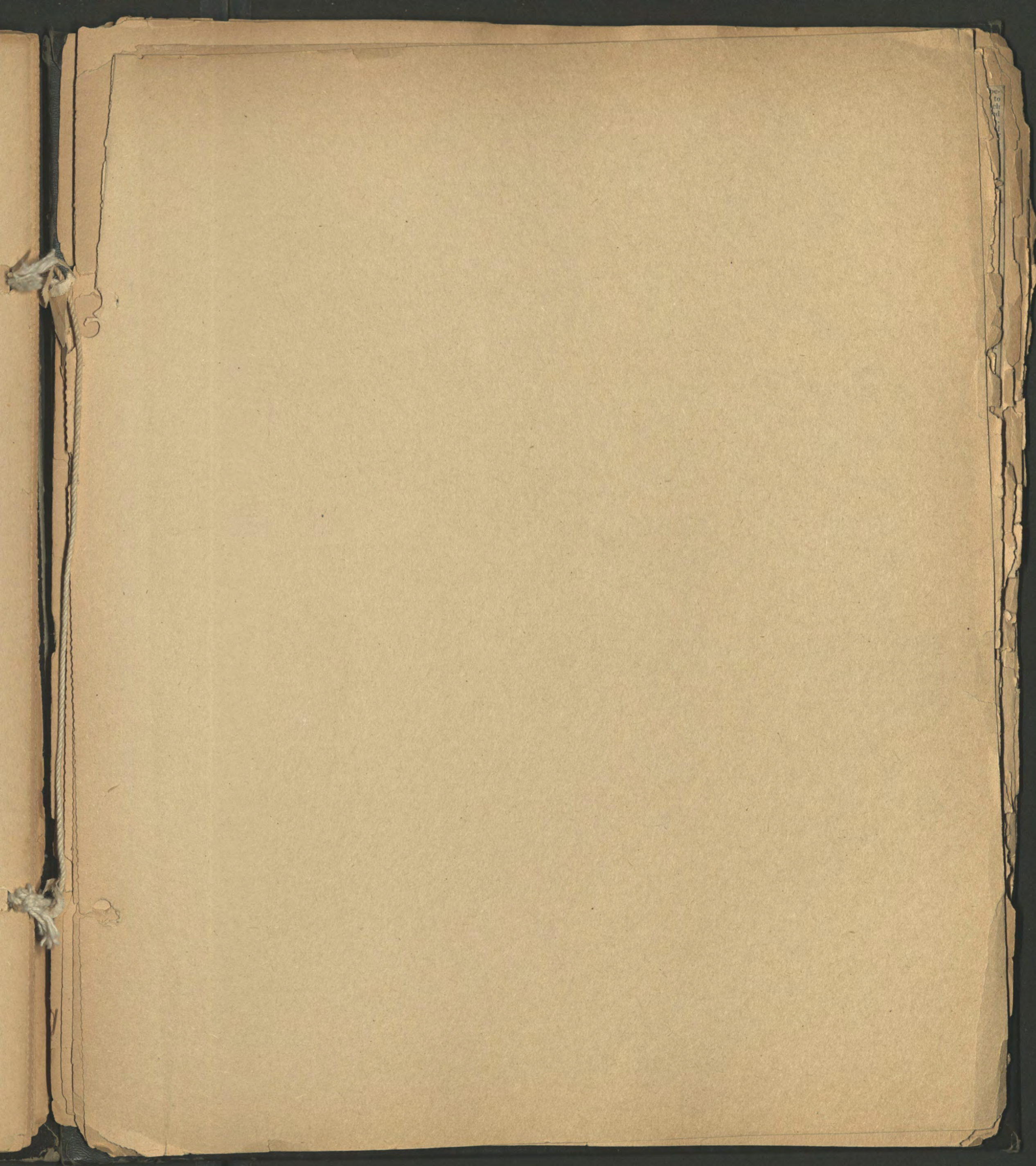
The lady who sent the Bibles for the school is tendered the thanks of all. Favors in any form, but more especially in book form, will be gratefully received.

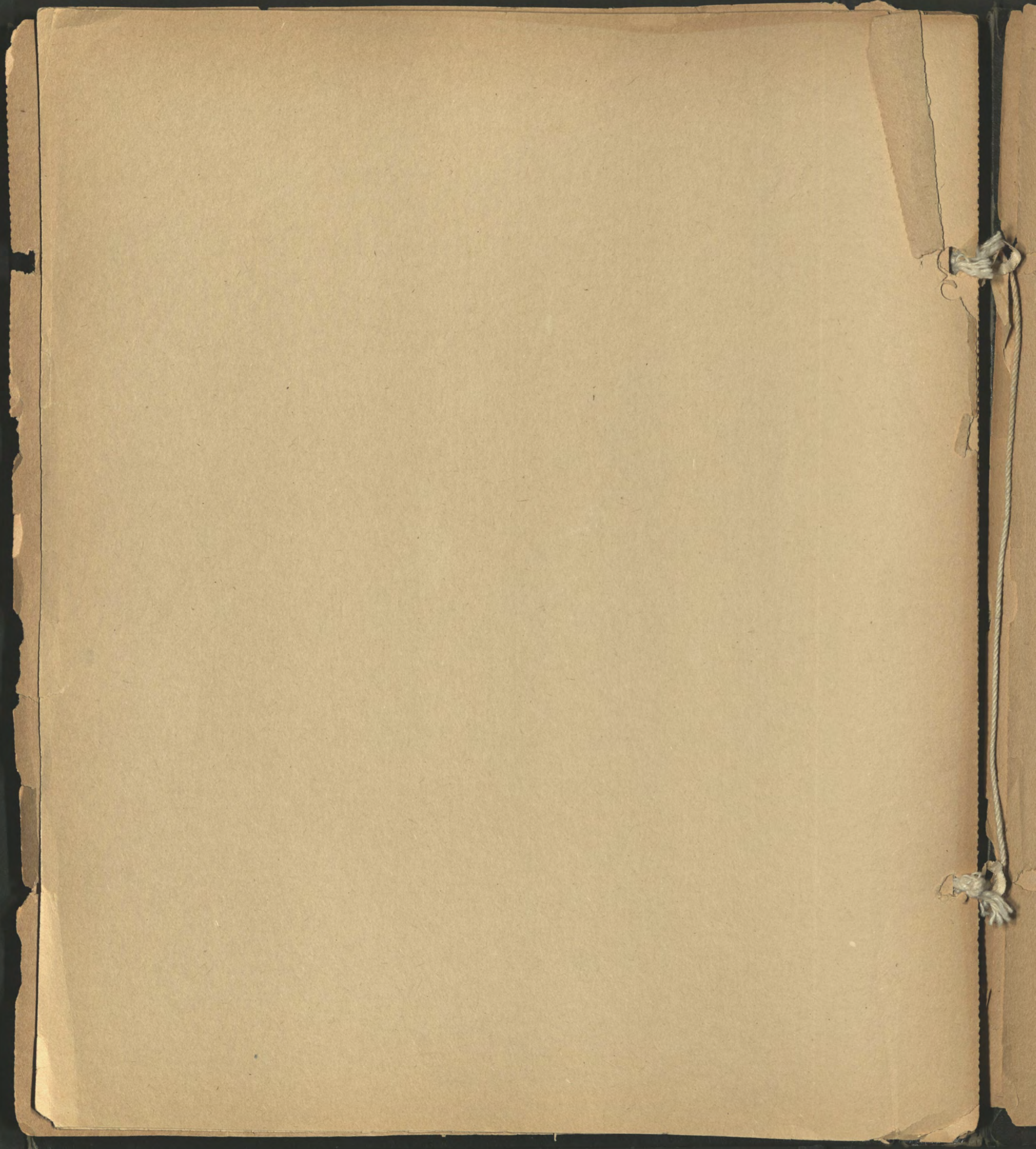
The older residents of this village say they cannot recall a time when the surf was so high here as on Monday and Tuesday last. Bass Rip presented a grand sight from the bank.

Dec. 8, 1878







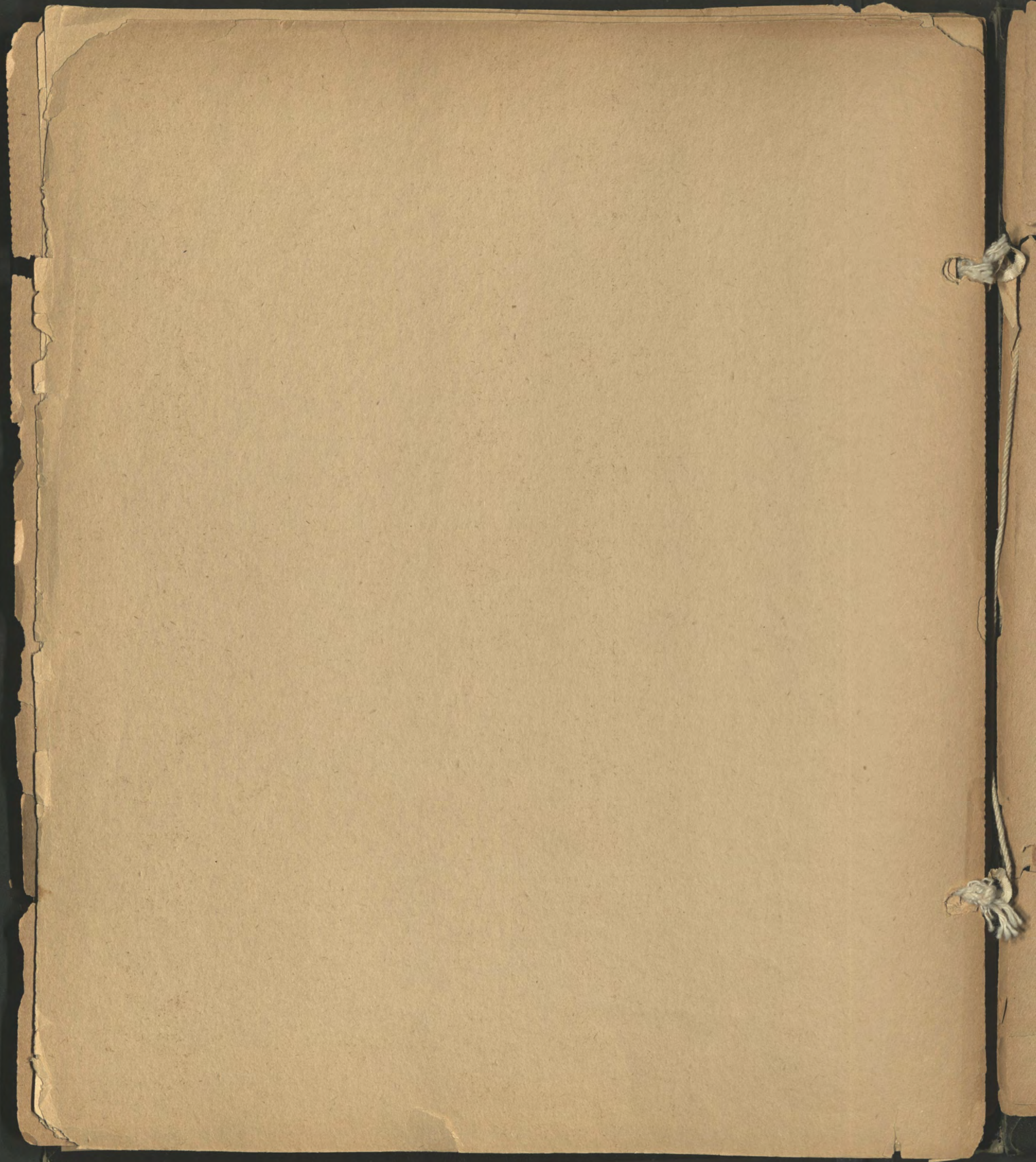


37
50)

SIASCONSET

II.

Golf Club
Chapel School
Casino
Old Pump
Poetry
Sankaty



51)

THE OLD 'SCONSET LINKS BORDER THE STATE HIGHWAY.



Nantucket Island's
Favorite
Recreation Centre—
Siasconset Golf Club
18 Holes
A NATURAL COURSE—IDEALLY LOCATED.
Open June 15 to September 15. Convenient Membership Rates for all Periods.

1916

Siasconset Golf Club
18 Holes
The Finest Natural Course in the United States
Delightfully situated on
NANTUCKET ISLAND
Renowned as the coolest summer resort in this country.
OPEN from JUNE 15th to OCTOBER 1st.
For correspondence address C.F. Boyle, 799 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

1911

BLOOMINGDALE FARM.
 **FOR SALE**—A good Farm, containing 40 acres of Land, Dwelling House, having eight good finished Rooms, good Cistern of water, Barn, Poot Houses, and other Out-Houses, situated near Siasconset, and will be sold a bargain. Apply to me h 1.
GORHAM MACY.

1850

"Old Home Day" at Original 'Sconset Golf Course.

The old home day at the original golf club at Siasconset was one of the surprises of the season. It was not only that a great number responded to the idea and thronged the place as it has seldom been occupied but it was also the fervent spirit of enjoyment that colored the afternoon. There were reminders of many who had been frequenters of the place in the old days and who have passed on, yet the group included many still active and vital and who found in the short reunion one of the pleasantest of summer experiences.

Among those who attended were Gen. and Mrs. M. H. Barnum, who have known the island for decades—in fact from childhood—and who still make the annual sojourn here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Potter, of Detroit, have been coming to 'Sconset since they were children and such description also includes Mrs. Dustin and Bob McCreery, for they all passed their summers here when the elder McCreerys were among the earliest visitors to Nantucket.

Another whose childhood was spent here with her parents is Rita Robinson. Mrs. Galvin, who poured, and Mrs. Mitchell, former owners of the clubhouse, have been continuous visitors since the 1880's.

Among others who knew the island as children were Mrs. W. E. Woodruff and Lee Parsons Davis.

The occasion was given flavor by the presence of George Fawcett, of Nantucket, who was the first treasurer of the old club and who told interested listeners that the first preparation for a golf course back in the 1880's cost the contributors a little over \$200.

Kenneth Webb was another 'Sconset veteran whose father and mother early found the charm of Nantucket, and whose brother, Roy, used to win the championship and other awards.

The Roberts family, represented by Misses Edith and Helen, were, during early visits, located at the Hamlet which is no more. Mrs. Buttrick was one of the mothers who saw her then small son learn golf on this island, as did the Roberts boys, the Webbs, the McCreerys, and others. Stanley Swift, who played the informal match, was brought here by his father before the earliest golf club began to function. Mrs. W. H. Thompson's presence was a reminder that her husband was a life-time friend of Digby Bell, and was for a time president of the old club, and for at least 25 years a player there.

All these families, and many more, were represented while the prizes were awarded in the old manner and the throng dealt liberally with the punch and the tea and the doughnuts and the sandwiches. Those, long

since grown to maturity, seeing the eager appetites of the youngsters, remembered how they, too, had seen to it in the old days that nothing was left to be carried back to the village.

The group which thought up this idea, and did the work, included Mrs. Dorothy Matlack Haddock, Edith Roberts, Mrs. Nelson and Josephine Harvey Torrey. They found willing assistants in the work at the house and they were amazed at the company they gathered.

Incidentally, on hearing the familiar 'Sconset cheer with "Paddy go whack" it was told that this was the invention of Mrs. Grout and the Chittenden sisters. Mrs. Grout was present, and appropriately, since it was her husband who helped organize the first club and who served as its president in the earlier years.

Unfortunately, no complete list of names was gathered. The opinion is unanimous that this return to the first golf scenes ought to be an annual occasion and probably it will be made so.

Sept. 7, 1935

The Old 'Sconset Pump.

Grand Celebration on the Bank.

Reported for the Inquirer & Mirror.

Friday, the 18th inst., was an imposing day at 'Sconset. Mr. Henry R. Tucker, of Boston, had of his own motion caused to be put in repair the old pump on the Main street, which had for many years remained unused. His friends on the bank secretly conspired to make the event the occasion for a public demonstration in his honor. On Friday morning, of last week, Mrs. Everett, and other visiting ladies at 'Sconset, covered the pump with wreaths and festoons of flowers which had been generously furnished by Miss Eunice S. Barney and several other ladies in town. It presented a most beautiful appearance, and was greatly admired by the many excursionists who visited the bank from town, and who on their return mentioned the fact, but did not understand its significance. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the residents and visitors assembled at the old pump *en masse*, when General Henry A. Barnum, of New York, ascended the platform, and opened the proceedings with a felicitous speech, as follows:

SPEECH OF GEN. BARNUM.

When requested to act as burgomaster for this occasion, it first seemed to me that the mending of an old wooden pump was not a subject for public celebration by an entire populace; but reflection upon this particular pump and this particular place, led me to the conclusion that this act of our fellow "Sconseter" was genuine benevolence, and while not ranking with the great endowments which have immortalized the names of a Harvard, an Astor, or a Peabody, it largely partakes of that better quality of the human heart that moved those men to generous deeds and made "Ben Ahden's name lead all the rest."

This venerable structure, in the presence of which we are now assembled, ante-dates the lives of most of us, though I see the frosty heads of a few, who, as children, were present when the long-since-dead builders finished the work and its limpid fluid first slaked the thirst of the dwellers in this fishers' hamlet by the sea. For more than half a century it had well fulfilled its purpose, and contributed to the comfort and vital necessities of this Arcadian village. A few years since, not weary with well-doing, nor like the "Deacon's One-horse Shay," but worn with age, a vital function of the old pump became disabled, and its merciful ministrations ceased. Then said we all of us, the pump must be mended; but no one moved in the good work. Like the Levite, we passed by on the side of the road, and summers' suns bleached and winters' snows frosted the ancient pump, and it seemed doomed as a relic of passed usefulness, even like the wrecks of noble vessels that strew our stormy coast. But the "good Samaritan" came along, and he said "the old pump shall be mended;" and behold the result of his good act! Bedecked with gay flowers by the dainty hands of our fair maids and gracious matrons, she looks like a bride on her wedding day. She is as good as new, and to-day enters on another half-century's career of generous usefulness. "Republicans are ungrateful," but we are not. The great bard vividly portrayed ingratitude when he wrote:

Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

We disclaim and repel its application to us. We thank thee, friend Tucker, for your good act, and with each cooling draught from the rejuvenated pump, we will drink "your good health and your family's. May you live long and prosper." Also let us not forget, but let us thank Mrs. Almy (our Aunt "Prissy"), who suggested and arranged this dedication of the old pump. But in thus lavishing our love exclusively upon this old pump, we illustrate the scriptural text, "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance," for down there among the cabins is the other village pump,—old enough to be this one's grandmother. To-day it is deserted and alone; yet tradition does not tell us that it ever failed, and 'tis now in its second century of age. On it was posted the news of the battles of the Revolution, the election of Washington to the first presidency, and ever since the villagers have looked to it for all important news. Let us also bless the older pump; bless both the old pumps, for on them does the village solely rely for the pure cool water of mother earth. We like these old pumps for other reasons than their mere usefulness. They are a part of dear, sleepy, health-giving, quaint old 'Sconset! I believe I voice the sentiment of all true "Sconseters," in saying that we prefer the limpid water that flows at our bidding from their homely nozzles to the far-famed Croton of the proud metropolis of the country,—or the much-vaunted Scituate of the Athens of America, though millions have been expended upon them. They are typical of 'Sconset. Homely, but true; simple, but honest and generous. Such, also, is 'Sconset. Sea walls on every side shut out the forms and formalities of our great cities and prosperous towns from our Island Home, and here we meet and mingle our *real selves*. We also love these rude fishers' cabins of a hundred years' date, better than the gay saloons at pretentious resorts, where fashion's inexorable rule compels the forms that repels the health that nature would freely give. We love the surging surf that tosses us in gleeful sport each day, and slugs us to sound and refreshing sleep at night; we love the cool and vigorous air that comes health-laden across three thousand miles of old ocean's blue waves; and having and loving all these, we the better love each other. Long may 'Sconset be preserved in its ancient quaintness, in its primitive simplicity. May iron rails never traverse the noble crown of "Tom Never's Head." May the valley of "Madequecham" never echo the whistle of the iron horse. May all innovations be repelled. May the sun ever set, the moon ever rise, and Sankaty's light ever shine upon 'Sconset as it is.

In response to the call upon the part of the audience, Mr. Tucker came forward. He said:

REMARKS OF MR. TUCKER.

Mr. President:—I disclaim entirely any credit for what has been done in the way of putting this pump in repair, and certainly if any credit is due, there are others who should share it. But credit or no credit, had I known that the matter was to have been followed by a public demonstration in which I was to be thus paraded before an assemblage like this, I never would have touched the old pump at all. But since events have taken this course, I can only thank you Mr. President, for your complimentary remarks. But as I am not a second Daniel Webster, and have never been placed in such an embarrassing situation before, I trust you will excuse me if I retire from this platform.

Mr. Tucker's remarks were followed by loud applause.

The burgomaster then introduced Rev. Phebe A. Hanford, who first mentioned the pump which a hundred years ago had been placed at 'Sconset by those whose names were on a paper she held, the last survivor of whom was William Rotch, Jr., and at which time 20 pounds, 4 shillings and 6 pence were contributed for its cost and erection. Then Mrs. Hanford referred to various scriptural passages suggested by the dedication of the new pump, among which were, "With joy shall we draw water from the wells of Salvation," and "They shall drink of the brook by the way," and others, and then closed with the following stanzas which she had written for the occasion:

With gladness and gratitude drink of this well—
Of good-will the token—this "brook by the way,"
And the blessing of Heaven, oh, long may it dwell
With the hearts and the hands that thus cheer us
to-day.

Thro' the day and the night, as we list to the roar
Of the waters so mighty that circle our isle,
We'll rejoice that the Hand which this sweet cup
doth pour,

Is the same that protecteth His children the while.

With joy will we take, by the right hand of power,
The waters refreshing the fathers once knew;
And forget not the Voice of the far-vanished hour,
Which welcomed all earth to the draught that He drew.

Yes, with joy will we draw from the well-springs of
Truth.

The waters of gladness, the draught so divine,
That our spirits, refreshed, shall renew their bright
youth,

And the glad light of hope shall on every path
shine.

O, Isle of our birth! O, Island of choice!
To thee will we drink in thy cool waters pure;
May our children and theirs in thy pathways rejoice,
When we drink from the fountains of earth never-
more!

The orator of the day, Mr. Edward F. Underhill, of New York, was next introduced, and he addressed the assembly as follows:

THE ORATION.

Mr. Burgomaster, and fellow-toilers on 'Sconset Bank:—The history of every place shows that its affairs are now and then beset with a crisis. The bigger the place, the bigger the crisis, and vice versa. A fortnight since Alexandria, in Egypt, was in the midst of one. Now Cairo is visited with a crisis equally alarming. Paris has its periodical throes, and as for New York, it is a perennial fountain of critical excitements. There a year passed without an alarming crisis, would cause its thoughtful citizens to suspect that they were near the crack of doom, and they would get out their ascension robes, put them on, and give an attentive ear to catch the first reverberation of the sound of Gabriel's trumpet. But 'Sconset has been singularly free from this feverish condition of spirit. It is but once in a generation or so, that a great crisis occurs in its affairs. Sometimes, however, the machinery of the universe does get out of kilter in a way to directly affect this particular piece of real estate, within the jurisdiction of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Or, perhaps it is because the guardian angels of the bank get into a miff among themselves, and thus are led to neglect their charge, and then the minds of the people from the Flagg plantations to Lamberton manor, for a time become unsettled. And it so happened in this year of grace, 1882.

Agos ago, in the post-pliocene period of Nantucket history, this venerable log was put into this identical hole, in this very ground on which we now do stand. The event was attended with imposing ceremonies. It was a great day for 'Sconset. Weeks before, the event was heralded by the town crier, from the wharf to the wind-mill, and his words were wafted across the sound to the Vineyard, and thence to the Cape and the mainland, and even over to Long Island. And when the day came on which the pump was put in place, it was equal in the magnitude of the occasion, to a Sunday school picnic, a Rhode Island clam-bake, a Nantucket squantum, a Concord school of philosophy, an Ecclesiastical council, and a New York political mass meeting all combined and boiled down into one. From Great Point to Muskeget, from Madequecham to Masquetuck, from Madequet Ditch and Wannaconet on the west to Squam, and Quidnet, and Sesachacha and Pochick on the east, the beauty and fashion, the wealth and intelligence and influence of the island assembled to do honor to the occasion. The enthusiasm even reached the off-islanders. From the Vineyard came the solid citizens of Squibnocket with their equally solid wives. The magistrates of Chappaquanset were here in a body bearing their staffs of office, and followed by a retinue of the most distinguished citizens of that paradisaical precinct. The men of Chappaquiddick came prepared to resolutely wrestle with any amount of provender that the affluent citizens of 'Sconset should have the hardihood to provide, and odds were freely offered that in a

given time they could eat against quantity and with a given quantity they could eat against time, with no takers. From Long Island there came representative men from Syossett; and from Amagansett; and from Seatunket; and from Quogue; and from Patchogue; and from Aqueduct; and from Shinnecock; and from Mattituck; and from Ketchikanneek; and from Speonk. Then there were present from the Cape and the mainland, in squads, and companies and battalions, the public-spirited citizens of Cataumet; of Quashnet; of Manomet; of Wenaumet; of Scitaset; of Pocasset; of Cohasset; of Nonomisset; of Neponset; of Mattapoisett; of Popponessett; of Narragansett; of Coonemisset; of Woonossett; of Pawtucket; of Monohansett; and of Quamquisset, not to mention large delegations from Monomosey and Sippican. It was a glorious day for this bank, and don't you forget it! Guns were fired. Every dory was decked with gay bunting from deck to mainpeak, and from bowsprit to spanker-boom. Processions led by brass bands and followed by intelligent contrabands paraded the streets. And as for hospitality, ten try-kettles with a retinue of cooks were kept constantly constructing chowder for the whole day, and doughnuts were fired at the gathered multitudes and caught on the fly, in their mouths, while cider flowed from the spigots of a hundred barrels till the gullet of the thirstiest coof was filled to repletion and he devoutly thanked his stars that for once he had had enough. And the pump, well, it was a beauty, as pumps go. It was critically surveyed by the admiring throng, from all points of the compass, from NNE. by E. half E. to SSW, by W. half W. and back again. And from the corner stone at the lowest depths of encircling wall to the graceful capital which surmounted the log at its dizzy height, all pronounced it good.

Thus was the career of this water hoister auspiciously begun. Year after year, decade after decade, generation after generation, first as little boys and girls, then as blushing youths and maidens, next as strong and vigorous men and women, and lastly as feeble folk in declining years, did the people here work that pump handle, up and down, as lively as the average candidate shakes the hands of voters before election, and lifted to the surface for man and beast, that limpid draught which like Dr. Johnson's tea, cheers but not inebriates.

But men, and women, and peoples, and nations, and even planets, and perhaps suns and stars, have their careers of birth, of growth, of fullness, of decline and of death. And it could not be expected, in the natural order of events, that a 'Sconset pump, albeit, brought into existence under such brilliant surroundings, and even though honored by being placed on the main street of the comfort capital of the coast, could last forever, nor carry its buoyant powers of juvenescence into green old age. And there did come a time when its usefulness became impaired. First, there was a degeneration in its valvular tissues, which betokened not only functional but a possible organic disorder in a vital part. Next a lesson of the log was strongly suspected, which resident hydrostatic engineers located about amidstships, somewhere between the cat-heads and keelson. The result was, that it required a concentration of mental determination and the employment of largely increased elbow grease to lift to the surface the water needed for daily consumption in the pots and kettles of the 'Sconset housewives. Then the nozzle became loose in its socket, and half the water raised for the pail miscarried and trickled down the outside of the pump log back into the well again. This was discouraging enough, of itself, but at last matters grew so bad that it needed a strength equal to that of a donkey engine and a blue-dog shark combined to hoist water enough to dilute the morning nip of old Medford rum, with which the prudent 'Sconset citizen was wont in those days to fortify himself against rheumatism; and corns; and colic; and chilblains; and bunions; and dropsy; and gripes; and costaritis; and peritonitis; and cerebrospinal meningitis; and thisis pulmonalis; and anora borealis; and sui generis; and oscarus wildys aesthetitis, and the Lord only knows the many more dreadful ailments which even now delight to worry us poor mortals on our mournful travel through this vale of tears.

Then there came the decline in the whale fishery. And as all the misfortunes of Nantucket seem to date from that event, and as it is certain that all the oil pumps on the island went into disuse and ruin, it is not to be supposed that this already wind-broken water pump would not sympathize with the general demoralization and decay, and catching the infection of despair, feel that if Nantucket could not live by catching whales and trying out blubber, there was no use for either pumps or water, and that it was time for it to go upon the retired list of superannuated water works. And so it happened, that one melancholy morning, when Captain Robert Pitman came to the pump to get a pail of water, he found that the handle had suffered a compound, comminuted fracture, and seemed permanently disabled.

Well, a generation or so passed in which the old pump stood in the roadway a neglected ruin, ever suggestive of the possibilities of afflicting life-giving waters to the thirsty wayfarer, but nevertheless, a mockery, a delusion and a snare to him who sought them from it, for he who worked the handle found the pump as dry as a sermon on election and probation exhumed from the musty polemics of a half century ago.

Now it may seem strange that I, an off-islander, should be so familiar with these facts, not being contemporaneous with them, nor having had time to search the archives of 'Sconset which Captain George Coffin has so carefully collated and classified and annotated in his library over by the grocery store. As the next best thing I cut cross lots to the objective point by going to Captain William Baxter, him of the lightning express between 'Sconset bank and Nantucket town, and from that high authority, I learned the facts which I have thus embodied in this erudite and truthful narrative, all of which he saw and a part of which he was.

And now to recur to the theme with which I began my remarks on this momentous occasion, to wit, the crisis. For this was the year in which 'Sconset was to pass through a crisis unequalled in its history. Let me briefly recount the particulars. We have had a season of unprecedented drouth. And yet, with an unusual accession of visitors, the draughts upon the water supply were largely increased. One by one our cisterns gave out, and at last we were compelled to fall back on the only remaining pump which had been consecrated to the public use, and which as we have learned to-day is contemporaneous with the war for independence. The situation was startling. If the supply in that well should give out, the farmers could not water their cows before milking, nor water the milk, afterwards, that they might not cause disappointment among their customers, largely increased in numbers, during the height of the season. A milk famine was imminent. Then, too, water became scarce for laundry use, and a clean shirt famine seemed equally probable, and a general distress seemed more likely to result from the fact that at the town meeting last spring the voters, by a large majority, had decided to grant no licenses for this year on the island; and as many were thus cut off from their special beverages, it caused a still greater draught on the pump for drinking purposes. And should the supply there give out we would, *ex necessitate*, be denied that other liquid sustenance which men derive from bottles and which not unfrequently affords consolation for the disappointments of fishermen when they come back, not with a big string of fish, but a bigger string of excuses for not catching them. In this appalling condition of things even brave men took counsel of their fears. If there was ever a time when another pump was needed, it was during this season. For years, I had said to myself, "Why don't they fix that pump?" Thousands of residents and visitors every season had mentally propounded the same conundrum and nobody had guessed it. There it stood a perpetual sarcasm levelled at us for our inactivity and seeing indifference. Now it only wanted a man with a homeopathic dose of heroism to have solved the difficulty, quicker than an itinerant preacher who has gone into the pulpit without his break can pronounce a benediction at the close of morning service. But the moment I got on this island I involuntarily so change the old maxim that reads, "Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow." In vindicating our race, Sidney

Smith once said "Mankind is naturally sympathetic. It is moved by the impulses of benevolence and kindness. For instance, if A sees B suffering, he is never easy in his mind till C has helped him out of his trouble." On this island I am animated by a similar feeling. If there is anything to be done it is with a serene satisfaction that I see somebody else do it. Hence, though for years I saw this pump's deplorable condition, I waited for A to act. And A held on for B. And B was anxiously looking for action on the part of C. And C seemed to have an abiding faith that D would come forward like a little man and fix that pump; and so it went on down in the alphabet till it came to T, when lo! the modest man of action came forward, which his maiden name was Tucker. He put his hands deep down into his trowsers' pocket, hired the necessary help, had the log lifted to the surface, the internal mechanism doctored and the whole thing replaced, and before we sleepy souls had got done rubbing our eyes in amazement at the daring and temerity of the act, the pump, rejuvenated and more beautiful than ever was doing effective service. Whereupon, we all threw up our caps in adulation, and in the classic language of the unregenerate youth of America, we shouted "Bully for Tucker."

And now, mark the result. The clerk of the weather, because he managed the rainfall, thought he had a corner on fresh water and was preparing to squeeze people on the bank. But when Tucker, by a strategical flank movement, foiled him in his machinations, he concluded that it was of no use to hold back the rain any longer, and we were at once favored by copious showers, and with two wells in good condition and cisterns replenished, to use the language of my late friend, Mr. William Shakespeare, "Thus are we doubly armed."

And now for the moral to which this occasion points. It is a melancholy reflection but true, though we didn't see it in time, that each person whom I see in this vast sea of upturned faces, might have occupied the honorable position that Mr. Tucker does, had he the sagacity, the pluck and the good sense to have come forward in the emergency and accomplished that which he so modestly and gracefully did; and he might to-day have been the recipient of an ovation such as this, and heard his praises sounded in poetry and in song, to say nothing about this extemporaneous oration which I sat up all last night to prepare, and which by the inexorable logic of events you couldn't escape hearing. But other crises will occur on the bank, as they have in the past, though probably not attended with such wide-spread alarm as that through which we have just passed. The general good will require that something else be done—what, and when, I don't know and cannot divine—but when that time does come, if any one desires to gain renown, he can get it by boldly coming forward and acting in the emergency and not waiting for Tucker to take all the tricks and honors. And now having spoken my little piece, I ask you with one accord to join me in giving three cheers for Henry R. Tucker.

The call was loudly responded to, and then the following ode, written by Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, was read and afterwards sung by Mrs. Johnson, Miss Tissington, Miss White, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. H. G. Brooks, Mr. Burnham, and others, and was loudly applauded:

over

The New Wooden Pump.

BY ARTHUR E. JENKS.

AIR:—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How oft at this clear sparkling fountain of waters,
Our fathers of old slaked their thirst with a will;
And now their brave sons, with our Island's fair
daughters,
Drink deep from the nectar which flows from it
still.

For 'Sconset of yore, all so quaint in its beauty,
Lives yet in fond story which memory sings;
We dedicate now, with the gladness of duty,
The new wooden pump: Oh, the joy that it brings!

The new wooden pump with its sweet precious water,
This pump we now cherish; the joy that it brings.

All hail, then, friend Tucker; 'Twas thy brave en-
deavor,

So constant, determined, that gave us this pride;
Who gives but a cup of cold water, will ever
Take rank in true kindness, all others beside.

We sing of the strangers,—each generous token
They freely bestowed for the villagers' good;
Ah, never let friendship so noble, be broken;
But meet with the gratitude such action should.

The new wooden pump, with its sweet precious water,
This pump we now cherish; the joy that it brings.

We love our quaint homes by the grand rolling
ocean;

Old 'Sconset so dear, let it prosper for aye;
Apart from the jar of earth's busy commotion,
Our gay summer life is one long halcyon day;
Oh, rich benefaction in bright, bubbling water,
Pure emblem of truth,—God's great gift to man-
kind;

No harm it betokens to each son or daughter,
But in its free, buoyant health we may
find.

The new wooden pump, with its sweet precious water,
This pump we now cherish; the joy that it brings.

Hon. S. M. Cutchon, of Detroit, was introduced
as the last speaker, and he entertained the audi-
ence with a humorous speech on the character and
qualities of water, and its importance to the econ-
omies of the island, and its incidental value to the
outside world. At the conclusion of his remarks,
which caused merriment among the listeners, the
following impromptu verses by Mr. H. G. Brooks
were lined and sung by the audience to the air of
Auld Lang Syne:

Old Daniel Tucker gained renown,
So goes the olden rhyme,
By swallowing Boston Common down
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

Frog ponds may work, big elms may bust,
Until the end of time;
But Daniel Tucker's gone to dust
Since days of Auld Lang Syne.

Another Tucker wins renown
And fame for deeds sublime,
In quaint, old sleepy 'Sconset town,
For love of Auld Lang Syne.

Our Auld Lang Syne was the pump on the hill,
And many and many a time,
Men said they'd fix, but ne'er did fill
This dearest Auld Lang Syne.

When 'twas hardly damp in the village pump,
And we feared full many a time,
As hearts grew sad with a great big lump,
For days of Auld Lang Syne.

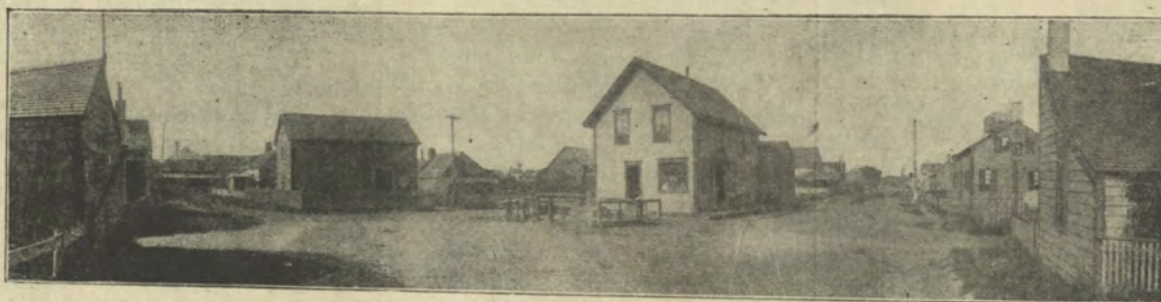
For fear the water might run dry,
(A paradox in rhyme),
When this 'tother Tucker said he'd try
To fix the Auld Lang Syne,

We all do love this 'tother Tucker,
And will till latest time,
For now 'tis fixed, great is our sucker,
Our hunky Auld Lang Syne.

With three cheers for Mrs. P. M. Almy, the
chairman of the committee of arrangements, un-
der whose auspices the ceremonies had been pro-
jected and carried out, the audience dispersed.



THE 'SCONSET PUMP AS IT WAS DECADES AGO



"PUMP SQUARE" A HALF CENTURY AGO.



AN OLD-TIME 'SCONSET VIEW WHICH WILL AROUSE MEMORIES

Aug. 26, 1882

1950



3. 'Sconset Pump



The ancient pump, which has slaked the thirst of villager, cottager, visitor and beast for nearly a century and a quarter, and which has been the subject for photographic artists, and the bulletin board for announcing all local happenings, refused duty last week, and its vital importance became at once manifest, for then it was better known how widely its sparkling beverage was coveted. A plaintive cry for its prompt restoration to active service went up from those dependent upon its good offices, and the thirsty hovered over the curb and gazed into its forty-five feet depth to the water, wishing and hoping. Devil's grips and beackets and all sailor knots were brought into service to grasp the broken spear, but to no avail, and finally "Pump Square" became deserted by the carriers of water, whose steps were turned to various quarters for water supply. On Monday, Mr. R. M. Allen and his force of employees appeared on the scene, prepared to resuscitate the invigorating supply. The old logs were hoisted to the surface, and appeared little the worse for their long service (the oldest inhabitant informed us that the lower log had never been renewed during his memory), but the edict had gone forth that they should be replaced by an iron pump. The two lower logs were disposed of to Prof. B. G. Wilder. Sentiment would not permit the innovation of a new pump up entire, and the upper log was retained, and today, in its rejuvenated form, the ancient landmark appears to the observer the same as ever, and only those who are aware of the internal changes would know that a change had been effected, and sentiment is satisfied. The iron pipe sunk comes up through the top log, which is firmly suspended over the well, and the ancient iron brake still performs the duty that has been asked of it for long, long years.

During the process of repairs, many inquiries were made regarding the length of time the well had been in active operation, and the question we are enabled to answer through the courtesy of Mrs. E. C. Easton, who possesses a paper giving the date of digging the well, and the names of the contributors to the enterprise, and amounts donated. The well was dug in 1776, at a cost of £20, 4 shillings, 9 pence, and the persons named below contributed the amounts specified for the purpose. The well has been in

constant use ever since, and to the best of our knowledge has never been dry, although immense quantities of water are drawn from it through the dry seasons:

	£	s	d
Silvanus Folger.....	2	6	
Tristram Hussey.....	3		
Benjamin Chase.....	6		
James Chase.....	6		
Nathaniel Starbuck.....	2		
Jethro Mitchell.....	4		
Richard Mitchell.....	8		
William Rotch, jr.....	4		
Isaac Ross.....	3		
Benjamin Bunker, 2d.....	3		
Silvanus Russell.....	3		
Robert Folger.....	1		
William Coffin.....	2	6	
George Larned.....	2	6	
Shubael Downs.....	4		
Henry Warren.....	2		
Thomas Kelley.....	2	6	
Thomas Snow.....	3		
Benjamin Folger.....	4		
Jethro Folger.....	2		
Peter Folger.....	4		
Job Pinkham.....	1	6	
Francis Joy.....	4		
Thomas Jenkins.....	6		
Charles Jenkins.....	3		
Cotton Gelston.....	2		
George Hussey, 2d.....	2		
William Mitchell.....	2	6	
Abisha Folger, jr.....	1		
Abraham Pease.....	1		
Barzillai Swain.....	2	9	
Ichabod Plasket.....	4		
Caleb Macy.....	4		
Abisha Barnard, 2d.....	1	3	
Edward Cary.....	4		
Joseph Hussey.....	3		
William Maxcy.....	2	4	
Cash of a Stranger.....	2		
Oliver Spencer.....	2	6	
Abner Coffin.....	2		
George Gardner, 2d.....	2		
Nathaniel Macy, jr.....	3		
Stephen Gardner.....	1		
Timothy Coffin.....	3		
Peter Rand.....	1		
George Ramsdell.....	2		
Paul Gardner.....	2		
Obed Marshall.....	1		
Simon Clark.....	2		
Henry Dow.....	2		
Jonathan Folger.....	2		
Peleg Coggeshall.....	2		
Shubael Macy.....	1	6	
Obed Hussey, 2d.....	2		
William Johnston.....	3		
Reuben Worth.....	2		
William Hussey, jr.....	1		
Daniel Jenkins.....	1		
George Gardner.....	1		
Timothy Fitch.....	7		
Linzey Wharton.....	1		
Benjamin Russell.....	1	4	
Richard Chadwick.....	1	6	
Henry Clark.....	1		
James Coffin.....	1	8	
John Swain.....	1		
Jonathan Barnell.....	6		
David Ray.....	2		

Samuel Barrett.....	3	2
Silas Jones.....	1	
George Freeborn.....	1	
John McDaniel.....	1	
Stephen Paddock.....	1	
Benjamin Hammond.....	1	
Jonathan Barney.....	2	
Paul Coggeshall.....	1	
William Gardner, 2d.....	1	
Isaac Chase.....	1	
Thomas Swain.....	1	
Patrick Congdon.....	1	
Samuel Coffin.....	1	
Francis Chase.....	2	
Barnabus Swain.....	1	
Charles Folger.....	1	
Silvanus Hussey.....	1	4
Jethro Hussey.....	2	
John Beard.....	2	
Tristram Gardner.....	2	
Bartlett Coffin.....	2	
Samuel Whippley.....	2	9
Gilbert Folger.....	1	6
Samuel Russell.....	2	
Christopher Worth.....	1	
George Russell.....	2	
Shubael Coffin.....	1	2
Amos Marshall.....	1	4
Henry Smith.....	1	4
Zacheus Coffin.....	2	
Charles Coleman.....	2	
Walter Folger.....	2	
Ichabod Aldridge.....	2	
Reuben Clark, 2d.....	2	
Silas Rand.....	2	6
James Coffin.....	1	9
Barker Barnell.....	4	
James Mitchell.....	1	
Levi Gardner.....	6	
Nathan Folger.....	1	
Joseph Gardner.....	2	
Peter Barnard.....	17	
William Rotch.....	4	
Benjamin Barney, 2d.....	6	
James Gardner.....	1	6
Stephen Folger.....	2	
Abisha Barnard.....	2	
John Coffin.....	3	4
Barn Swain.....	2	6
John Waterman.....	2	
Micajah Coffin.....	8	
Shubael Barnard.....	1	
Elisha Coffin.....	1	
Reuben Morton.....	1	9
James Gardner.....	2	
George Folger.....	2	
Richard Bunker.....	2	
Elisha Coffin.....	2	
Zacheus Macy.....	6	
Daniel Starbuck.....	3	
Jonathan Macy.....	6	
Samuel Starbuck.....	2	
Uriah Gardner, jr.....	1	2
Jonathan Worth.....	1	
Jonathan Pinkham.....	2	
Seth Coleman.....	2	
John Clasby.....	1	
John Jones.....	10	
Josiah Barker.....	2	
John Darling.....	2	
David Jenkins.....	2	
Christopher Starbuck.....	6	

Benjamin Ray.....	2
Paul Folger.....	1
Nathan Chase.....	1
Bachelor Hussey.....	6
Uriah Gardner.....	3
Samuel Barker.....	2
Hezekiah Gardner.....	2
Benjamin Bunker.....	3
Ural Rea.....	5
Joseph Brown.....	2
Joseph Barnard.....	5
William Gardner.....	3
Caleb Bunker.....	2
Joseph Russell.....	2
Latham Macy.....	1
Shubael Barnard.....	6
Josiah Gardner.....	1
William Coleman, jr.....	2
Francis Macy.....	3
Charles Bunker.....	4

160 contributors gave.....£20 4 9

SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

To Lovers of Old 'Sconset!

The restoration and upkeep of the Old 'Sconset Pump, has been placed in the care of the Nantucket Historical Association, and we ask our friends to join us in meeting the expense and to establish a permanent fund to keep this choice relic of by-gone days in order.

Donations may be given to any of the following Committee:

Mrs. Frederick Hill, 'Sconset.
M. F. Freeborn, Nantucket.
Miss Annie B. Folger, Nantucket.
Miss Eliza M. Hussey, Nantucket.
1t

Aug. 25, 1923

To the Public:

The undersigned will, on Monday, July 9th, begin the issue of a daily newspaper,

THE 'SCONSET PUMP.

Each issue will contain a list of summer visitors in 'Sconset and the cottage or hotel in which they are sojourning, a list of arrivals the day previous, and items of 'Sconset and Nantucket news. From time to time THE 'SCONSET PUMP will contain illustrations of the quaint cottages or points of interest in the neighborhood of the village. The price of subscription will be

\$2.00 for the season. Single Copies, 5 Cents.

The editors will esteem it a favor if readers of the paper will send them any items regarding visitors expected by them, boating, base ball, tennis or driving parties, or news of like nature. Communications may be addressed to P. O. Box 17, 'Sconset, or to the office of The Inquirer and Mirror, Nantucket.

ROLAND B. HUSSEY,
GUSTAV KOBBE.

1888

When the Pump Had Two Snouts.

James Walter Folger, Nantucket's original and pictorial wood carver, has just executed a piece of carving which will undoubtedly prove one of his most popular subjects. He depicts the famous 'Sconset pump as it looked prior to 1857, when it ceased to glory in two "spouts," and the carving is surely a skillful bit of work. Beneath the lower spout stands a half-hogshead, resting upon a group of cobble-stones, and on the opposite side is shown the rear of a wagon or "tip-cart," backed up to the upper spout to receive water into the barrel it contains, which method of getting water from the pump was in vogue for many years. At the lower left of the panel lies a cod-fish, apparently fresh from the ocean below 'Sconset bank, and in the distance a white sail or two is seen on the horizon. Mr. Folger's illustration of the famous old pump as it used to be and as it was first constructed in 1776, when a fund was raised for the purpose, is a remarkable conception, skillfully executed in the wood.

Another of Mr. Folger's recent works of art is a water color sketch of "Breck Neck Alley" before its artistic features were spoiled by an attempt at modernization. This picture is of the alley as it appeared forty-odd years ago, with its uneven steps, deep ruts, stony path, rickety fences, etc., and the artist has illustrated with one of Nantucket's old salts (a character readily recognized in the picture) making his way with difficulty down the alley, with his pail of spilled milk on the ground below the steps. The water-color was taken from a drawing of "Breck Neck Alley" which Mr. Folger made some years ago.

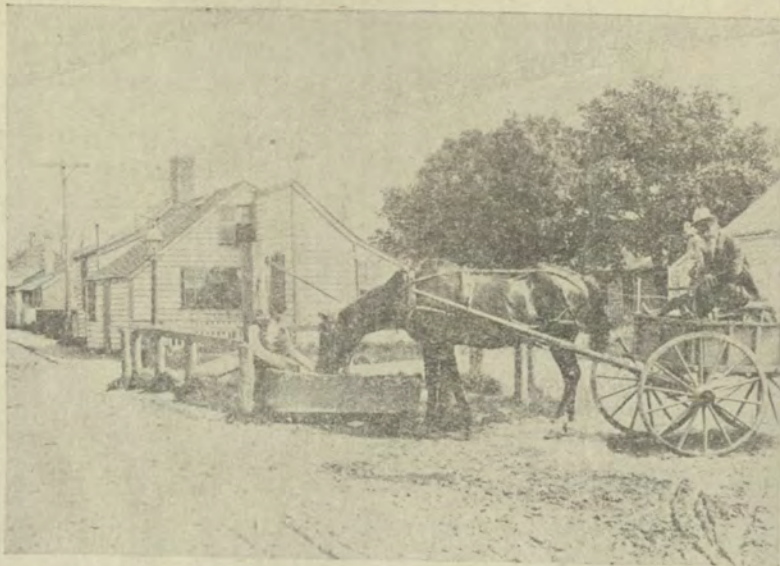
Mr. Folger has also produced in water colors a picture which he has titled "An Ancient Neighborhood," which is extremely interesting inasmuch as it depicts Sunset Hill as it appeared many years ago, with the Calloway house in the foreground, the "Oldest House" in the background at the right and with two other houses, which used to stand on the hill, in the background at the left. The picture illustrates the vicinity as it was several generations past, with sheep grazing about, and a gang of men at work endeavoring to extinguish a fire which destroyed a "lean-to" on the "Oldest House" years ago.

APRIL 27, 1912

The old 'Sconset pump is again in working condition, but there is an innovation about it that does not give universal pleasure. This is the railing that has been placed around the graded portion of the pump grounds, which cuts off the roadway on the west side of the ancient well-curb.

May 24, 1890

The 'Sconset Pump — In 1900 and as it is Today.



This photograph of 'Sconset's famous pump was taken about 1900, and shows in detail the pump and its surroundings as they were more than fifty years ago.



The 'Sconset Pump in 1951, just after it had been renovated by Ernest Coffin. Mr. Coffin carefully rebuilt the pump, which had fallen into disrepair over the years. Kenneth Eldridge is also shown in the picture, which was taken by P. A. Williams, Jr.

Oct. 13, 1951

'Sconset Pump Work Due on Nantucket



'Sconset Pump on Nantucket, visible inside the pipe railing, is due for some renovation. Nantucket selectmen decided to have

former Selectman Ernest Coffin remove the grass and uncover the original cobbles.

SANKATY HEAD GOLF CLUB HOUSE IS ONE OF 'SCONSET'S ATTRACTIONS.



The New Sankaty Head Golf Club.

While we are all aware that a new golf club was formed last summer, under the name of the Sankaty Head Golf Club, and that considerable progress has been made thus far in connection with the construction of the club-house and golf course, some facts and figures will undoubtedly prove interesting in this connection.

On July 3rd, 1921, a few men gathered at the residence of David Gray in Siasconset for the purpose of launching a new golf project on Nantucket island. Before the meeting adjourned the following results were obtained:

The club was founded, its name decided upon and also the price of each charter membership. In addition to this Mr. Gray agreed to purchase the necessary land and construct a suitable clubhouse, completely furnished, both the land and club-house to be presented to the club by Mr. Gray, the only stipulation being that the club must have at least one hundred charter members as a nucleus.

Within a very few days after this meeting it was evident that the quota of charter members would be filled, with the result that on July 28th a few men were at work clearing the top of Mayflower Hill.

JANUARY 28, 1922

Within three weeks the golf course had been laid out and cleared of all underbrush, etc. During this time the necessary equipment for plowing had been ordered and was on the ground. Additional equipment was ordered from time to time as occasion demanded, so that by the end of the first week in December nine holes of the golf course had been constructed, five of which had been seeded. This meant that more than 2,178,000 cubic feet of virgin soil, which was previously covered with heavy underbrush, had been converted into a golf course, and this during a period of but a little more than four months.

In order to prepare this land for golfing purposes it was necessary:

First—To clear away everything on top of the land.

Second—To grub out the stumps of the "scrub oak."

Third—To plow the land by means of tractors and the heaviest type of brush-breaker plows made.

Fourth—To have a gang of Brava laborers go over the land and cut out all the big roots (which in a great many cases made it impossible for even the brush-breaker plows to turn over the furrow).

Fifth—To cross-plow the land.

Sixth—To put on a gang of Brava laborers who, by means of axes, bog hoes, potato rakes, and similar tools, then proceeded to clear the soil of the mass of roots and stone which it contained, which rubbish was then put in piles and carted away.

Seventh—To harrow the land with a heavy disc-harrow.

Eighth—To go over it again with a tooth-harrow.

Ninth—To dispose of the rubbish brought to the surface by the last two operations by raking it into piles by hand and then carting it away.

Tenth—To go over the land again with a tooth-harrow.

Eleventh—To seed it.

Twelfth—To cover the seed with a disc-harrow.

Thirteenth—To then roll the land with a heavy "Culti Packer" roller.

In addition to these various operations the "tees" had to be built and the "putting greens" made, both tees and greens having to be fertilized before being seeded.

Notwithstanding the fact that these numerous operations took place, the cost, including the seed and fertilizer for tees and greens, was less than one cent per cubic foot.

In addition to the progress made on the golf course, a well was drilled, over which a pump-house was erected, which contains a large pressure tank with a capacity sufficient to supply all the water necessary to the club-house and the various putting greens, tees, lawns, etc., on and near Mayflower Hill; together with a "Delco" system, which will supply electric light to the club-house.

Construction work on the club-house itself is well advanced. A large concrete foundation was first built, which will contain the men's locker room, professional's shop, water heating plant, etc. On this is being constructed a modern club-house, the work being so far ahead that the frame is now up, sheathed and shingled. The windows are in and a number of partitions up, with the result that the club-house will be completely finished in every detail by June 1st, 1922.

The New Golf Course At Sankaty Head.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The enclosed letter from Mr. David Gray, in answer to some inquiries of mine, will be of the greatest interest to the members of the Sankaty Head Golf Club and to the people of Nantucket island as a whole, for it assures the completion of a notable project.

Mr. Gray does not speak of his fine sportsmanship and splendid generosity in purchasing over 250 acres of land and in building and equipping a charming club-house—land and building to be a gift to the club.

The fees of membership are used in building the links and there are, I know, many who will be glad to join this club—not only to enjoy its privileges, but as an appreciation of an act of public spirit as fine as it is unusual.

Very truly yours,

William Wallace.

Nantucket, August 9.

August 7, 1922.

Mr. William Wallace,

Nantucket.

Dear Mr. Wallace:

From our conversation of yesterday I feel that the people of Nantucket town are not advised as to the true status of "The Sankaty Head Golf Club" and I know of no better way of enlightening them than by writing this letter and attempting at least to make clear a few of the principle points seemingly not understood.

In the first place, the Sankaty Head Golf Club has been organized and its golf course is being constructed, for the good of and the use of, the Island of Nantucket—not Sconset nor Nantucket alone. Its location was not chosen because of its close proximity to Siasconset, but because of its topographical perfection for the game of golf.

Its promoters have from the first absolutely banked on the town of Nantucket for support, Sconset being far too small a village to alone support an undertaking of such comparative magnitude.

Sconset, however, up to date has enrolled 100 members, each of whom has contributed the sum of \$250.00—which money is being expended entirely on golf course construction.

No membership money is to go into the purchase of land, building of club house or equipment. There is no other membership so far other than the charter membership, and it is our hope that a sufficient number may be enrolled in this class to complete the 18 holes free of debt.

We also hope that when the course is playable it may be maintained on dues not to exceed \$60.00 per annum.

The present Board of Governors is adverse to any arbitrary assessment of its membership.

At present there is only a small board of seven men, which is to be enlarged at an early date and a representation from Nantucket town, on board and committees, is planned.

It has occurred to the writer that possibly one reason why there has been some hesitancy on the part of property owners and golfers in signing applications for membership, is the lack of assurance that the golf course would ever be completed. I can only say that, like yourself, I am a Scot—and as tenacious as a bulldog. Having taken up the construction of this "Sankaty Head" course I propose to stay by it until it is completed.

However, we who have conceived the idea and worked so hard and long over it, need encouragement badly and do not feel we should be asked to wait until the course is finished and playable, better having a good sized membership role.

It has been a difficult project to carry out, but it is generally agreed we have the chance of giving the residents and visitors of the island of Nantucket as fine a natural golf course as there is in the United States of America. The ultimate good that will follow to this island is certain.

Nantucket has a fine, healthful climate, wonderful soil and everything that goes to make it a desirable play ground.

We all love it and feel that we owe this to the Island, whether we come back here next summer or not—to help do this big thing for the place where we have had so many joyous summers.

We want the support of Nantucket town. Can we have it?

Sincerely,

David Gray.

AUGUST 12, 1922

Informal Opening of Sankaty Head Golf Club-house.

The club-house of the Sankaty Head Golf Club is so nearly completed that an informal opening will be had on Sunday afternoon, July 23rd, and supper will be served to members and their guests that evening if they notify the steward of the club by Saturday; as the telephone is installed reservations can be made by calling up 394-11.

Tea is being served every afternoon and a number are taking advantage of this opportunity.

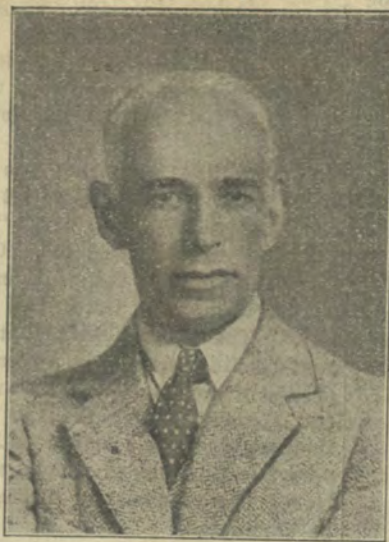
It is expected that before the end of the month the Club will be formally opened and, though the course is not ready as yet to be played over, it is sufficiently advanced to show the golfing enthusiasts what excellent sport it will afford. In the meantime the club-house will be a most attractive gathering place for lunches, tea or dinners, dancing or cards.

July, 1922

See Picture

Sankaty Light

Photo by Boyer.



THE LATE DAVID GRAY



DEDICATION OF THE DAVID GRAY MEMORIAL AT 'SCONSET ON THE MORNING OF JULY FOURTH.

Photo by Boyer.

JULY 13, 1929

A Memorial to David Gray at 'Sconset.

Nantucket and Siasconset friends of David Gray have planned a memorial to his memory, the dedication of which, it is hoped, can be held on July Fourth of this year.

Maj-Gen. Malvern H. Barnum is the chairman of the committee having the work in charge. Frederick P. Hill of Bermuda and Siasconset, has drawn the plans and will personally superintend the erection of the Memorial this summer.

The Memorial is to be in the form of a flag pole flying daily the "Stars and Stripes" from its tall peak. It is proposed to take the so-called "triangle" near the Post Office at the head of Main street, converting it into a circle which will consist of a concrete curbing and low wall framing two sets of flower beds intersected by brick paved paths—four leading to a central platform from which rises an octagonal panelled concrete base or pedestal for a lofty and imposing flag pole.

On this concrete pedestal and around the foot of the flag pole is to be a moulded bronze base and above this a bronze memorial tablet.

Port and starboard lights are to be at the cross-trees. The flower beds are to be planted in the most effective manner and are to be specially cared for and maintained in perpetuity by the Siasconset Casino Association.

A more fitting Memorial to David Gray could hardly be found in that it will serve to "carry on" his oft-expressed feelings about the sacredness of the flag of his country. After a trip around the world some years ago, Mr. Gray was heard to comment frequently on the casual thought and lack of respect shown by the average American to the "Stars and Stripes" of his country, which was in sharp contrast to the way other nations of the world felt and acted toward their native country's flag.

It was with this thought and memory of David Gray, devoted friend of Nantucket island, that the committee has chosen this form of memorial.

One of the many lovely scenes on entering the little main street of Siasconset is the sight of the large American flag flying to the breeze over "Milestone" cottage, the Gray home where the owner spent many years; and many hours of those years were spent in deep thought and planning how to best beautify as well as benefit his beloved island.

May the sight of the "Stars and Stripes" flying in his memory serve to remind us that David Gray has left an example and heritage for each one of us.

M. C.

Feb. 23, 1929

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

THE LAWRENCE SUIT.

MESSENGER EDITORS:—An interesting case will be tried in July at the Superior Court in Nantucket. Edward Abbott Lawrence has recently been erecting an expensive house at Siasconset. After considerable progress had been made in the construction, he received notice from Allen Coffin, David W. Burgess and Robert B. Coffin that he had encroached on land held by them as trustees. Some time last summer, a tract in front of Siasconset was set off to Henry Coffin. He conveyed it to these three trustees. The deed stated that it was to be used by the inhabitants of Nantucket forever under such regulations as the trustees should prescribe; that no buildings, except bathing houses, were to be maintained on this property; and that if any vacancy should occur among the trustees the proprietors should choose another trustee. The land is entirely unproductive, so there is no revenue coming from it to the trustees. They have begun a suit against Mr. Lawrence. The inquiry arises, who is to pay the bills? The trustees personally will not; for even if successful, they will gain nothing. Lawrence may have to move his house if defeated, but nobody else can use the land. It seems that the Proprietors of the Common Lands assumed to order the suit and to furnish the "sinews of war." They consulted Crapo, Clifford & Clifford, of New Bedford, to ascertain the expense of legal proceedings against Lawrence. Reply came that the expense would not be more than \$250. The Proprietors voted to raise \$200, and authorized the trustees to solicit money of anyone who would contribute. After a certain amount had been pledged, the suit was begun. It is difficult to see why the Proprietors should be so active in this prosecution. Base or unworthy motives cannot be imputed to them, and there is left but one other explanation. They must have considered themselves obliged to maintain the suit for one of two reasons: Either that they were liable as former owners of the land, or that the trustees were their agents and must be supported. Neither of these suppositions is correct. The set-off to Henry Coffin is equivalent to a quitclaim deed, and warrants no title. So the Proprietors are not liable as warrantors. The proprietors have regarded the trustees as agents subject to their order, and in the same position have the trustees regarded themselves.

In this both have erred. The Proprietors have no interest in this property; they parted with the title to Henry Coffin for twelve sheep's commons; these Henry Coffin conveyed to Coffin, Burgess and Coffin. It is true that this deed provided that in case of a vacancy among the trustees, the Proprietors should select the successor. But this gave the Proprietors no more control over the property than a judge of probate would have if the deed had empowered him to fill such vacancies. They are merely outsiders, with no rights nor interest whatever in the property.

It may be said that on the records Henry Coffin agreed to convey this land to the Proprietors. But as he didn't do it, the Proprietors get no title. In this deed no mention is made that the trustees hold the land for the benefit of the Proprietors. Indeed, it expressly states that it "is hereby dedicated to the use of the inhabitants of Nantucket forever." The Town might, perhaps, order the trustees to take proper legal proceedings to enforce the provisions of the deed from Henry Coffin, because the trust is for their benefit. It therefore seems that, although the Proprietors were not even remotely interested, they volunteered to order a suit, and agreed to defray the expenses of litigation. No blame can attach to them for their mistake. In ignorance they assumed control over property in which they had no interest, legal or equitable.

It is said that this is a test case, and if success crowns the efforts of the Proprietors they will order proceedings against others in the vicinity, particularly the fishermen, whose houses are located on Siasconset beach. For over a century Siasconset has been distinctively a fishing village. Houses for cleaning and curing fish formerly stood on the bank. Fifty years since, when the bank washed away, many of these houses were destroyed, and since then they have been built on the beach near the foot of the bank. Codfish have always fancied Siasconset shoals, and many a ton has been landed on that beach; for years the cod-fishery at Siasconset has been in whole or part the dependence of many families. In New York and Boston, Siasconset fish have always ranked first-class. During all these years no one has ever disputed the right of fishermen to keep their houses on Siasconset beach. Encouragement ought to be given to home industries. Except for good cause only should this privilege be now withheld from the fishermen. If they are compelled to leave this beach, there is none other near Siasconset on which they can land. Within the village not one of them could find a place suitable for his fish-house. If their fish-houses can be removed, they have no right to keep their boats on the beach. The dories would have to go. Thus the fishing industry at the east end of Nantucket would cease. Why, then, should these fish-houses be removed? Perhaps because Henry Coffin's deed said so, and the land does not belong to the fishermen. But some of these cannot be removed, for the title of their owners is too strong to be disturbed, notwithstanding Henry Coffin's deed. Why, then, should the rest be removed? If it is simply because the land belongs to the trustees, that is legally sufficient; but the trustees are acting under the direction of the Proprietors. What object have the Proprietors in removing these houses? It is said that they are nuisances that annoy summer visitors. But they are not used in the summer months; and then again, the visitors

do not complain of them. A few persons are afraid there may be a complaint. It is singular that such anxiety prevails over an anticipated complaint, while the filthy "lagoon" near the Steamboat dock receives no attention, although hundreds of visitors last year entered vigorous complaints against it.

The discussion finally comes to this point. All fishermen whose titles are too strong to be disturbed may maintain on the Siasconset beach their fish-houses, but all the rest must go, because the Proprietors desire it. If the trustees are willing to obey the Proprietors, their course is entirely legal. So although the Proprietors have released all their rights in Siasconset beach, yet they now assume the attitude of owners, and elect whom the trustees shall prosecute. There is a sort of tradition current at Nantucket that many years ago the Proprietors dedicated Siasconset to the fishermen. If this should prove to be true, and evidences of this dedication were now available, the position of both trustees and Proprietors would be awkward. But after all has been spoken, these matters must be decided by a Nantucket jury, composed not entirely of Proprietors nor yet of fishermen. To such a jury the Siasconset controversy may safely be left.

B.

June 12, 1886

The Late Mrs. Underhill. A Tribute.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

To one who felt both admiration and affection for Mrs. Evelyn T. Underhill, her almost unnoticed death last month, in Nantucket, seems a shocking thing. But, in justice to her many old Sconset friends, it is only fair to say that the news of her death has not yet reached the majority of them—moreover, the life of absolute retirement she had led, since the sale of her Sconset property in the autumn of 1926, had led many people to believe that she had died some years ago.

Of her coming to Sconset in the early eighties of the last century, as the young and pretty wife of Edward F. Underhill, I know only by hearsay. But I can speak with sincere feeling of the years since the summer of 1917, when my mother and I came to Sconset for the first time as residents, leasing one of the Underhill houses known at that time as "The Caboose" at the corner of Morey Lane and the street named for our landlady by her husband, "Evelyn Street." For ten years we were her tenants, and when, in the autumn of 1926, she decided to dispose of her property, we were given the first opportunity to purchase the little house we had occupied so happily.

Mrs. Underhill refused all offers—and she received several—to dispose of her property in a block, to speculators. She had too great a feeling for the character of Sconset, and too great an affection for her "old tenants", (many of whom had occupied the same houses for years), to consider such a proposition. In every case, the first opportunity to purchase was given to her tenants—and in the cases where this was not possible, she did her utmost to make sure that the houses should go to purchasers who intended to occupy them, and not to those buying merely for speculation.

I feel that all Sconset, and indeed, all Nantucket Island, owes her a debt of gratitude for this, as the speculative craze which was nearing its height in 1926, could so easily have destroyed the character of what was known, when first built, as "The Underhill Hamlet". It remains as a testimony to the great ability of Mr. Underhill, who in the early eighties, had the good taste, so unusual at that time to see the beauty of line in the

little fishermen's houses of Sconset, and to go to them for his inspiration in the twenty-odd cottages he built, set irregularly along the three grassy lanes of the Underhill property—Pochick Street, Evelyn Street and Lily Street (the last named for his daughter by a first marriage, later Mrs. Doubleday.)

When Mrs. Underhill decided to sell, she did so for various reasons—one being that her advancing age made the burden of opening and closing some twenty-odd cottages too great for her unaided efforts. The second, and even more compelling reason, was that the time had come when tenants were demanding electric lights and baths, in even the simplest summer homes—and to install these improvements in so many houses, would have necessitated an outlay Mrs. Underhill did not care to consider.

The moment was favorable for selling, and all the houses were sold for cash—Mrs. Underhill said: "Half the amount received must go to my step-daughter, but the rest will amply take care of the few remaining years I have to live." The sale was hardly completed when the step-daughter, Mrs. Doubleday, died—had there been a delay of a few weeks, the entire amount realized would have been Mrs. Underhill's—and thus the straightened means of her last months, which are so shocking to her friends, who now learn of them for the first time, might have been avoided.

Evelyn Underhill was a woman of very unusual abilities and character; she had a masculine understanding, a deep sense of loyalty, and a very great pride, which prevented her from ever making the slightest claim on the many friends of old times, who would so gladly have proved the reality of their esteem and affection for her.

With her passing goes still another part of old Sconset days, but her memory will always be associated with what the taxi-drivers and sightseeing bus guides still refer to and show as "The Actors' Colony"—which the property was, at one time, about the turn of the century, when many of the foremost players of that day were Underhill tenants.

Among them may be mentioned Harry Woodruff, Robert Hilliard, Digby Bell and his wife, Laura Joyce Bell, Frank Gillmore and his wife, Laura MacGillivray, Henrietta Crossman, DeWolfe Hopper, Walter and Louise Closser Hale, Frank Burbeck and Nanette Comstock, Davis Torrence, Edwin Stevens, Maggie Mitchell, Charles Cherry, George Fawcett and Percy Haswell, Elsie Lombard (now Mrs. Brush)—and many years later for one season, Alice Brady. In addition, the New York music critic, Henry Meltzer and the writer Prentice Mulford, may be mentioned. Dozens of other names will occur to those who knew Sconset in those early days.

This letter is just a small testimony to the deep affection felt for Evelyn Underhill by one who knew and loved her for the last twenty years of her long life.

Beatrice Hitchcock.

The Little House Sconset
May 15, 1935.

New Art Gallery In Sconset.

An exciting new project to introduce Islanders and visitors to the artists who work among them, and many whose works illuminate the Island's life and scenes, has been started at The Little Gallery in Sconset.

The founders of The Little Gallery, located in Park Lane, near the Casino, are Lucretia O'Rourke and Catherine Lane. Following the success of last year, one-day Sconset art exhibit, they felt that a selection of oils and water colors by professionals and talented amateurs, shown in an informal atmosphere, would be a pleasant attraction to Sconset visitors.

The first group of exhibitors in an "All-Nantucket Show" are Anne Beach, Edith Beach, Doris Beer, Richard Beer, Polly Bushong, Paul Crosthwaite, Richard Jones, Leslie Lane, Paul Morris, Robert Perrin, Louise Stark, Ruth Haviland Sutton, John Sharp, Marjorie Smith, Don Tilghman, and Elizabeth Yager.

July 3, 1954

Sconset's Memorial Flagpole Replaced Monday.

The flagpole at the David Gray Memorial in Sconset was finally replaced on Monday of this week, after an absence of almost a year. The original pole, which had become almost a landmark of the village during the years since its erection, was removed during the spring of 1954.

While an appropriation was made at the 1953 Annual Town Meeting for the purchase of a new pole, one of suitable size and of suitable material could not readily be found, and the old pole remained until a tendency to lean over was noticed the following spring and it was removed.

Sconset went without its flagpole during the summer of last year, and all residents of the village will no doubt be pleased to know that once again the flag will fly over the square during the day, and the traditional red and green lights will shine from the pole at night during the summer months.

The new pole, or actually new bottom section of the pole, was installed by Walter Glowacki's large crane, under the direction of John Santos. The top section previously used is still in good shape, and will be installed on the new pole.

At present the bottom section, which measures from 15 to 18 inches at the base, is guyed with ropes while cement is poured around it. Following the completion of the installation, the walks, etc., within the memorial will be restored, marking the end of a project which took more than two years from the time it was instigated.

May 7, 1955

came wicks for the lamps, chimneys, buff skins, linen towels, brushes, gills spirits of wine, straight and curved scissors, paint, litharge, linseed oil and turpentine, "coachmaker's oil," solder, paint brushes, whitewash and sash brushes, plated glass, sash tools, limes, corn and hickory brooms, spare burners and hand lanterns.

It is not surprising that Captain Bunker should write to Eben Allen, of Nantucket, Supt. of Lights for this district, on May 31st, 1854, as follows:

"Sir:

"I shall be obliged to you if you will send me a copy of the inventory of the lamps and their appurtenances, as I am unacquainted with the names of many of them, and because I wish the tenor & tally in my receipt book to agree with the receipts already given, if sent to Capt. Baxter's, or to Mr. Winslow's I will get them in time; or perhaps you intend going to Sankaty Head yourself to see the things, & can bring the copy of the original."

* * * * *

*Aperture Widened For Ladies
With Hoop Skirts.*

Capt. Bunker was succeeded by his 1st Assist. Keeper, Samuel G. Swain, who held the post until July, 1861, when Capt. Henry Winslow was appointed Keeper.

One humorous touch is given to the life of those early keepers at Sankaty. Until the advent of war in 1917 and 1941, Sankaty had been opened to visitors, but during the summers of the last century, and prior to 1918 in this century, to make a "cruise to Sankaty" was an all-day bit of island rantum-scooting.

On October 25, 1856, *The Mirror* noted:

"The narrow aperture in the platform under the lantern at Sankaty lighthouse has been widened to allow ladies with hoop skirts to pass up through to see the reflectors."

* * * * *

War Veterans Served as Keepers.

Following the Civil War many of the Keepers and Assistants were veterans of the army or navy. Uriah C. Clark succeeded Capt. Winslow and held the post of Keeper until February 11, 1873, when he died, being the first Keeper to pass away at the station. George F. Folger, the 1st Asst., became Keeper, but did not receive his official appointment until April. Charles B. Swain, another Assistant, was transferred to the Cliff beacon lights, and Franklin B. Murphy was appointed 1st Asst. Keeper. Both Folger and Murphy had served in the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Murphy resigned in June, 1875, and his place was filled by John M. Lamb, another veteran.

Freeman Atkins, Benjamin Sayer and Charles Pollard also had short periods of service as Assistant Keepers at Sankaty.

In November, 1875, a new type of wick was used—an "English wick"—which made it possible to operate the light with only one trimming of the wicks during the night, as compared to the two or three times necessary before. All who have tramped up to Sankaty's tower will appreciate how the keepers felt about this improvement.

Asst. Keeper Lamb resigned Sept. 30, 1877, and Simeon L. Lewis, Sr., became his successor, serving a year, to be followed by William H. Gibbs, who came to Sankaty Oct. 1, 1878. John S. Cathcart replaced Mr. Gibbs July 10, 1880, following an altercation between the keepers. There are numerous instances of short tempers among men living in "close quarters," with families, children and island relationships contributory factors.

Benjamin F. Wyer was appointed Asst. Keeper in August, 1880, but resigned in December of that same year to be followed by Calvin C. Hamblin. Two years later (Nov. 1882) George F. Folger resigned, having served at Sankaty since 1873. Mr. Hamblin was appointed Keeper, and Benjamin F. Brown was given the berth as 1st Assistant Keeper.

* * * * *

In 1886, a telegraph line was run out to Sankaty. The cable had been laid to the island the preceding year, under a Congressional appropriation of \$40,000. A signal office had been maintained in the Pacific Club building on Main street, where the first Weather Bureau was established in October, 1886.

In December, 1886, the government installed telephones at Sankaty and at the Surfside Life Saving Station—the line was afterwards extended to Coskata and Great Point light.

During this same month, (Dec., 1886) a 50-ft. flagstaff was erected on the bluff by Capt. William T. Swain, who had the government contract, and weather signals were displayed for the first time on December 30.

* * * * *

New Dwelling Erected in 1887.

The present keepers' dwelling at Sankaty was erected in the fall and early winter of 1887. Congress had made an appropriation of \$7,200.00—\$500 of which was for an "oil house."

On September 13, 1887, the Asst. Keeper and his family moved to the village of 'Sconset, followed two days later by Keeper Hamblin and his family. This marked the first time that the keepers had been away from the lighthouse in the thirty-eight years of its existence. The workmen commenced knocking down the two brick dwellings, and on September 30 the foundations for the new double-house were laid. The present water cisterns were constructed at the same time. The dwelling was completed (to the extent that it could be utilized) on December 20, when most of the workmen departed.

Keeper Hamblin moved into the house on January 10, 1888, and Asst. Keeper Brown and his family came over from 'Sconset on the 15th. An old notation in a book at the lighthouse states: "Jan. 22—At sunrise the thermometer at 4; ice seen from all directions." Apparently the keepers had "set up housekeeping" just in time.

61)

Improvements in the Tower.

In May of this year (1888) a new "deck" and lantern section were installed in the tower by two machinists and four laborers from Boston. The sextette brought their own cook—as if rather in doubt as to lighthouse cooking! Engineer S. V. Poor was in charge of this work. This new section brought the tower height to its present 70 feet above ground level which, in addition to the bluff's rise, makes it 170 feet above sea level. Major Stanton, Commodore Barker and Commodore Coffin inspected the completed work and pronounced it satisfactory. The tower was plastered at this time.

During the work on the new lantern, a fixed light was shown from a temporary tower, which served as the lighthouse a period of eight months—from Sept. 30, 1888, to June 10, 1889. This temporary tower was dismantled in November, 1889.

Other installations during the spring of 1889, were a lightning conductor, (which remained until Keeper Larsen removed it in 1936), a speaking tube, which was unsatisfactory, and new frames and doors in the tower, which were installed by Mr. Ceeley, of Nantucket, and proved most durable.

* * * * *

Keepers and Asst. Keepers.

Assistant Keeper Brown resigned on September 1, 1889. The occasion gave rise to a humorous anecdote. It appears that Keeper Hamblin stated to his assistant: "If you go to town, I shall have to log you as leaving the station without giving notice—that you are refusing duty." Mr. Brown replied: "No, Calvin, I'm not refusing duty—you can put me down as resigning—here and now!"

James H. Norcross, of Quidnet, was engaged at the station for the next month, and on October 1, Wallace A. Eldredge became Assistant Keeper.

Keeper Hamblin resigned in February, 1891, having served eleven years, and Ethan Allen was appointed to the post. The light at this time was burning about 50 gallons of oil a month, kerosene having long since supplanted whale oil.

About this time there came on the scene of Sankaty a young man named Joseph Remsen. He had entered the Life-Saving Service in 1884, stationed at Coskata, and three years later was transferred to the Lighthouse Service and became Keeper at Brant Point. In 1891 he went to the South Shoals Lightship as master, but the next year was transferred to Sankaty to succeed Ethan Allen as Keeper.

Captain Remsen was a fixture at Sankaty for the next twenty-seven years. During his service he had seven Assistant Keepers—Wallace A. Eldredge, Marcus E. Howes, Thomas J. Kelly, George W. Purdy, Charles M. Vanderhoop, Carl D. Hill and Eugene N. Larsen. All of these men became keepers of lighthouses in New England, while two of them—Messrs. Vanderhoop and Larsen—became his successors at Sankaty.



ALONG THE ROAD TO SANKATY LIGHT.



Joseph G. Remsen Sankaty Head Light

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In October, 1814, the ship *Douglass*, a prize of the American privateer *Prince de Neufchatel*, while attempting to escape possible capture by the barges from the British frigate *Endymion*, sighted a signal set atop the bluff at Sankaty Head and, believing the ship in peril, her prize-master ran her ashore at Sesachacha, thereby losing his ship by wreckage and his cargos by salvors.

It remained for an unidentified mariner, writing in the *Boston Post* in 1838, signing himself "A Sailor," to put into writing what was common desire: He wrote:

"There is a passage inside South Shoal near Sankaty Head deep enough for the largest ships to pass—sounding five fathoms. Now, the difficulty to us is that we have no directions to govern us in going through the passage, except some vague ones in Blunt's Coastal Pilot. None of these directions would answer for the night time. What the mariner wants is the outside passage surveyed and a lighthouse placed on Sankaty Head, Nantucket Island. It would help coming up the coast and going down, and, for those utilizing the inside route, a saving of 24 hours would be made. Having the lighthouse would mark a place of refuge for any ship running into a strong westerly, which might anchor under the lee of the high shore at Sankaty."

Government Survey of Shoals to East.

This was a dozen years before the actual building of the lighthouse. To the east of Sankaty are many shoals, especially dangerous being "Rose and Crown," some 15 miles off-shore, the "Great Rip" and "Fishing Rip," and "Bass Rip," besides "The Old Man" and "Pochick" to the southeast off the village of Siasconset and Low Beach.

The first government survey of this area was in the 1840's. Prof. Henry Mitchell (brother of Maria Mitchell), had done considerable work in charting the ocean currents off the east end and in Nantucket Sound, but it was the government survey vessels which did such good work in the early 1840's which gave mariners the first U. S. chart of the area. Davis and McBlair shoals were designated, as were the rips and "Old South Shoal."

These shoals were well known to Nantucket pilots but were such a dangerous maze to other mariners that the Nantucket Shoals were known as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" to the shipmasters of the coast. While the islanders had their own rude charts, the only existing sea-maps were but little better than those drawn by the early Dutch and English explorers of the coast. In 1776, the British Navy made a survey, but the best chart of

Nantucket Shoals (and of waters all about the island) was drawn by Capt. Paul Pinkham, of Nantucket, in 1790.

Nantucketers were, of course, the most interested in the dangerous area and Walter Folger was induced to help make an accurate chart for the specific purpose of placing the large "Old South" and "New South" shoals on a chart, which he accomplished in 1821. Seven years later, the government's first survey was made at the "Georges Banks," some 100 miles to the north and east.

The increased shipping through the inside passage of Nantucket Sound brought Cross Rip lightship into being in 1828. Then came Pollock Rip light-vessel in 1849, and in 1854 the first lightship on South Shoals was anchored by Captain Samuel Bunker.

Workmen Started Building in 1849.

Early in the summer of 1849, the government began work in constructing the tower at Sankaty. Schooners brought the bricks, granite blocks and other building material to the town wharves and it was carted to the bluff via 'Sconset. The first tower was only sixty feet high, compared with the 70-ft. height of the present tower.

The lighthouse bore south by east 9 miles from Great Point light, and 23 miles south by west from the lightship at Pollock Rip.

Two dwellings were erected, built entirely of brick, one story and a half in height. A barn (afterwards enlarged) was constructed just to the south of the two houses. These dwellings were for the keeper and his assistants, the southernmost being the head keeper's. This had an ell which connected it with the tower. About the property on three sides was a wooden fence.

Lens Made in France Cost \$10,000.

The construction work was completed in December, 1849, leaving the delicate task of installing the new lens in the lantern. A great clock-work apparatus, operated by means of heavy weights which descended into the tower, was utilized to turn the lens and obtain the flashes through the lantern. This brass clock-work apparatus, in its glass case, was in constant use for over eighty-eight years, being replaced by an electric motor in 1938, when the lighting apparatus was also electrified.

The most costly item in the construction was the lens, which were made in Paris, under the direction of a young U. S. engineer named Isherwood, who had gone to France to contract such work for our government. These lens cost \$10,000 and are still in existence at Sankaty.

The windows of the lantern were large sheets of glass half an inch thick to protect the lens from storms and the momentum of sea-birds which often fly against the windows during gales. In the center of the lantern was placed a single whale-oil lamp of several tubes, which presented a white light, projected by a "revolving lenticular apparatus of the 2nd order."

It was planned at first to have alternate red flashes to show at a distance of six miles and under, and of occasional white flashes at a distance of more than six miles.

William R. Easton was the Collector of the Port of Nantucket at this time, and in his "Notice to Mariners" he announced:

"This new light will be a fixed white light, with brilliant white flashes; two successive flashes being given at intervals of 1½ minutes, then the third flash at an interval of three minutes; followed by two successive flashes at intervals of 1½ minutes, then a third flash at an interval of 3 minutes as before, and so on for the time that the light is visible. The fixed light will not be visible farther than 12 to 15 miles, beyond which the flashes only will be seen."

In the Feb 4, 1850, issue of *The Inquirer*, it was reported:

"The new lighthouse at Sankaty Head was lighted for the first time on Friday evening (Feb. 1). The flashes of light are very brilliant and must be visible at a distance of twenty-five miles."

Capt. Bunker Afterwards Became First Master of "South Shoals."

The first keeper of the new light was Captain Samuel D. Bunker, one of the most successful of the island's shipmasters but who had suffered a number of financial reverses upon retiring from the sea. Captain Bunker remained at his station for 4 years. In 1854, when the government established the first lightship on Old South Shoal, Captain Bunker was placed in command of the craft.

The supplies needed by the lighthouse to maintain the light (aside from fuel and food for the keepers) were many and varied. First on the list, of course, was the whale-oil for the lanterns. In those days, the whale oil used was of two varieties—spring and winter, according to the season for which it was refined for use. Then



A PEEK THROUGH THE BUSHES AT SANKATY.



Photo by French Studio, Boston.

AN UNUSUAL AIR VIEW OF SANKATY HEAD.

Nantucket Airline Flight.

'Sconset Postmistress.

Mrs. Annie Brayton, for several years postmistress at Siasconset, tendered her resignation last month and left here on the 2d inst. to join her husband in Chicago and thence accompanied him to San Francisco. Pending her anticipated resignation there has been a lively contest between two young ladies for the vacancy. The candidates were Miss Anna E. C. Barrett of Nantucket, daughter of Sheriff Barrett, and the other Miss Lottie Pitman of Siasconset and the assistant of Mrs. Brayton. Miss Barrett sent to Congressman Simpkins a strong petition headed by the Republican town committee and many prominent professional and business men. Miss Pitman was also highly indorsed by the residents and summer visitors at Siasconset. Letters have been received stating that Congress Simpkins had indorsed and recommended Miss Barrett for the position.

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